





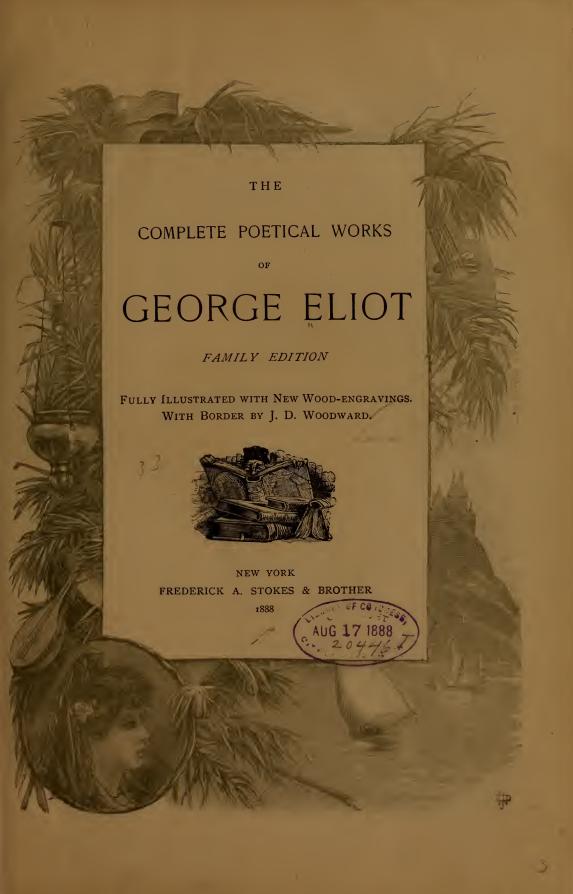






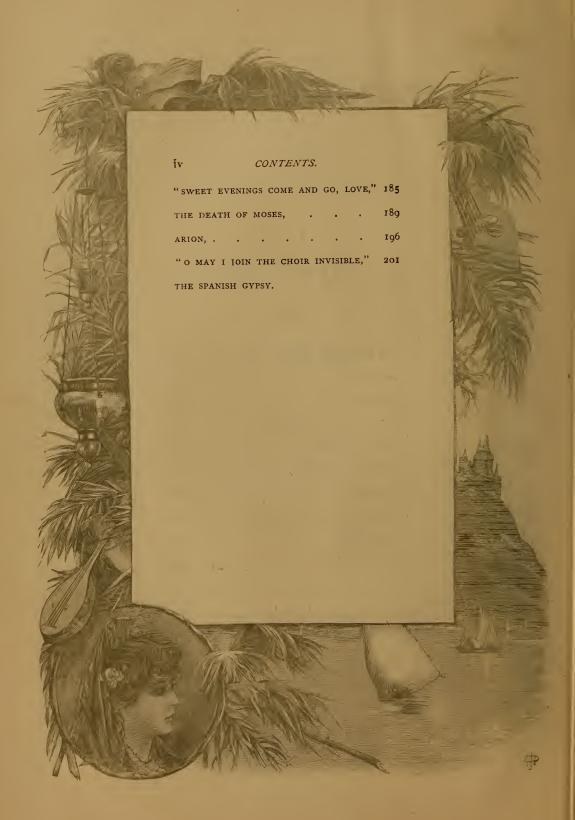


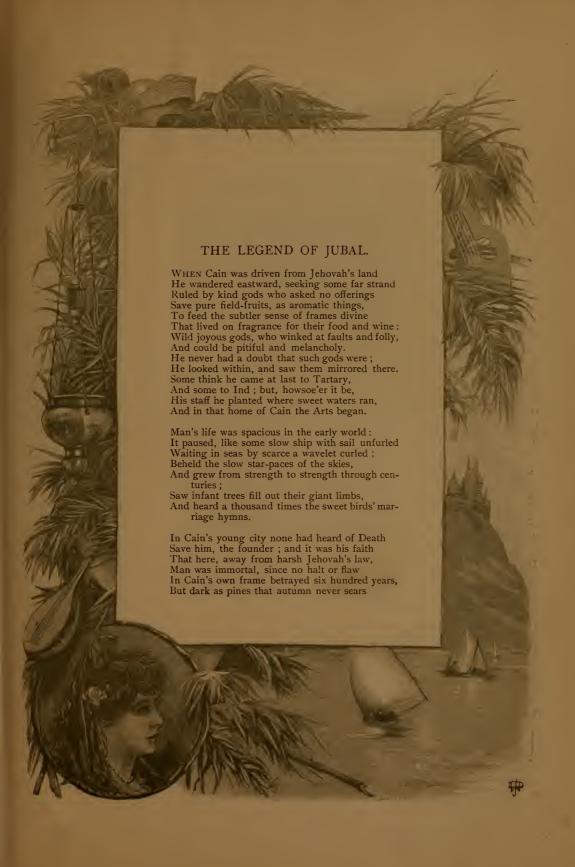
PORTRAIT OF GEORGE ELIOT.

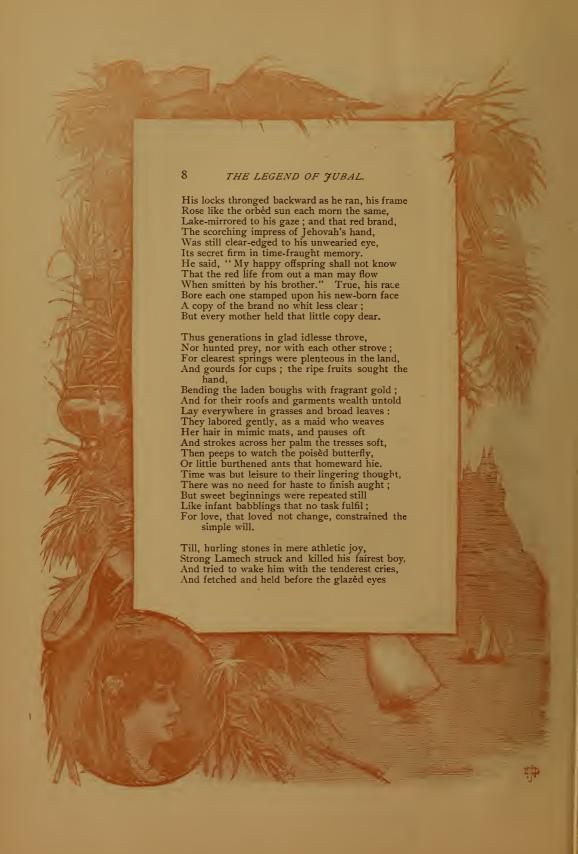


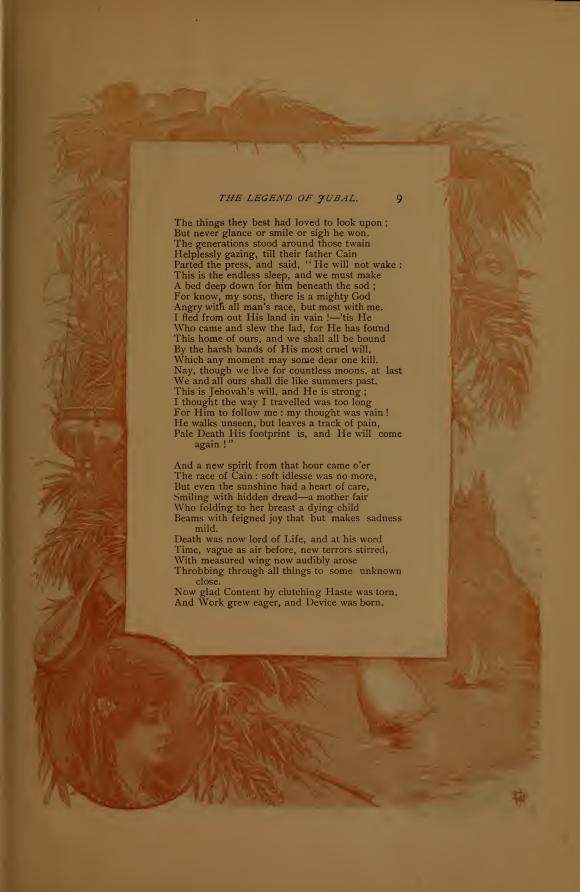


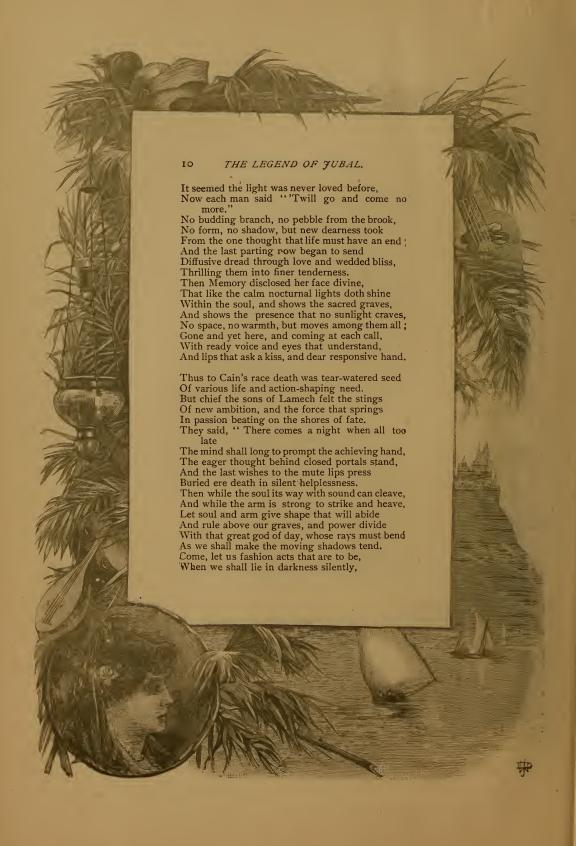


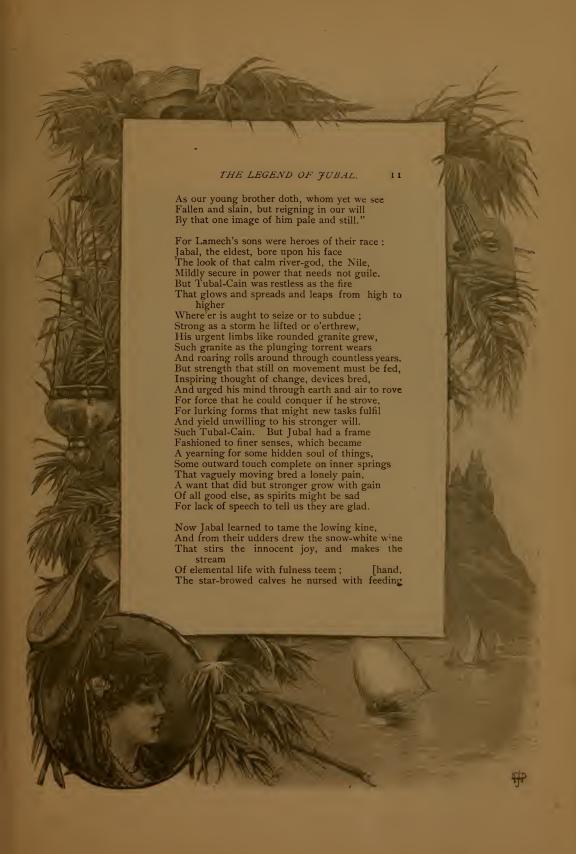


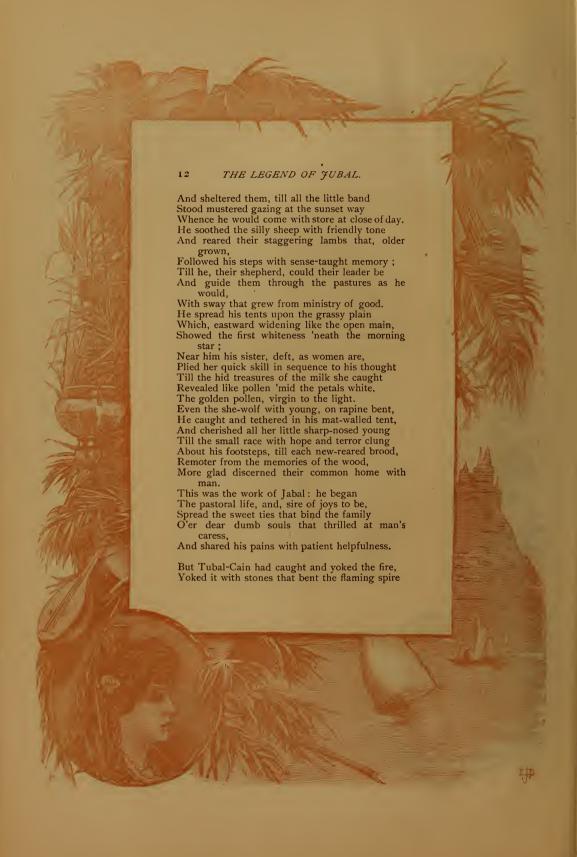








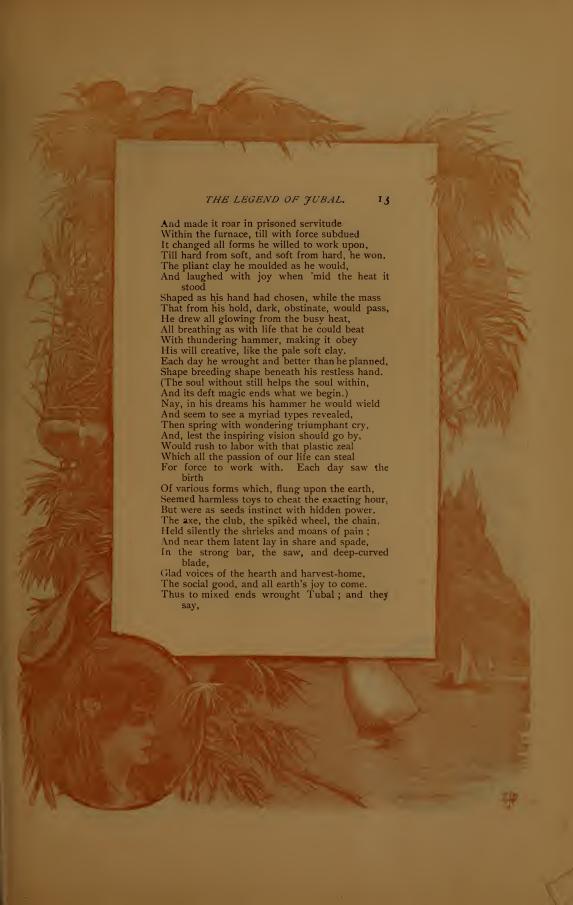


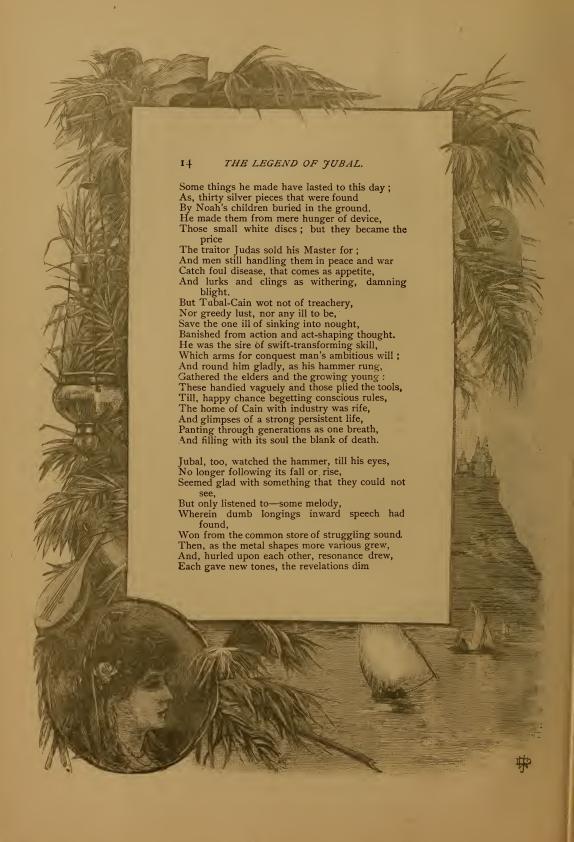


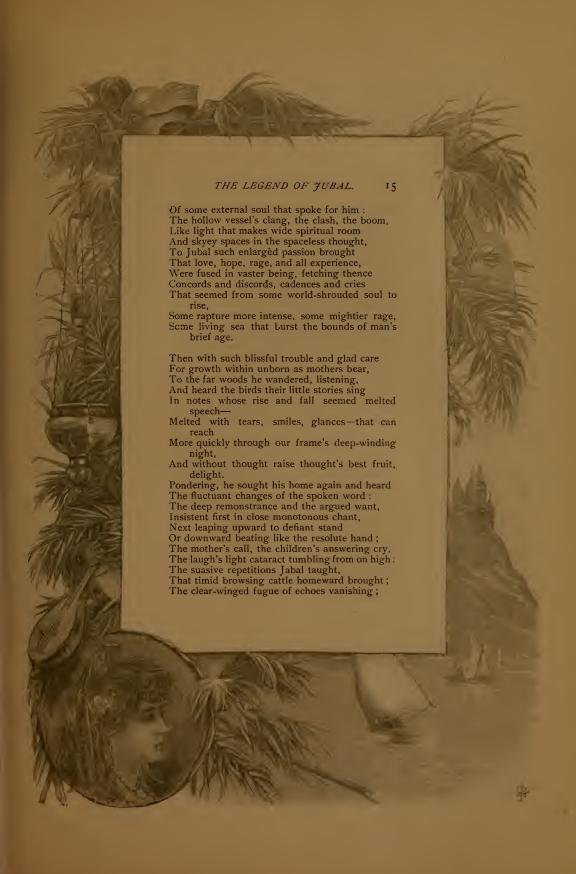


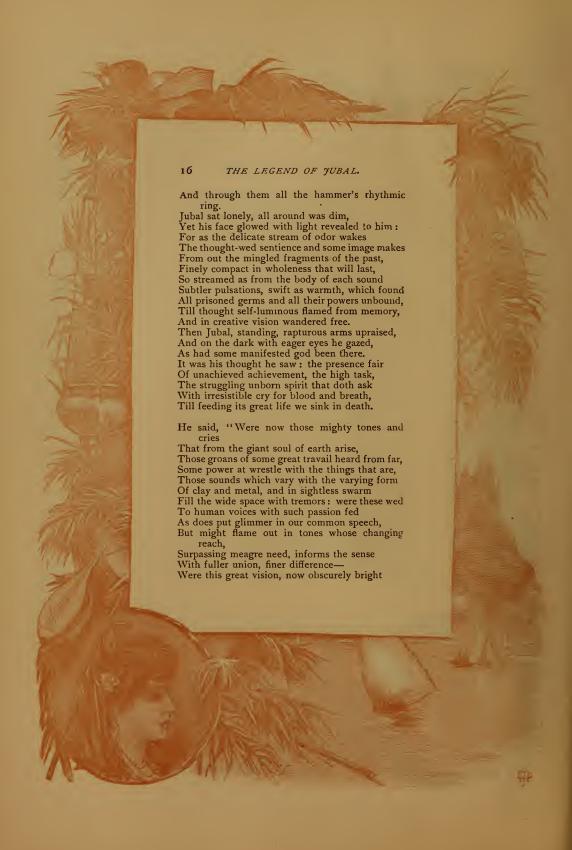
"He stread his tents upon the grassy plain
Which, castward widening like the open main,
Snowed the first whiteness' neath the morning star."—Page 13.

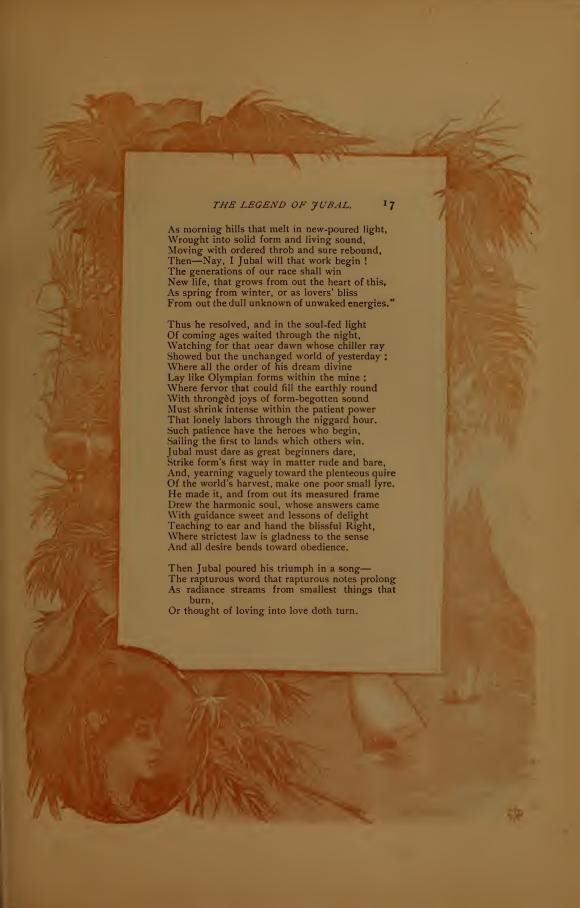


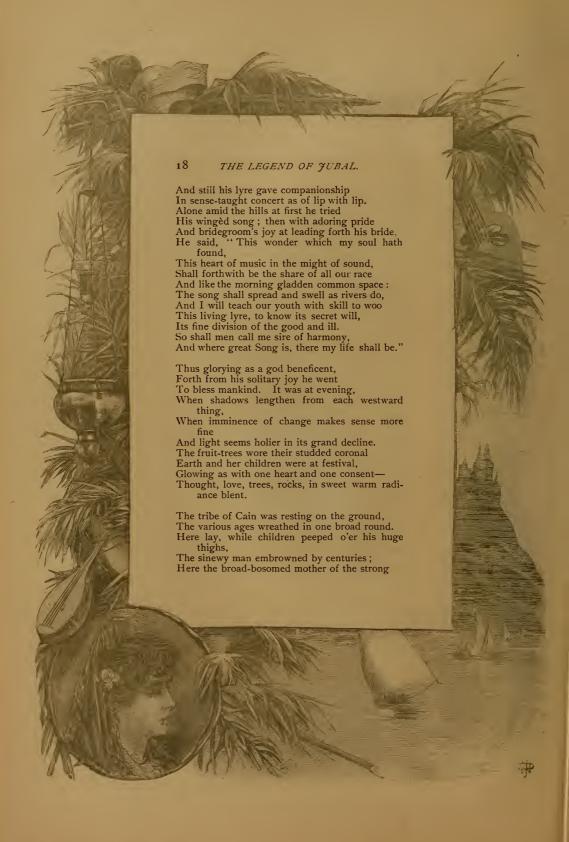








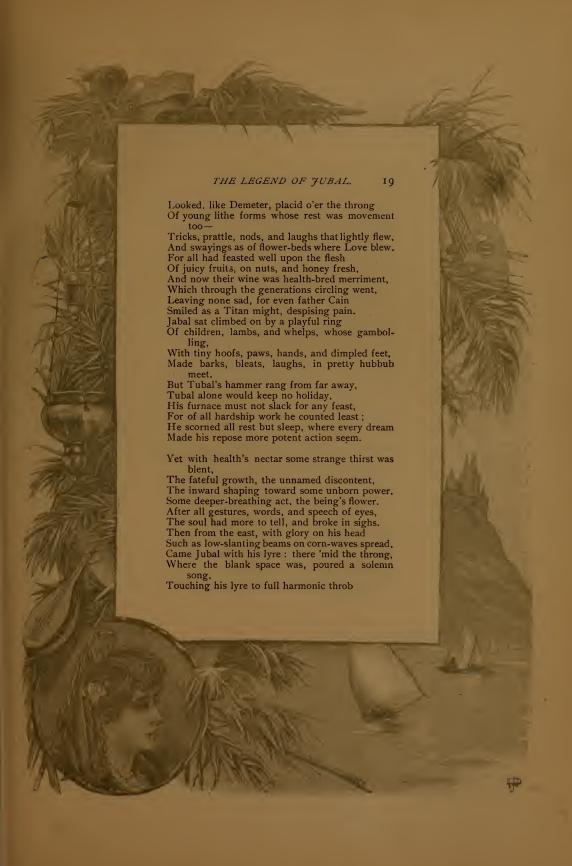


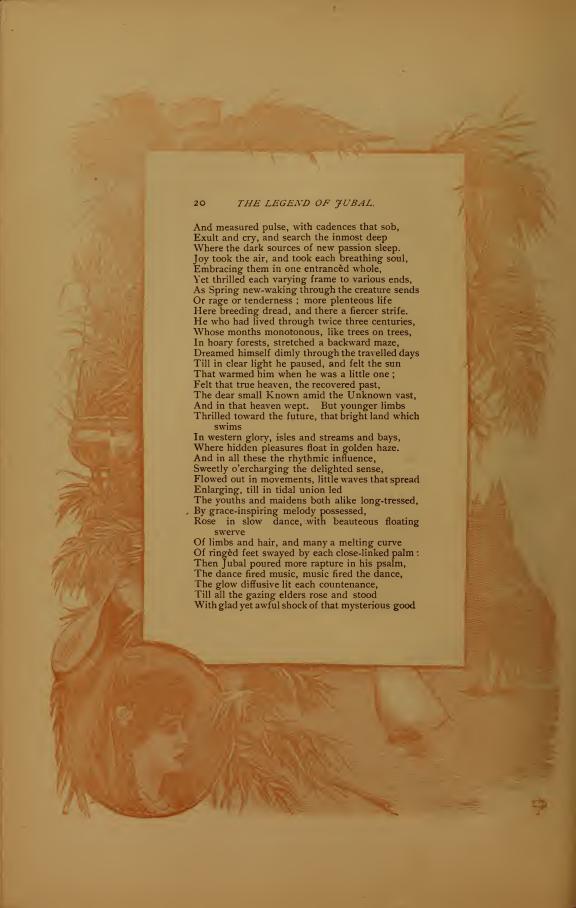




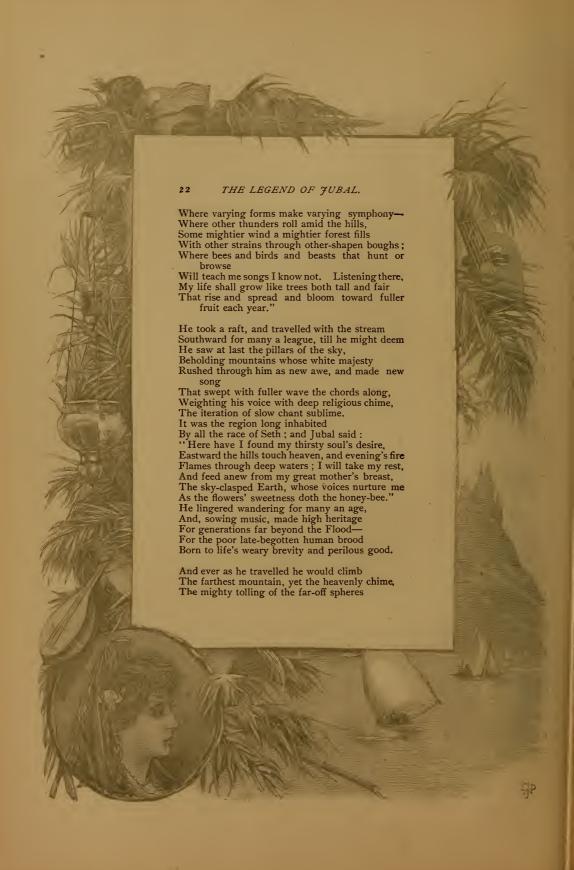
"Alone amid the hills at first he tried His winged song"—Page 18.

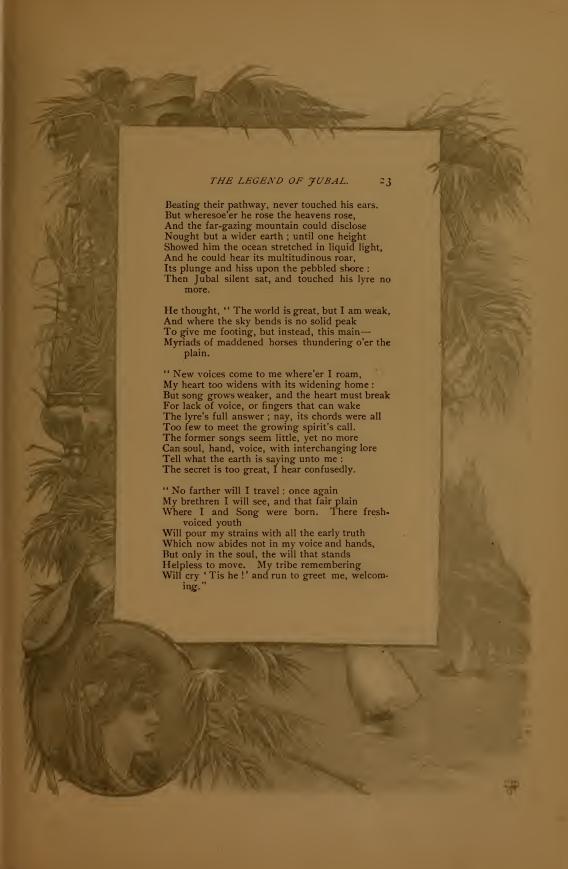


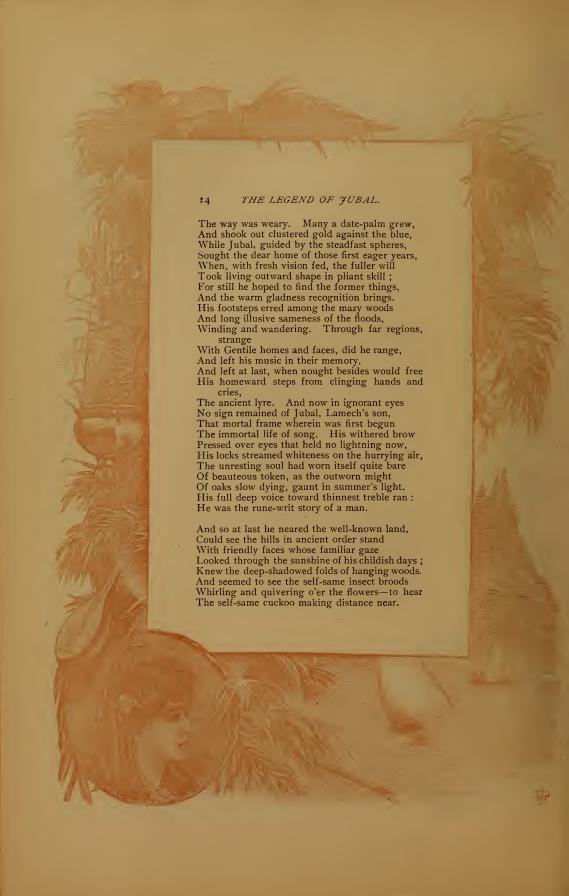


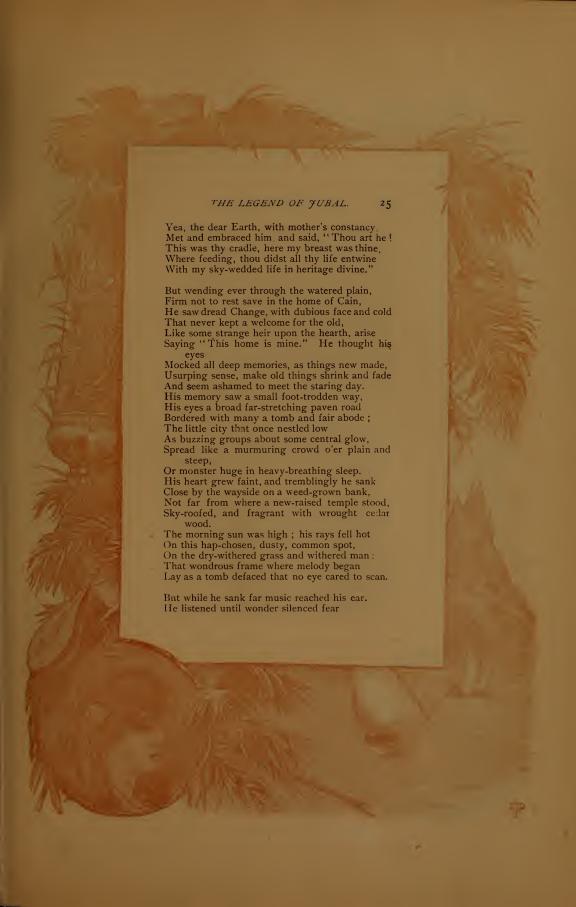


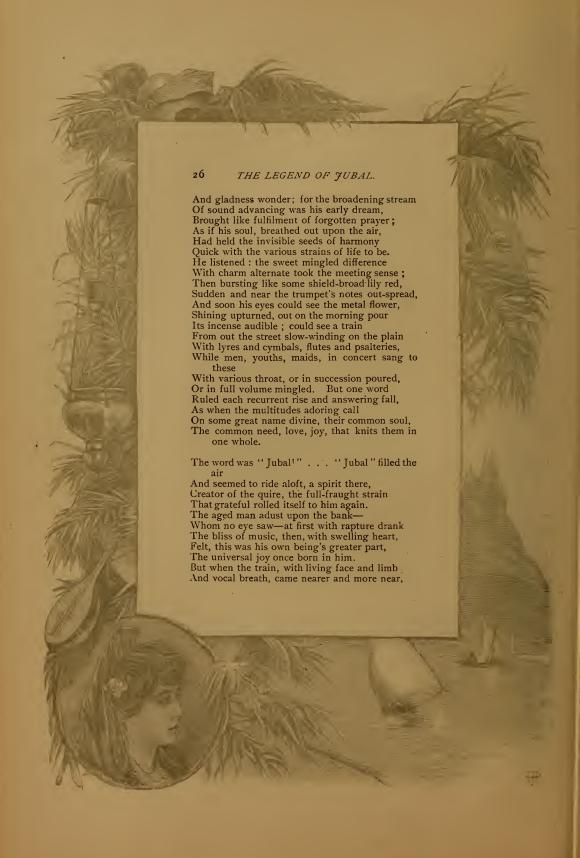


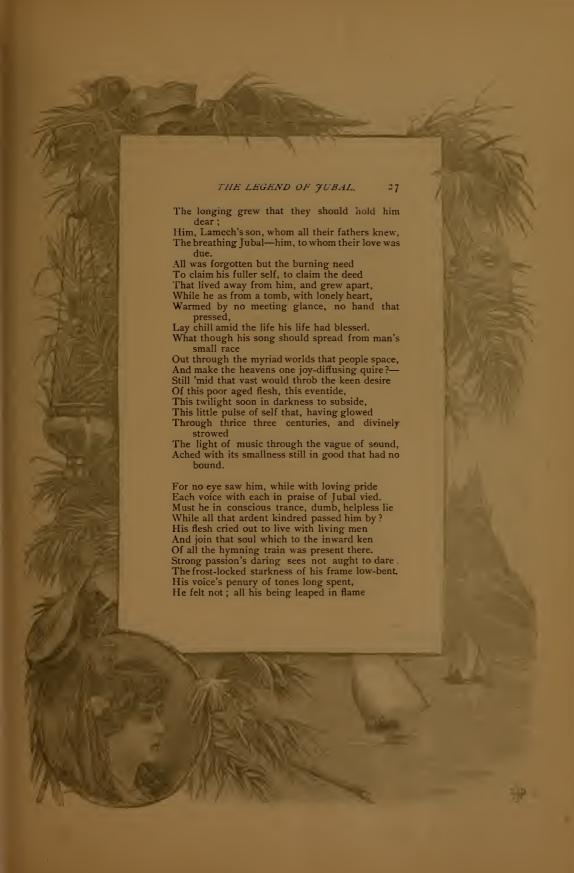


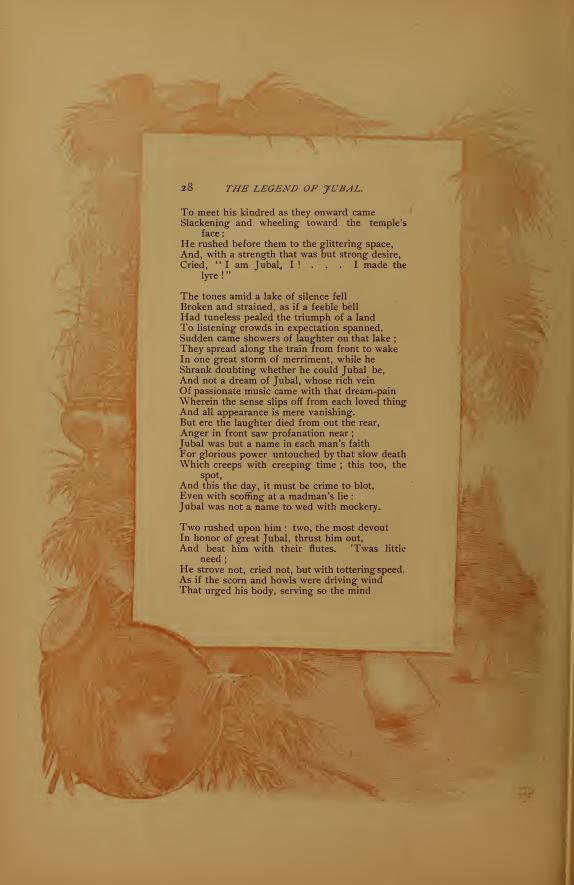


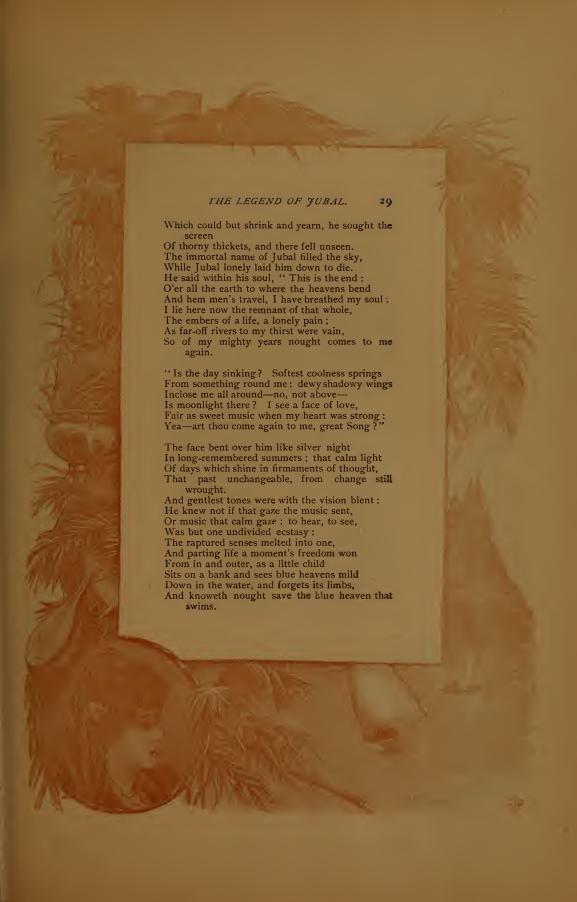


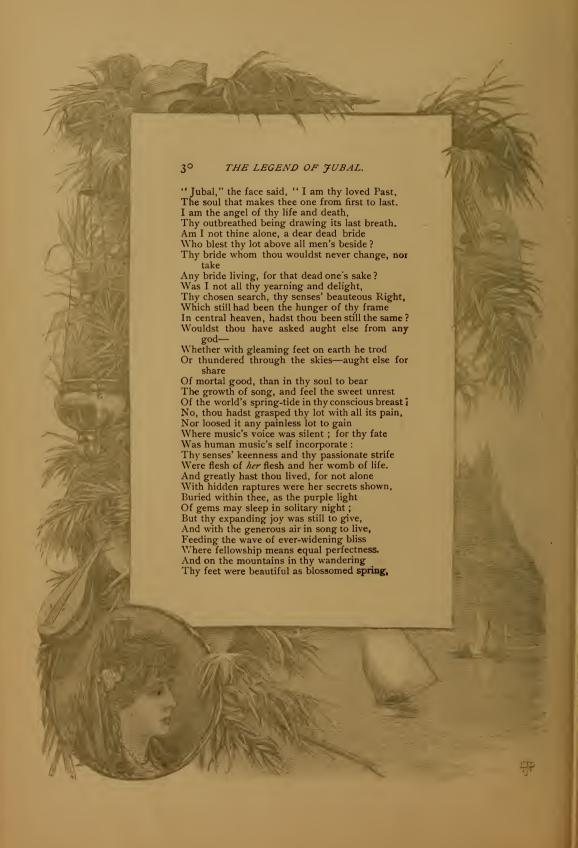


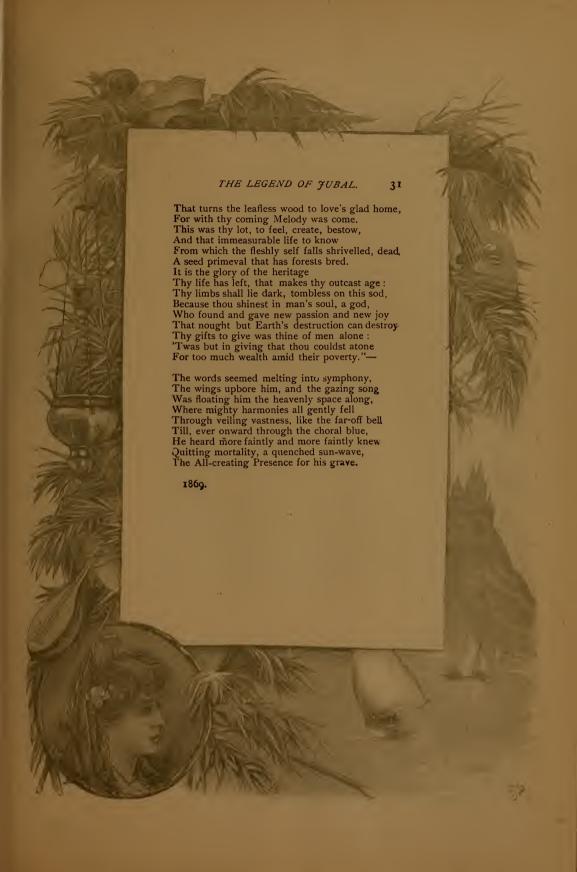




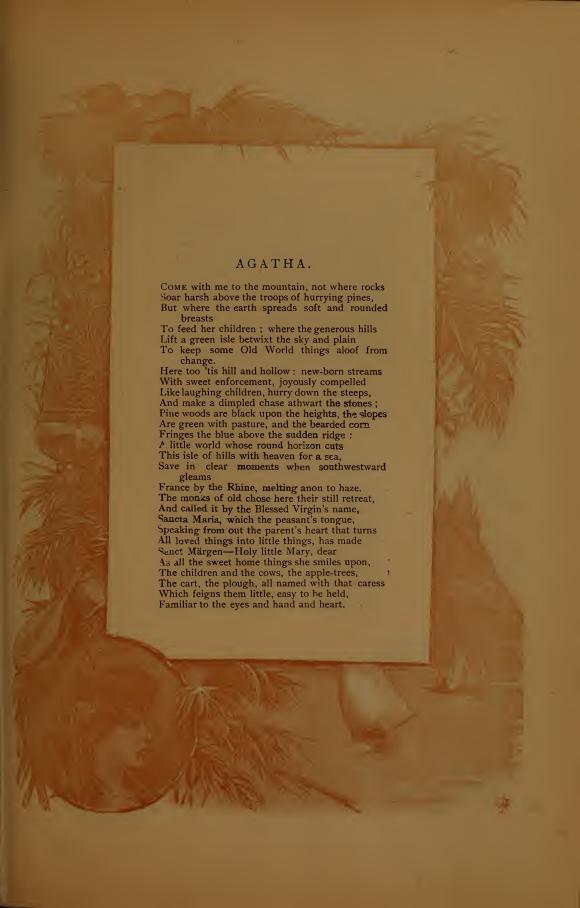


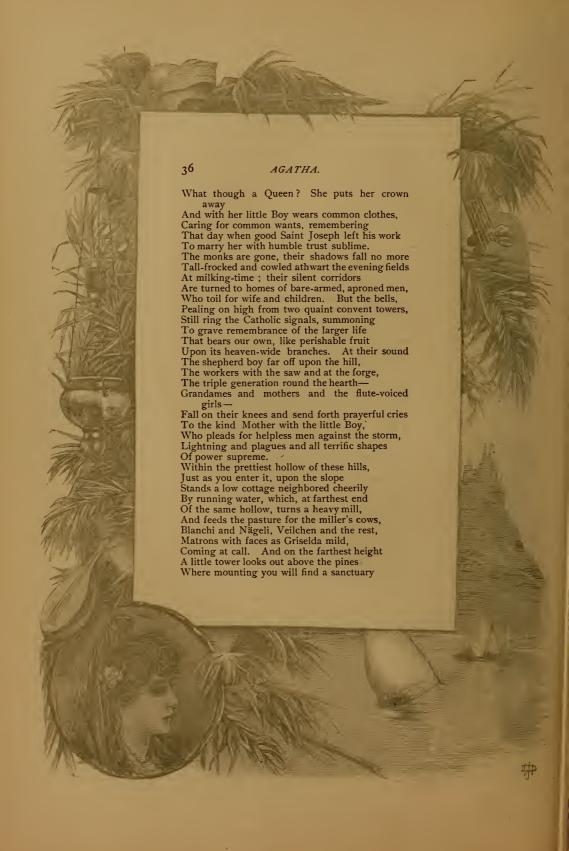


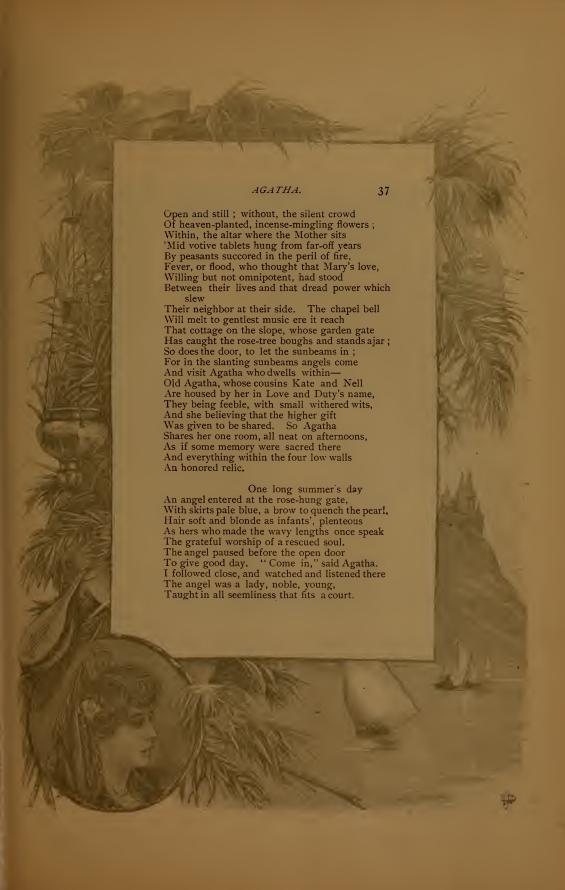


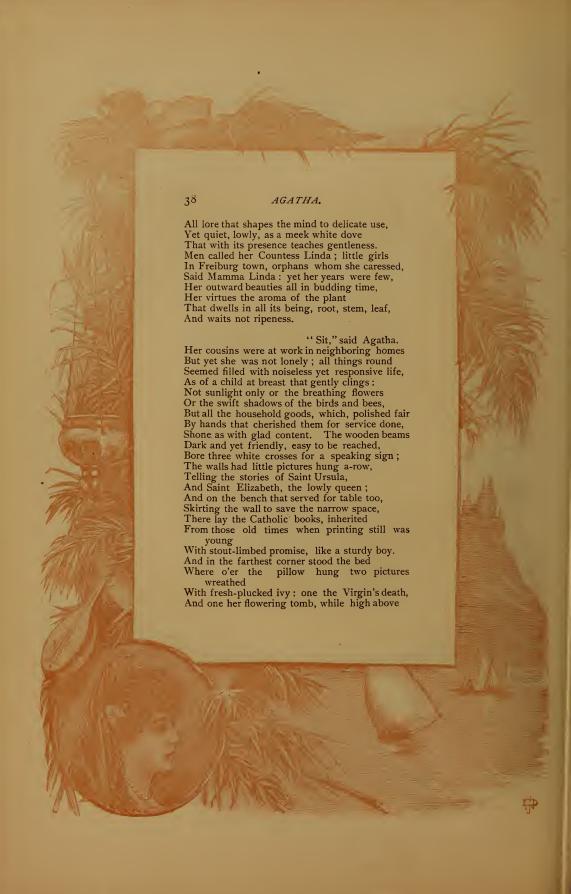








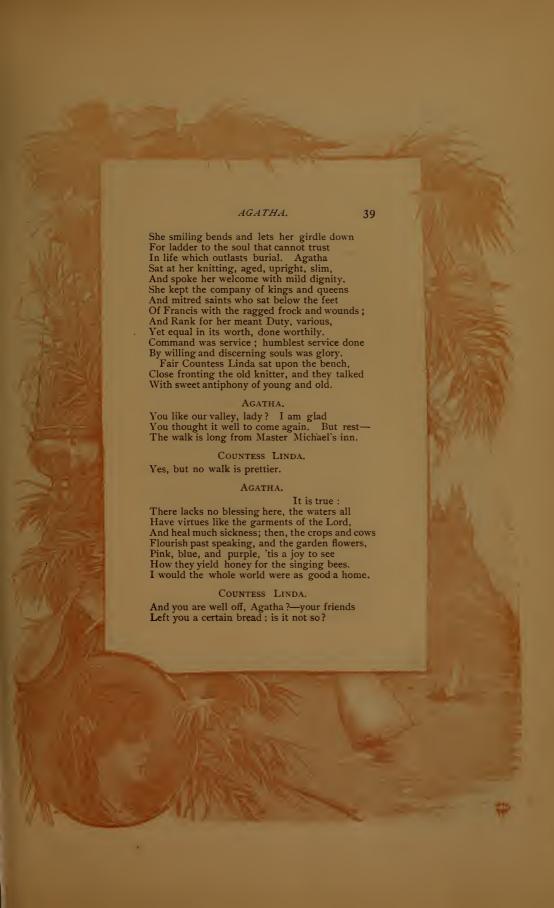


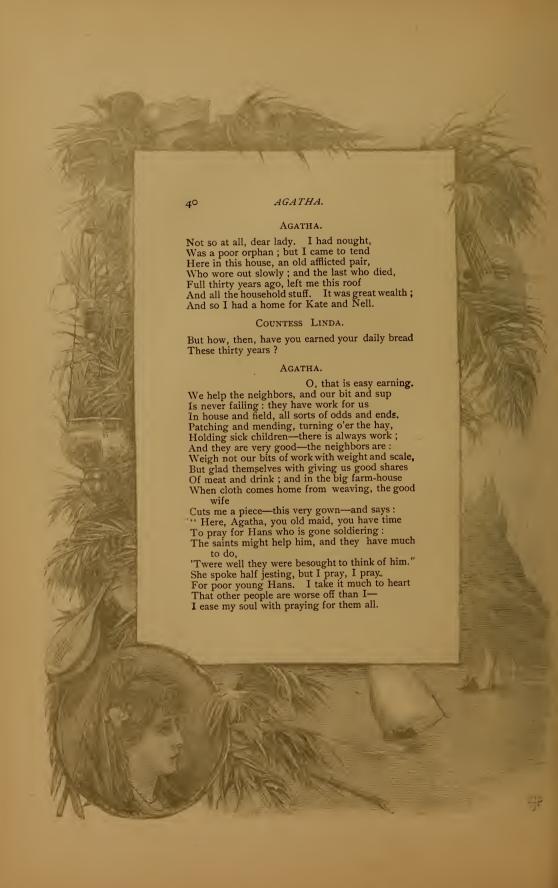


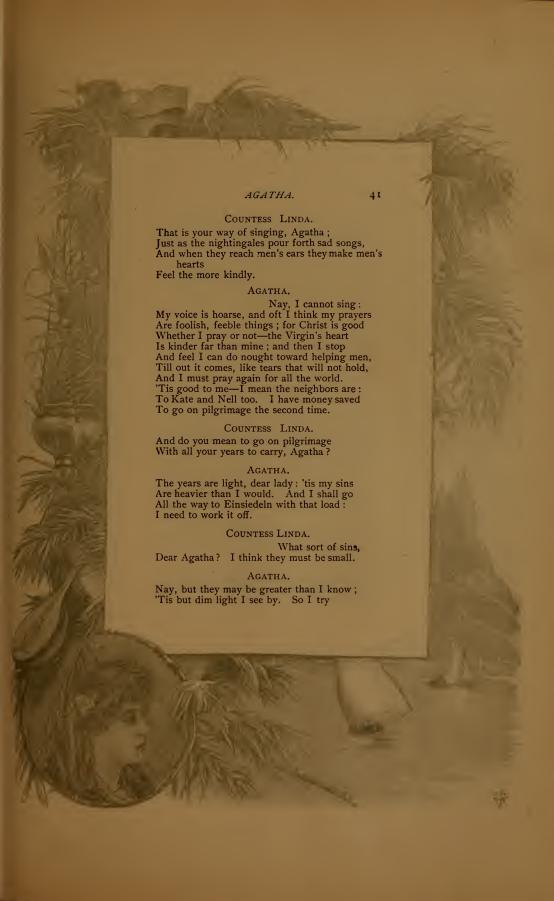


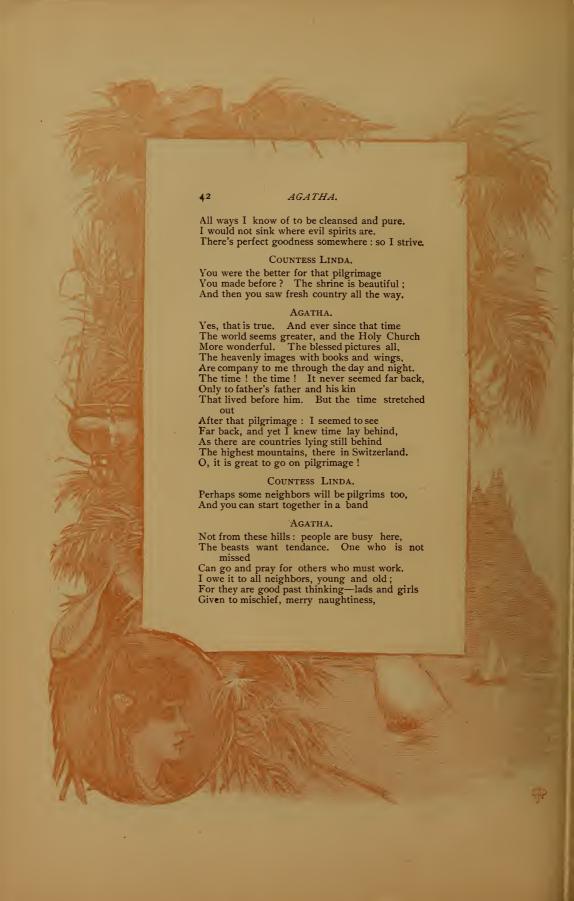
"Yet quiet, lowly as a meek white dove, That with its presence teaches gentleness."—Page 38.

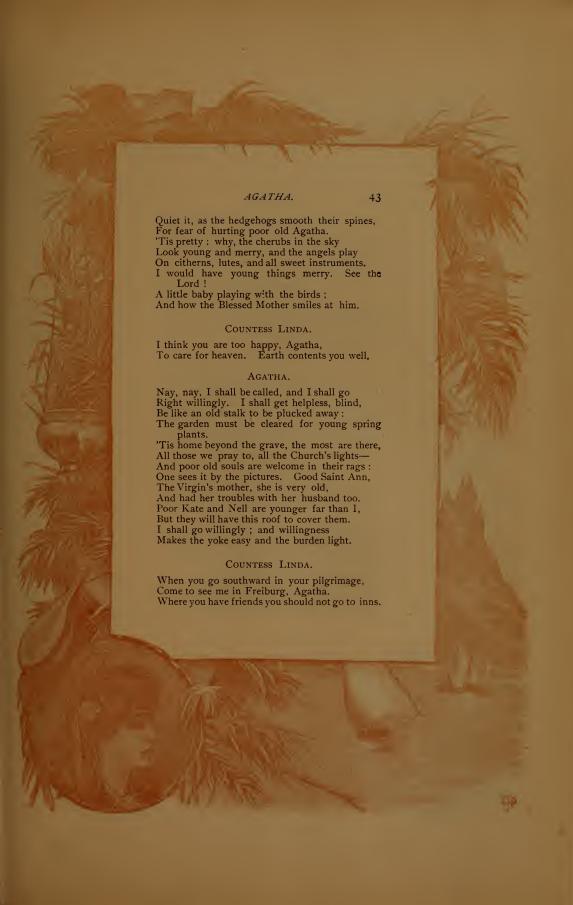


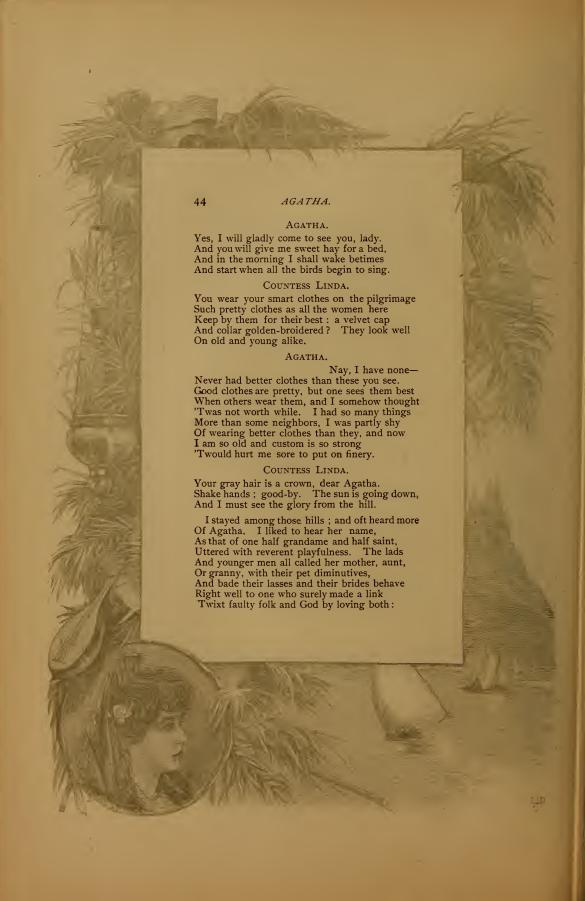


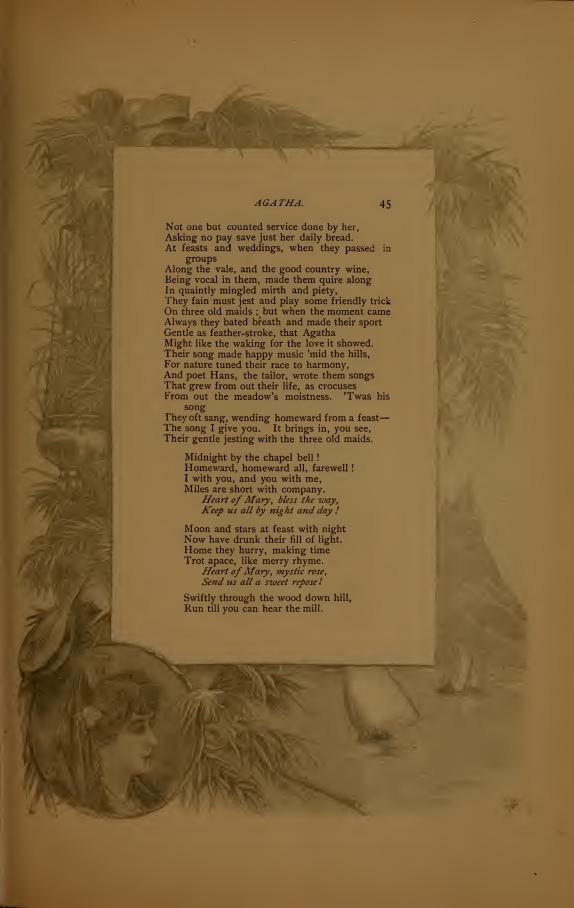


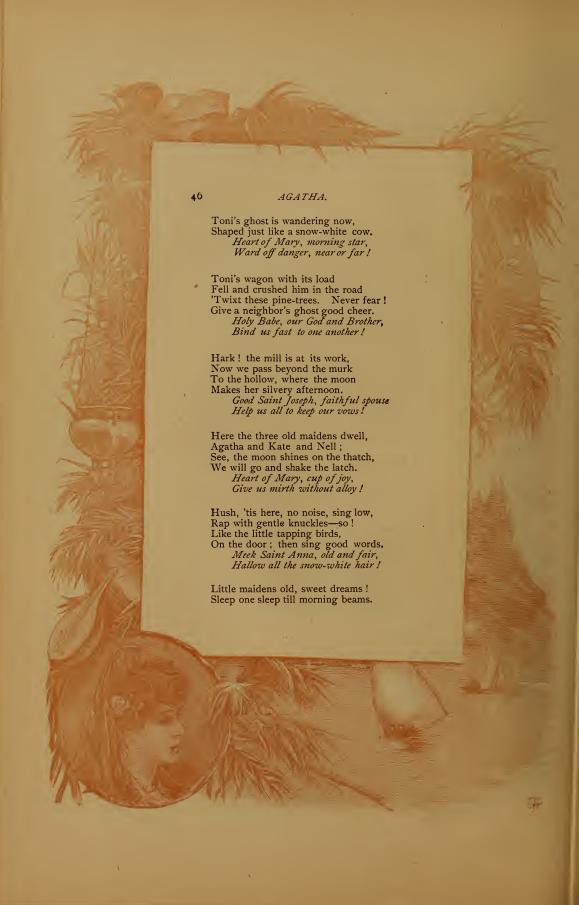


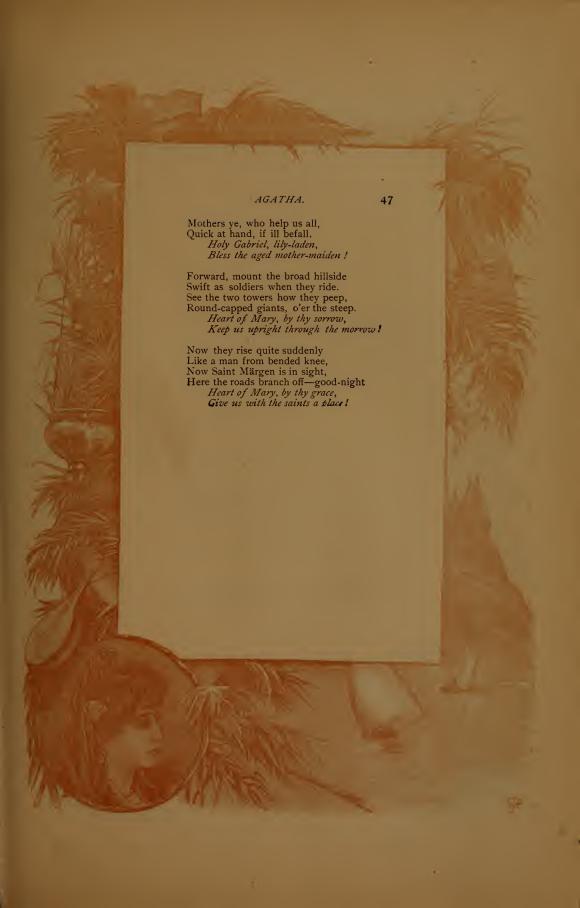


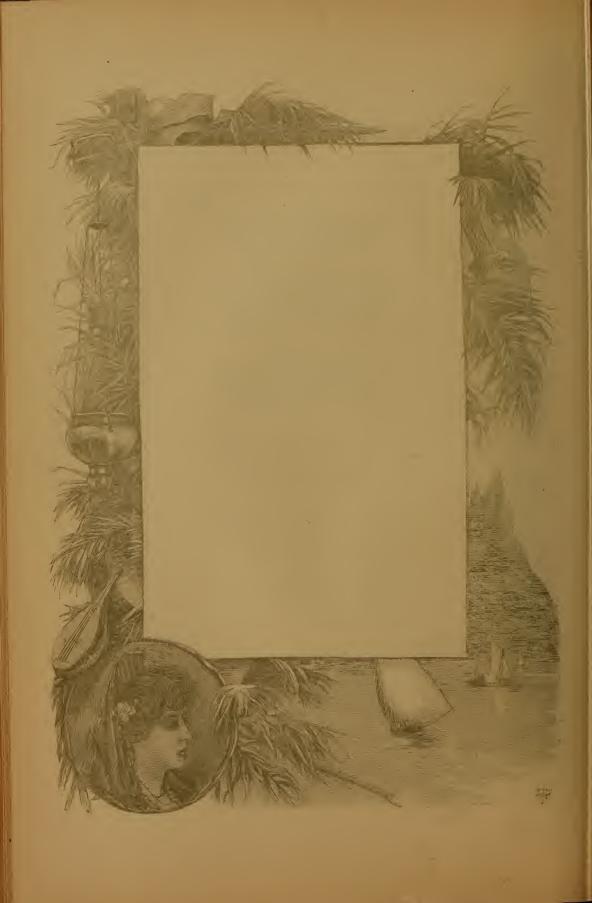


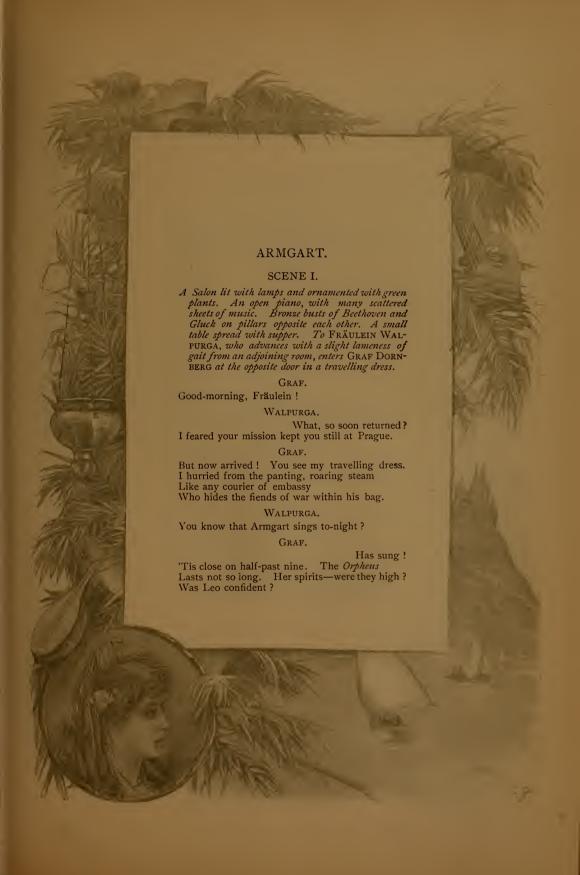


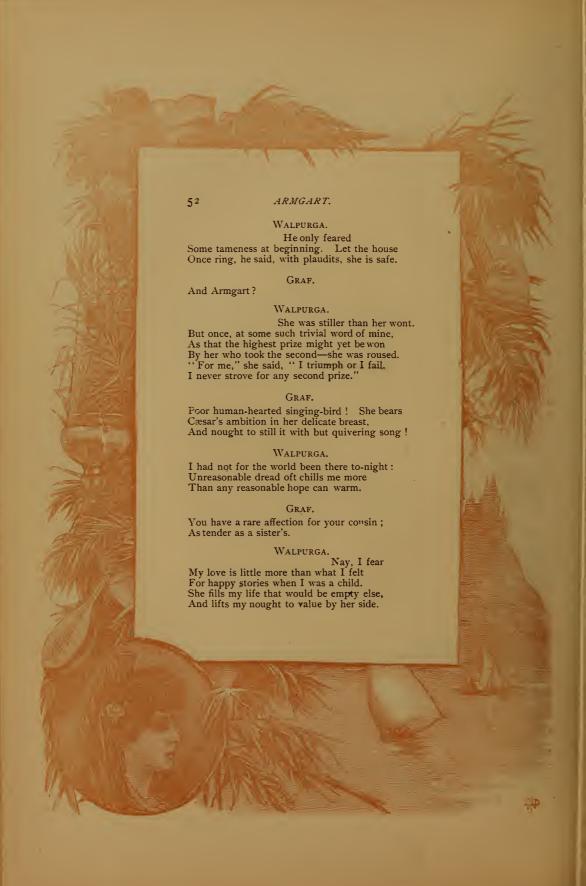


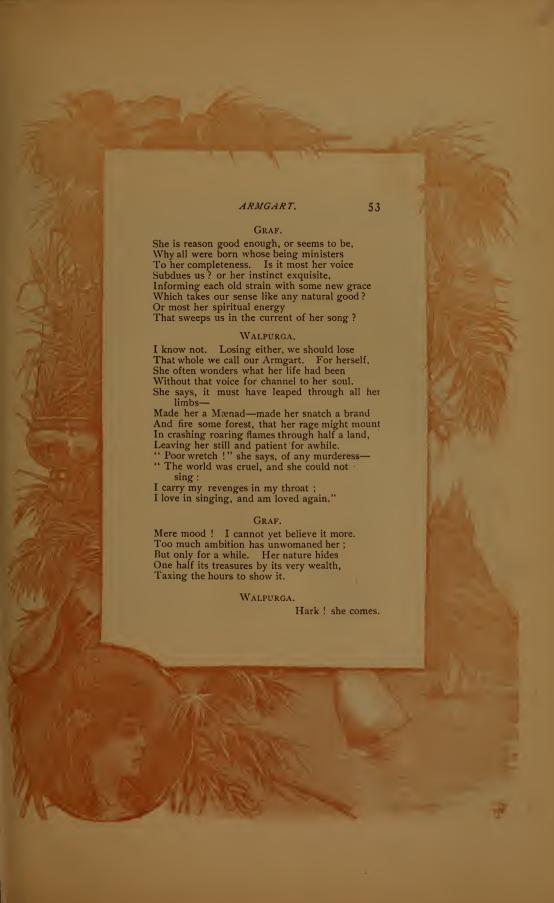


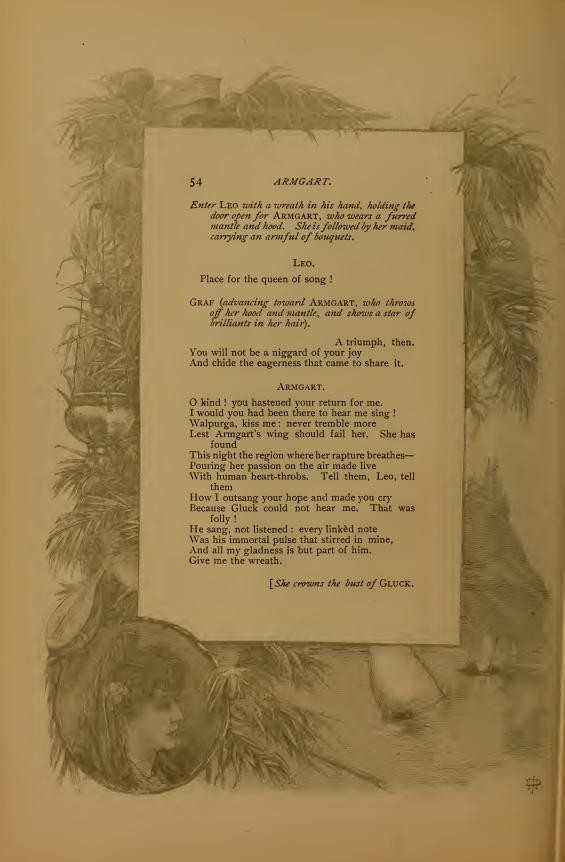








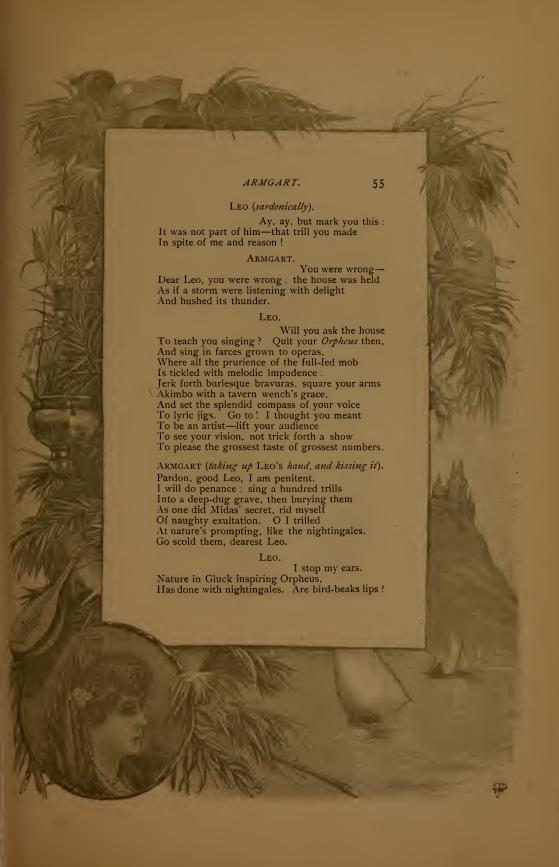


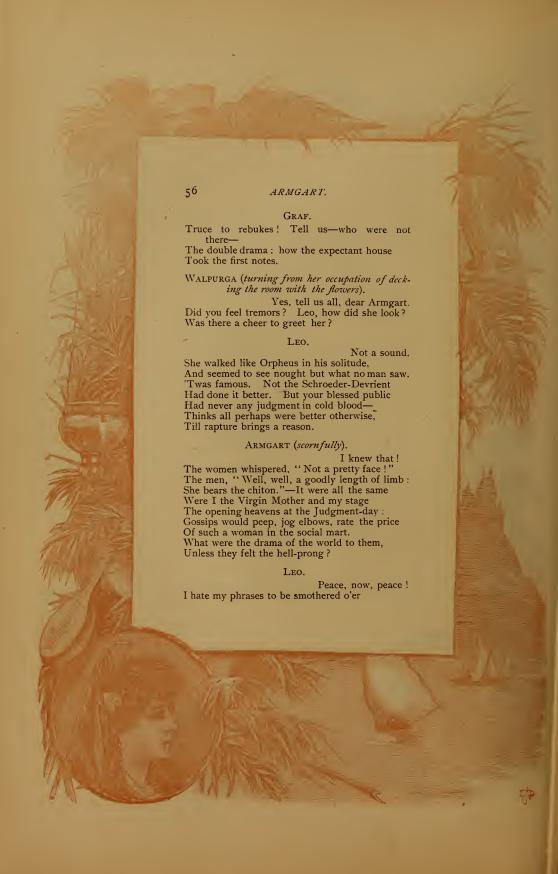


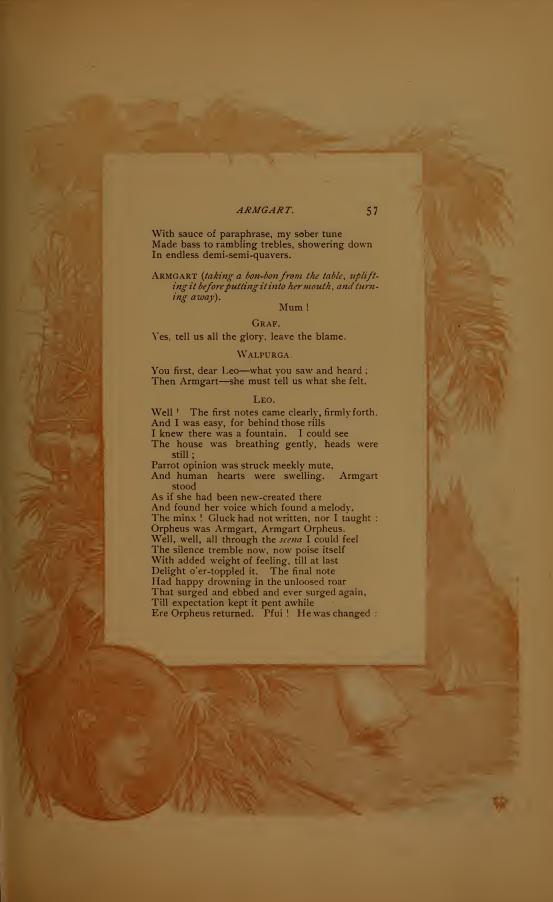


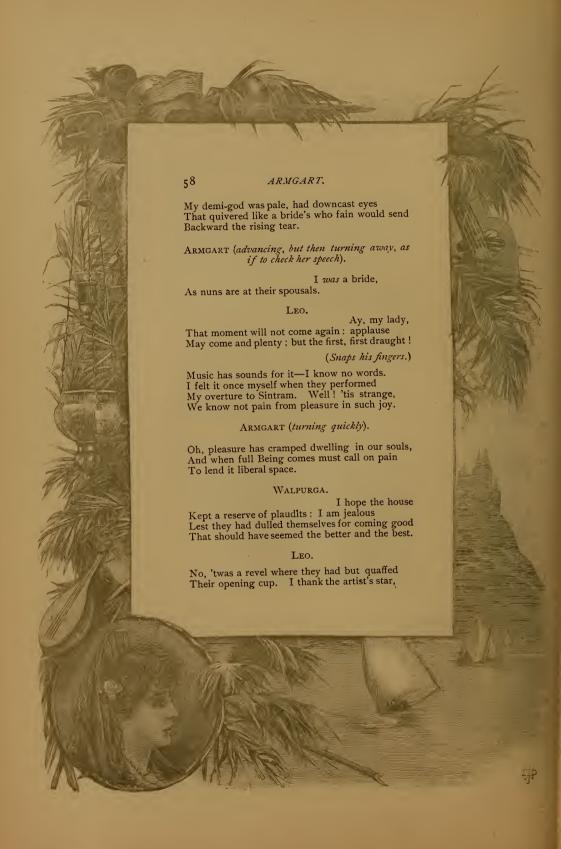
"The house was held
As if a storm were listening with delight
And hushed its thunder,"—Page 55.

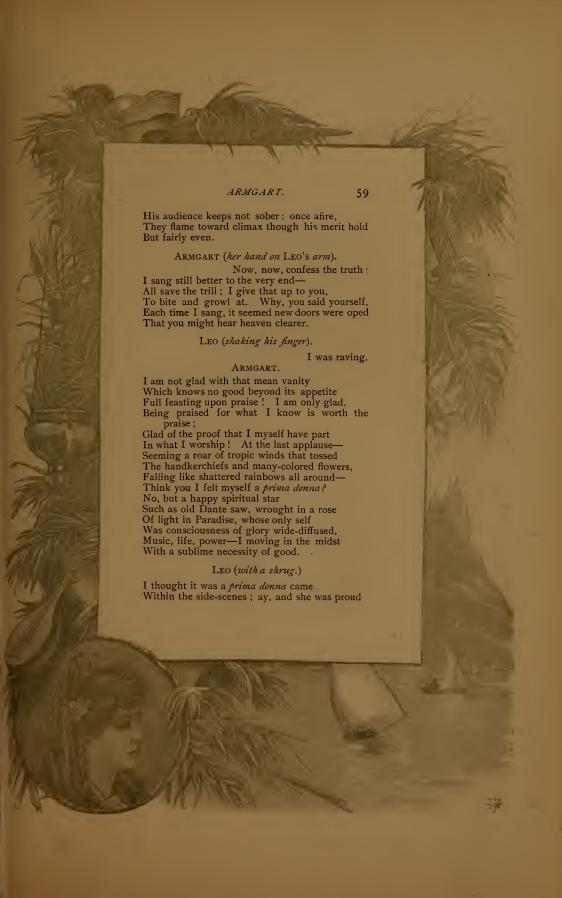


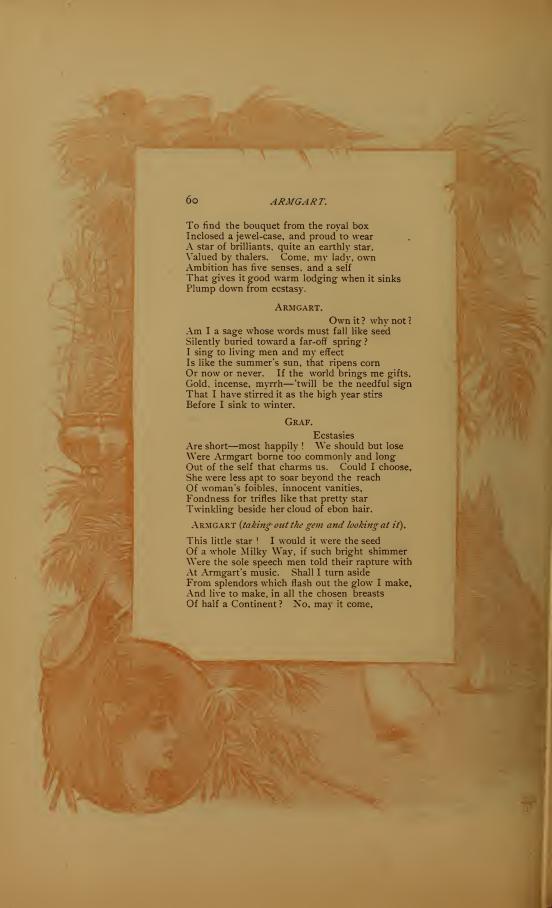












That splendor! May the day be near when men Think much to let my horses draw me home, And new lands welcome me upon their beach, Loving me for my fame. That is the truth Of what I wish, nay, yearn for. Shall I lie? Pretend to seek obscurity—to sing In hope of disregard? A vile pretence! And blasphemy besides. For what is fame But the benignant strength of One, transformed To joy of Many? Tributes, plaudits come As necessary breathing of such joy; And may they come to me!

Graf

The auguries
Point clearly that way. Is it no offence
To wish the eagle's wing may find repose,
As feebler wings do, in a quiet nest?
Or has the taste of fame already 'turned
The Woman to a Muse . . .

LEO (going to the table).

Who needs no supper. I am her priest, ready to eat her share Of good Walpurga's offerings.

WALPURGA.

Armgart, come.

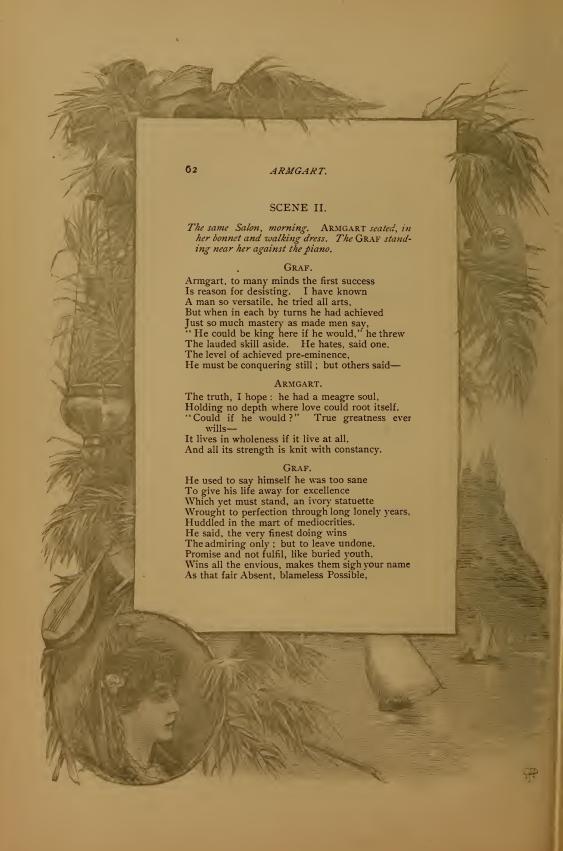
Graf, will you come?

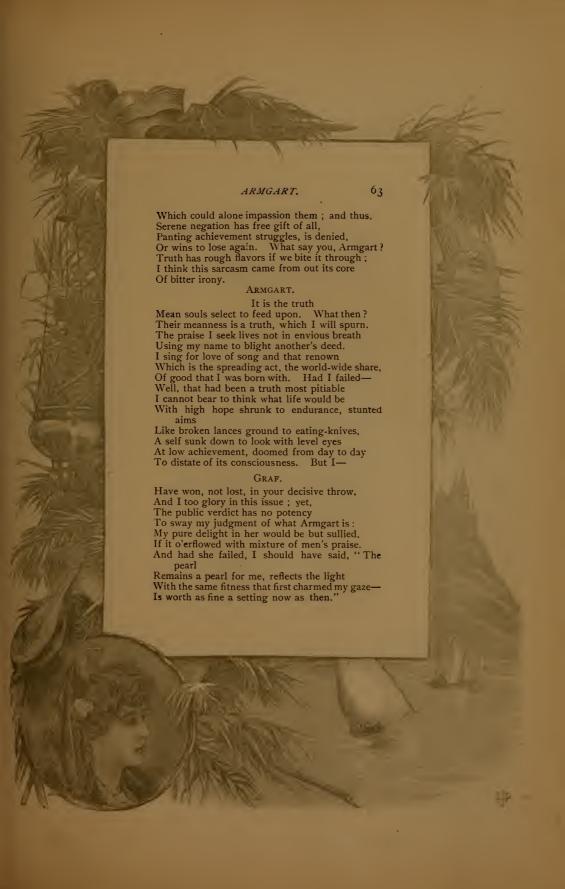
GRAF.

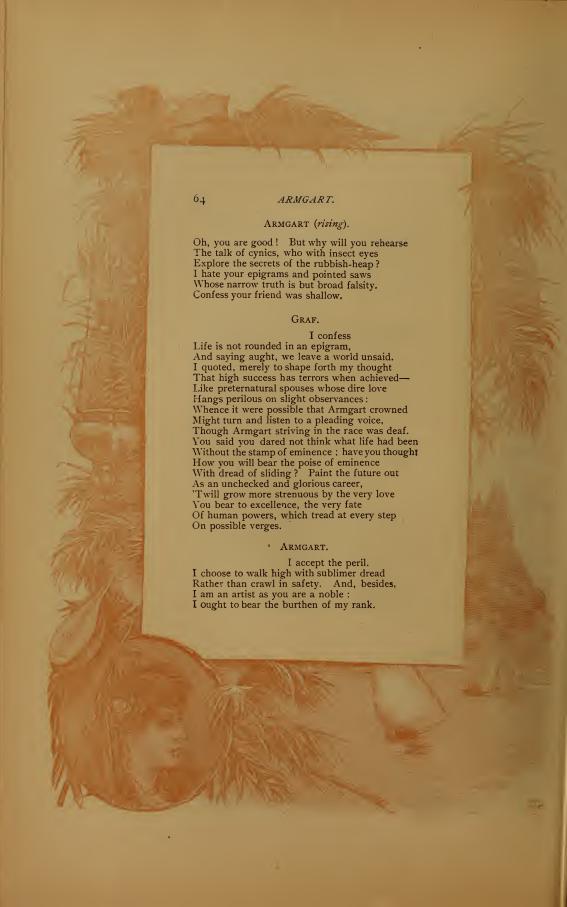
Thanks, I play truant here, And must retrieve my self-indulged delay. But will the Muse receive a votary At any hour to-morrow?

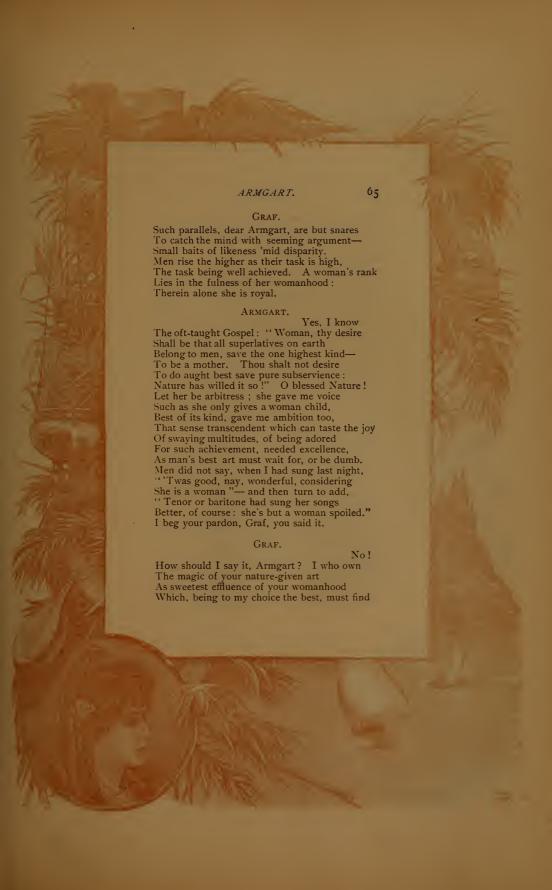
Armgart.

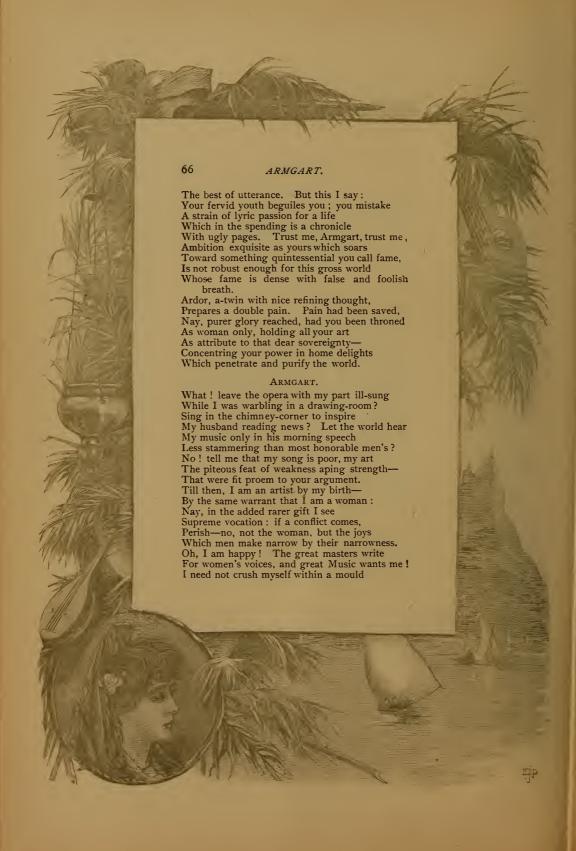
Any hour After rehearsal, after twelve at noon.

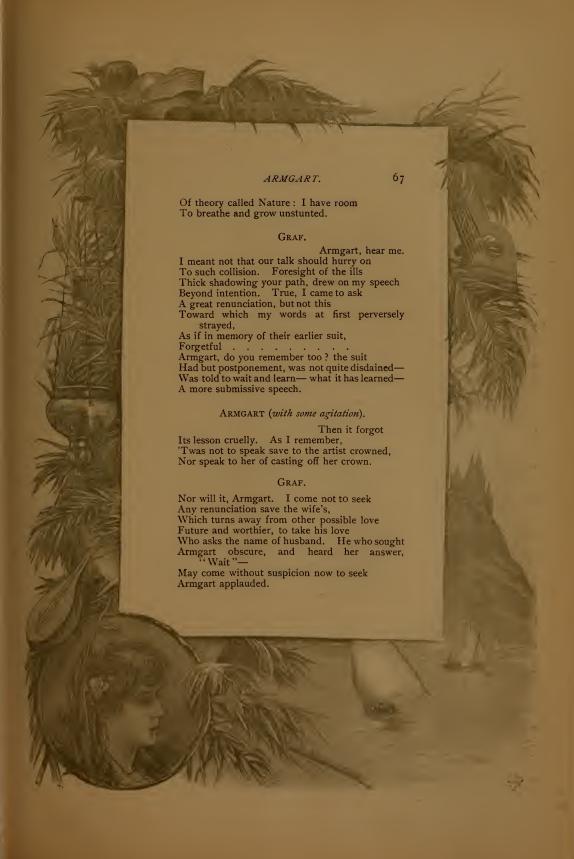


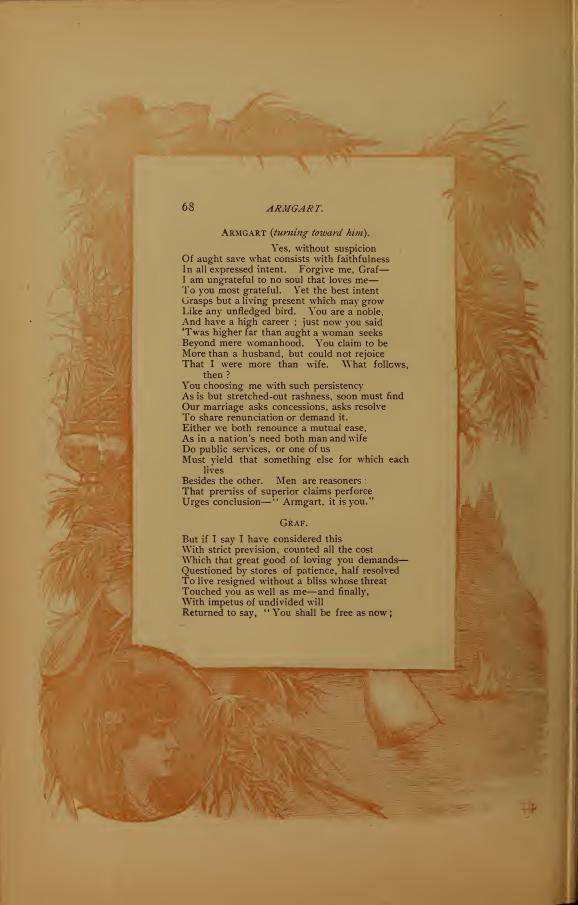












ARMGART.

Only accept the refuge, shelter, guard,
My love will give your freedom"—then your
words

Are hard accusal.

ARMGART.

Well, I accuse myself. My love would be accomplice of your will.

GRAF.

Again-my will?

ARMGART.

Oh, your unspoken will. Your silent tolerance would torture me, And on that rack I should deny the good I yet believed in.

GRAF.

Then I am the man

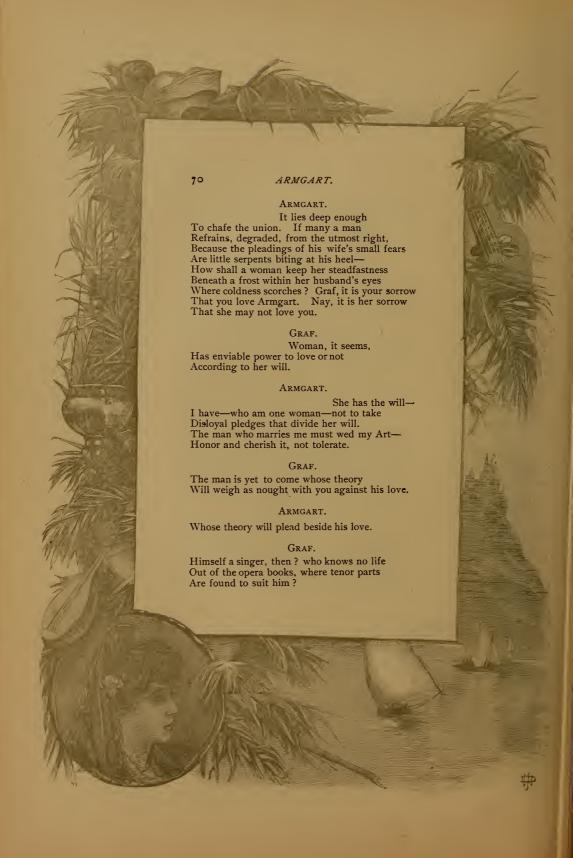
Whom you would love?

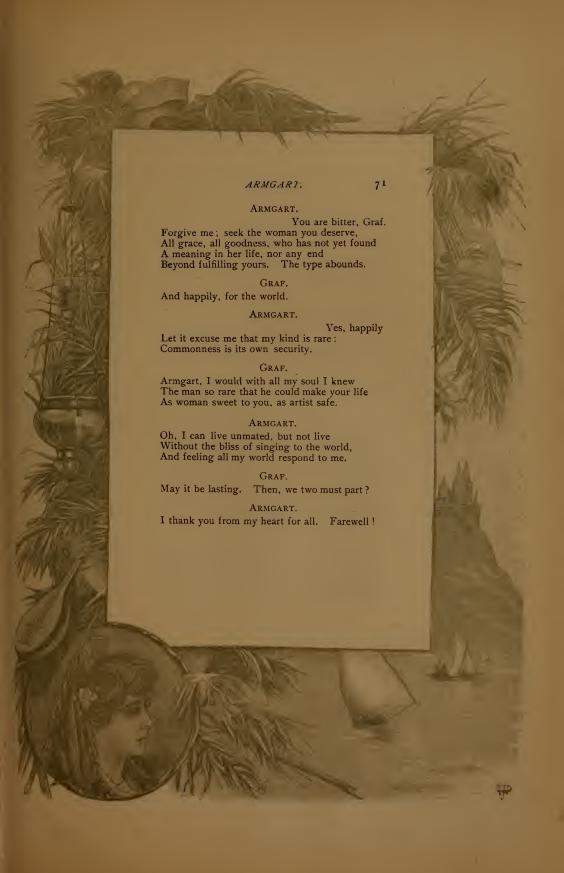
ARMGART.

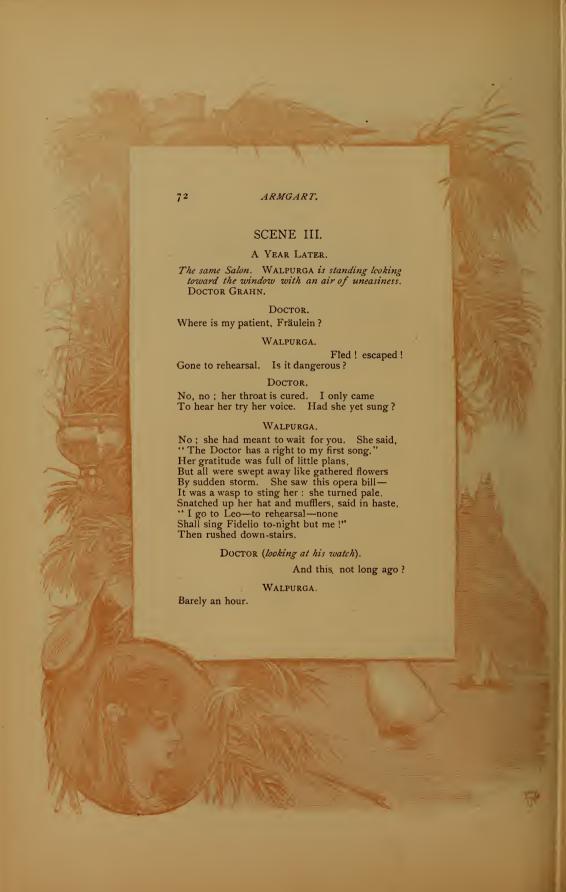
Whom I refuse to love No; I will live alone and pour my pain With passion into music, where it turns To what is best within my better self. I will not take for husband one who deems The thing my soul acknowledges as good—The thing I hold worth striving, suffering for, To be a thing dispensed with easily Or else the idol of a mind infirm.

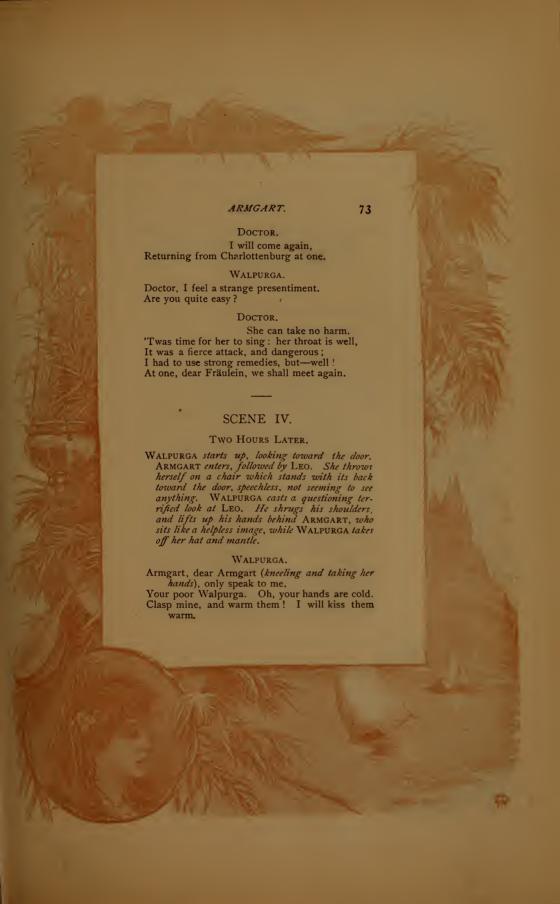
GRAF.

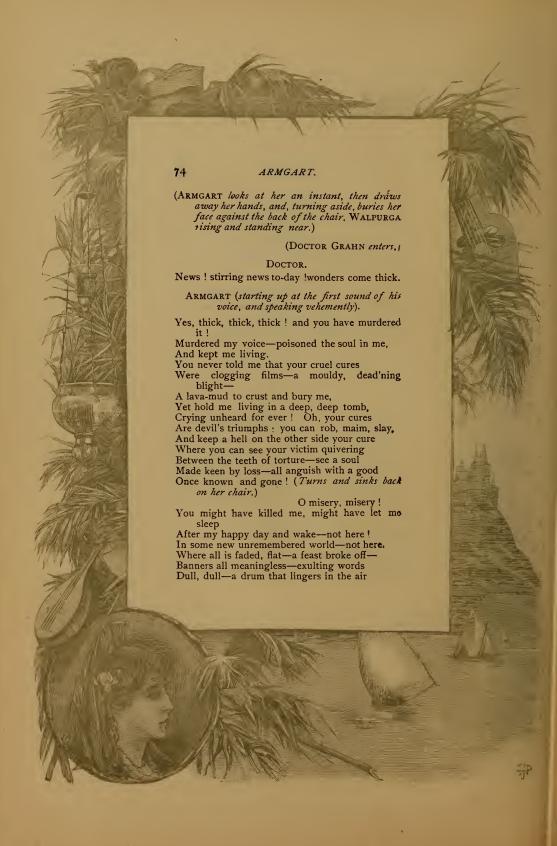
Armgart, you are ungenerous; you strain My thought beyond its mark. Our difference Lies not so deep as love—as union Through a mysterious fitness that transcends Formal agreement.

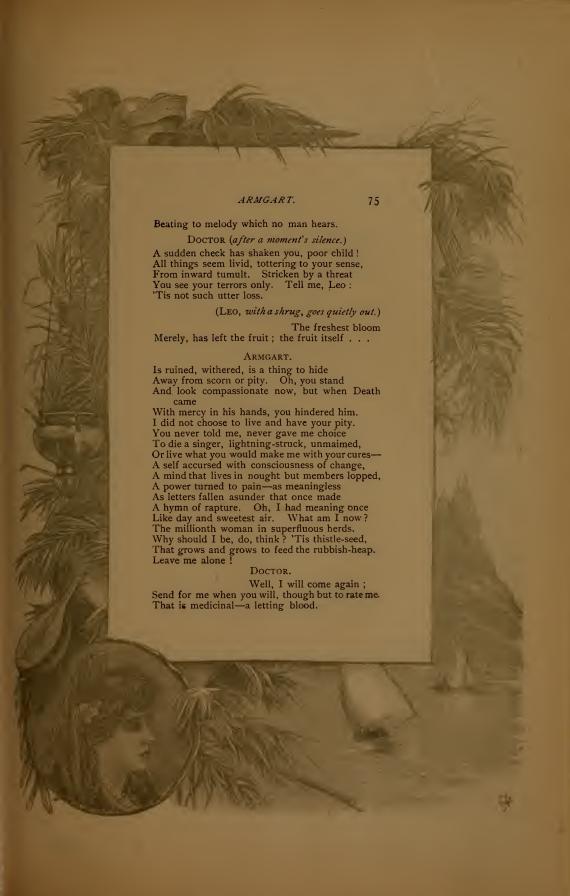


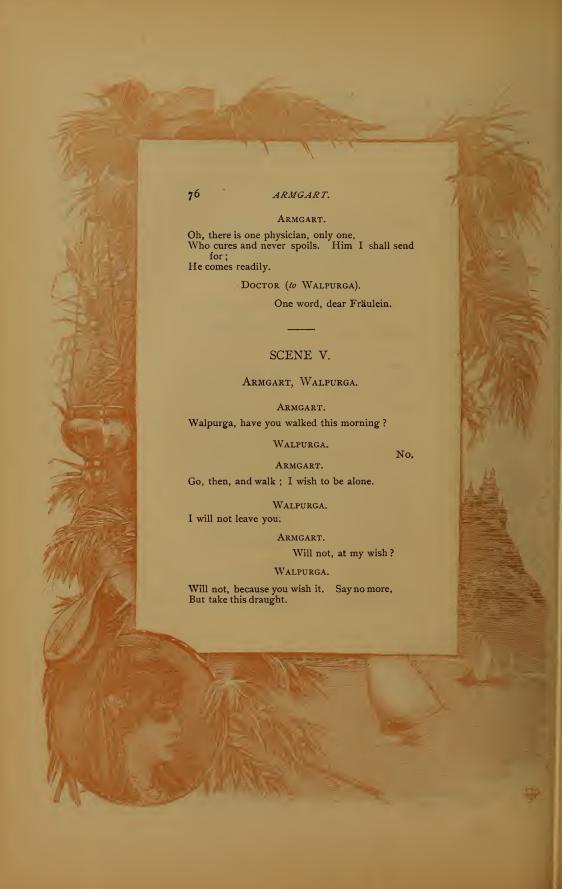


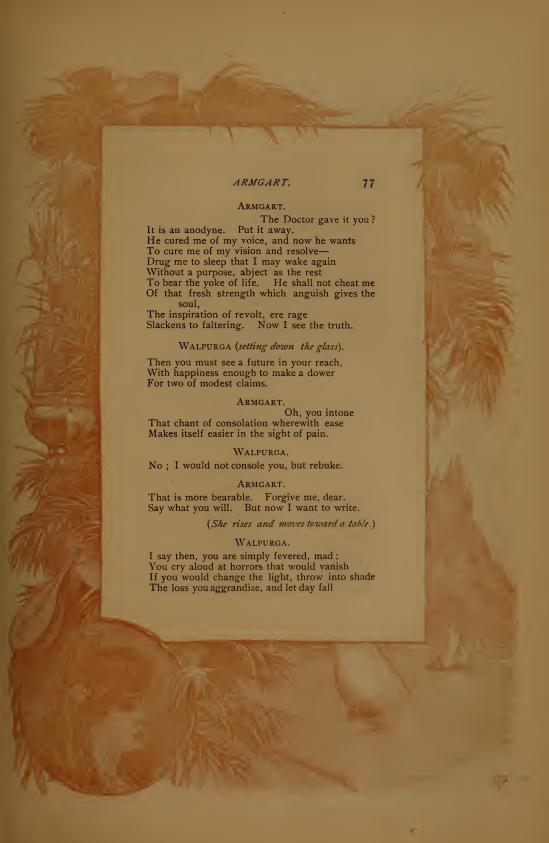


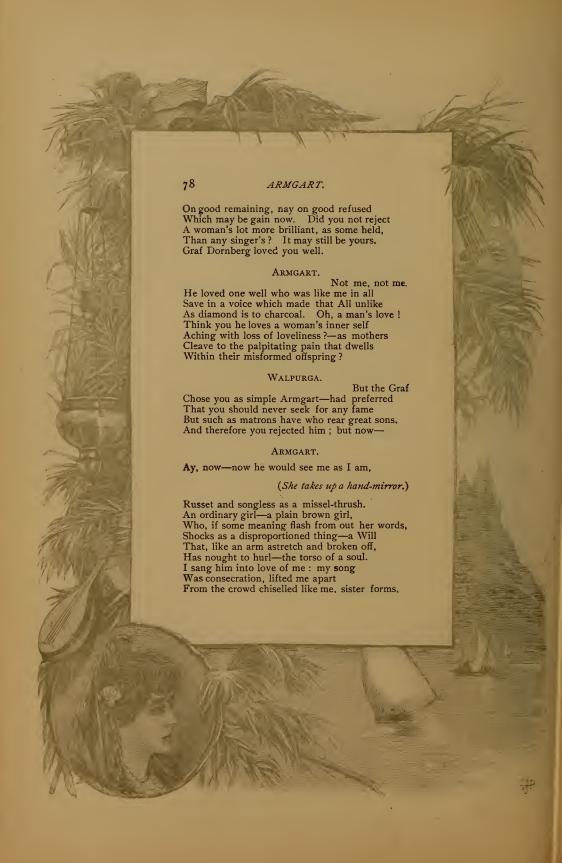


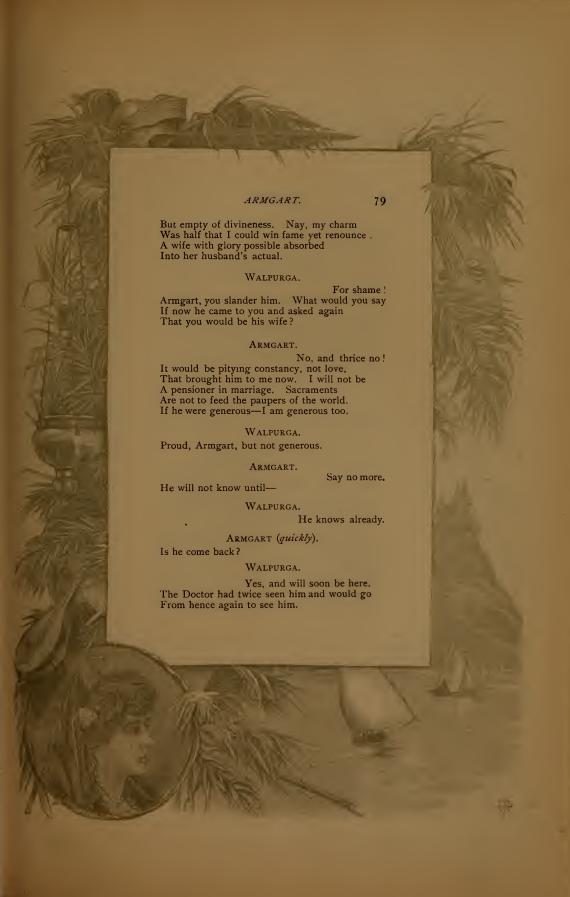


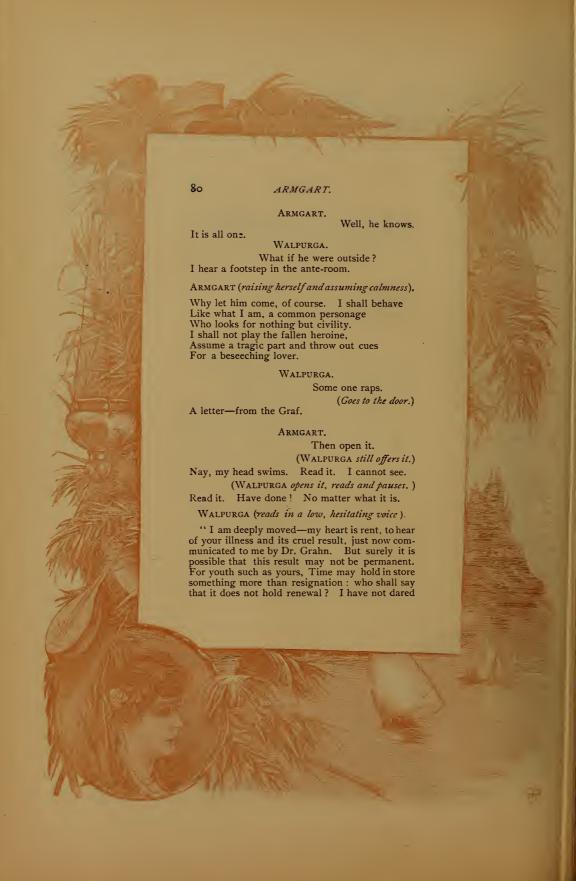


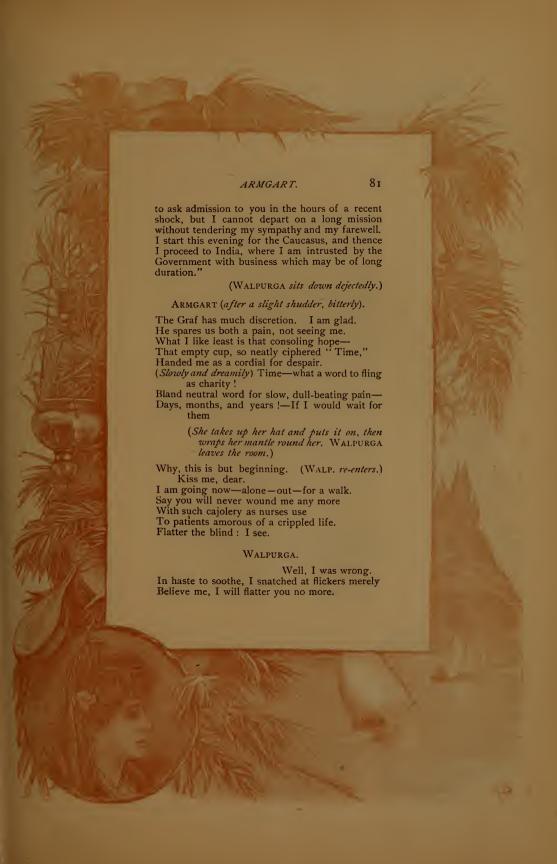


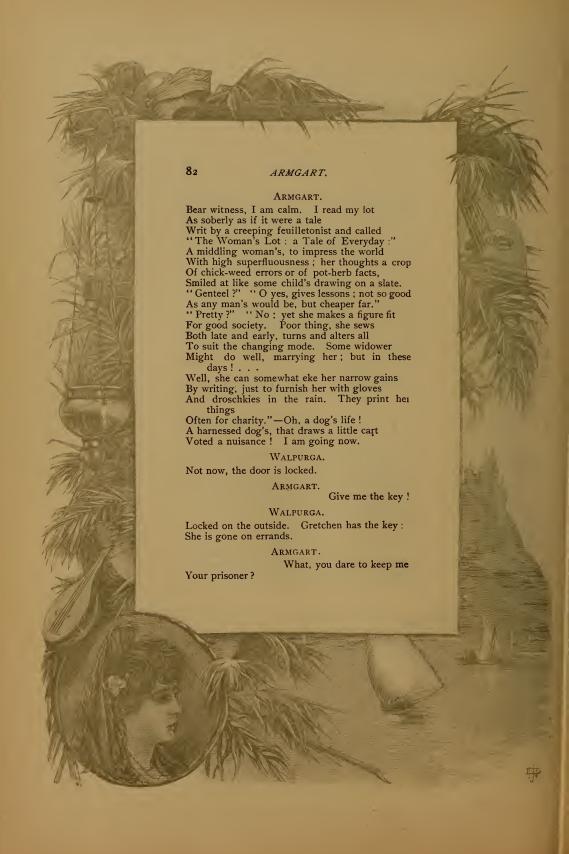


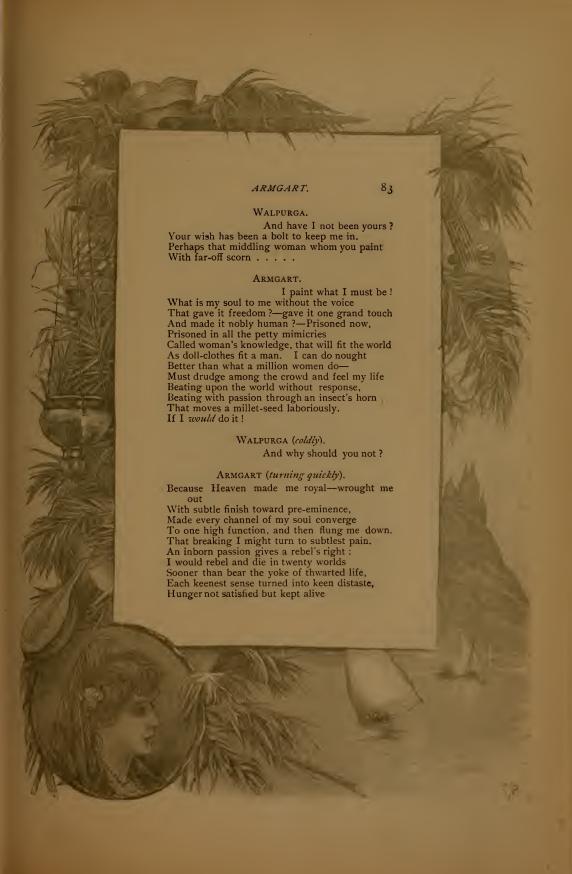


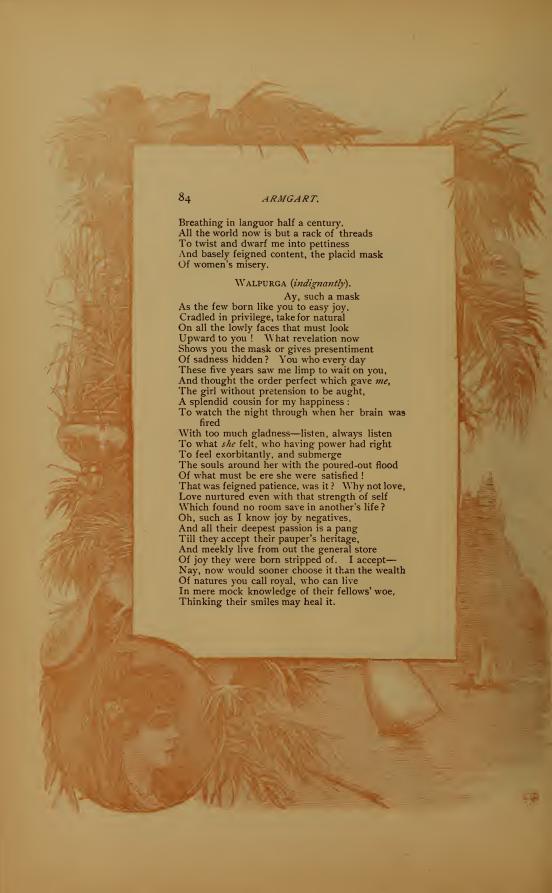


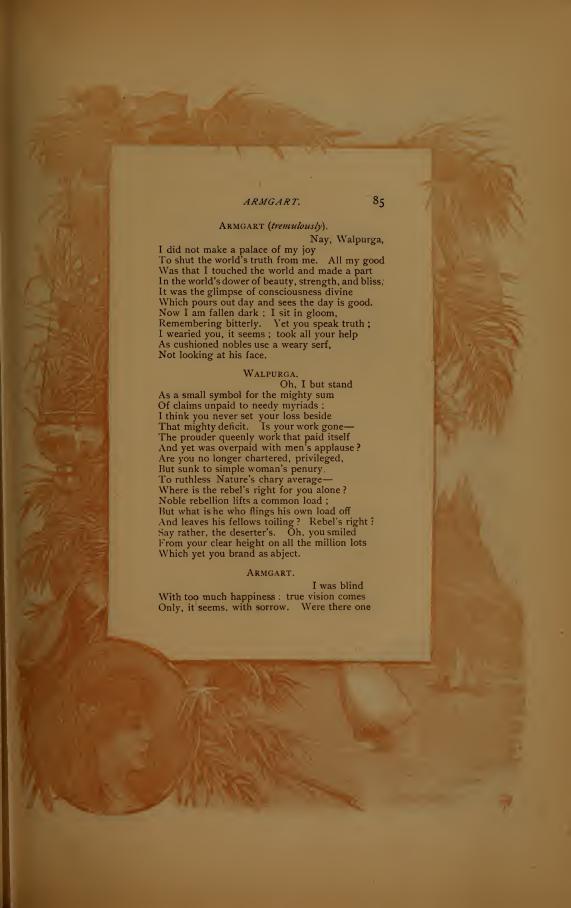


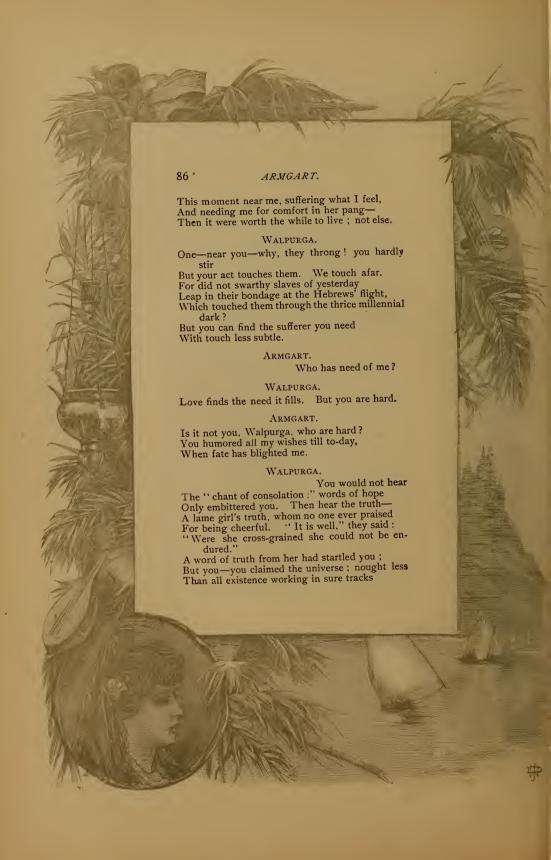


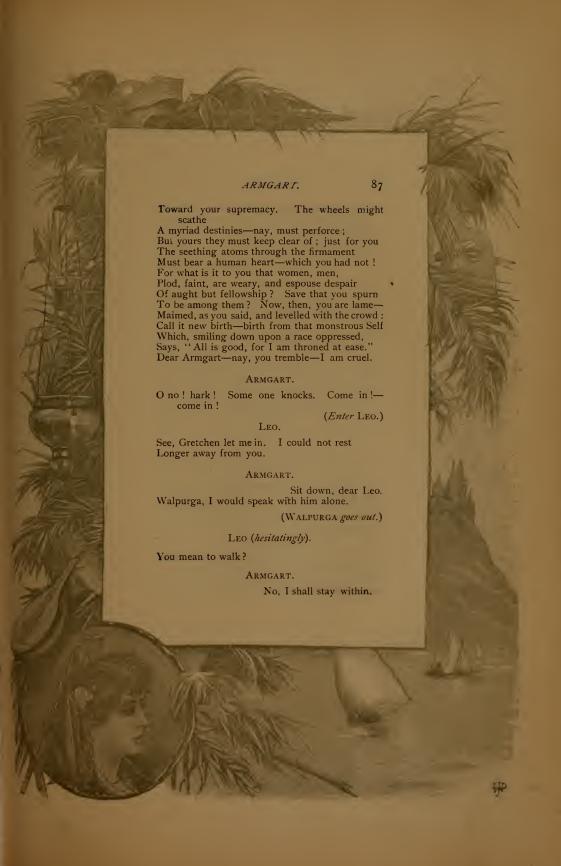


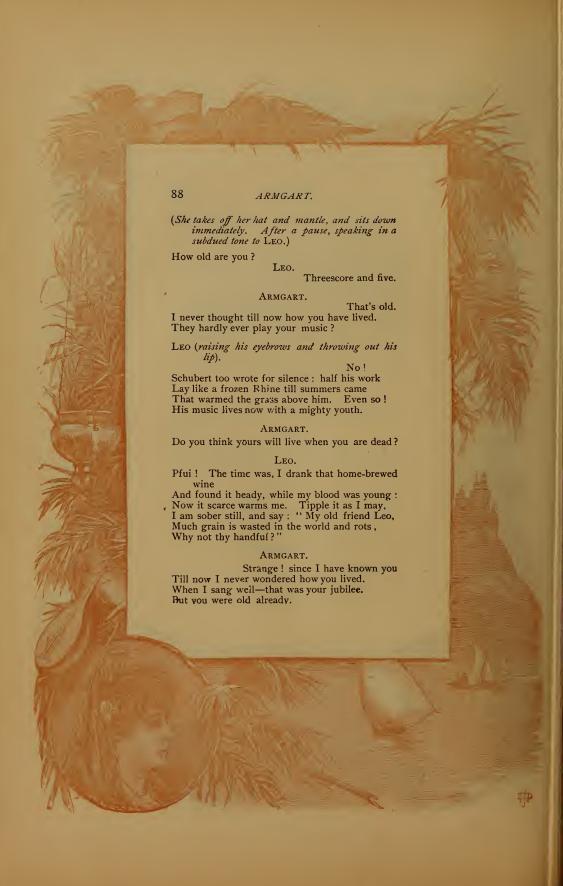














ARMGART.

LEO.

Yes, child, yes: Youth thinks itself the goal of each old life; Age has but travelled from a far-off time Just to be ready for youth's service. Well! It was my chief delight to perfect you.

ARMGART.

Good Leo! You have lived on little joys. But your delight in me is crushed for ever. Your pains, where are they now? They shaped intent.

Which action frustrates; shaped an inward sense Which is but keen despair, the agony Of highest vision in the lowest pit.

LEO.

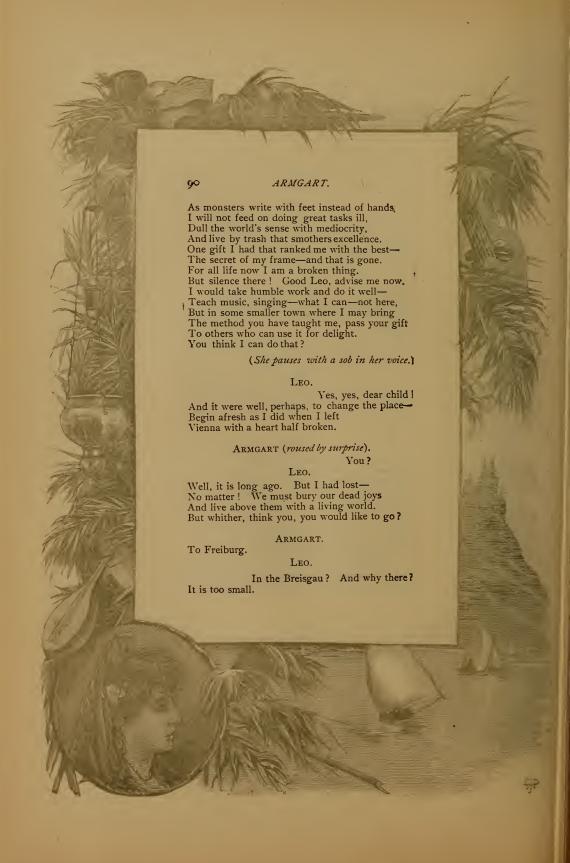
Nay, nay, I have a thought: keep to the stage, To drama without song; for you can act— Who knows how well, when all the soul is poured Into that sluice alone?

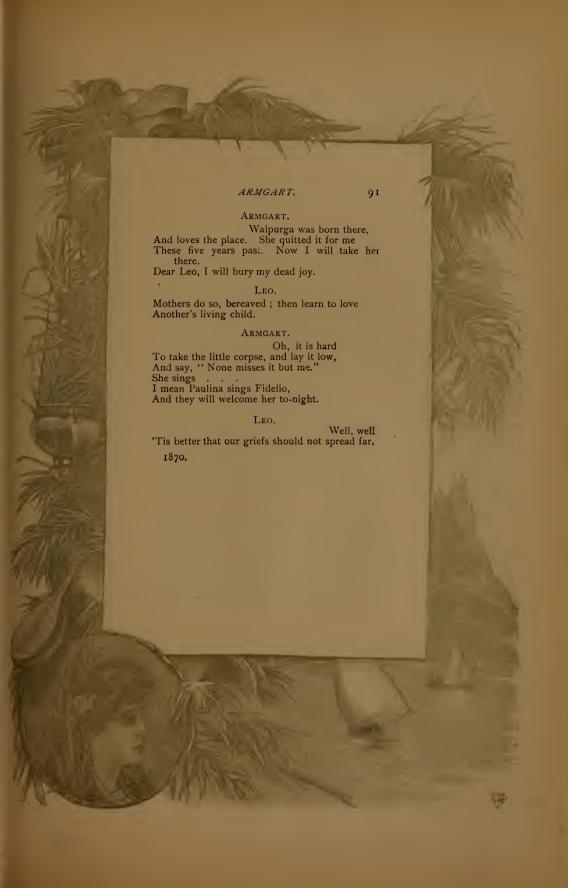
ARMGART.

I know, and you:
The second or third best in tragedies
That cease to touch the fibre of the time.
No; song is gone, but nature's other gift,
Self-judgment, is not gone. Song was my speech,

And with its impulse only, action came:
Song was the battle's onset, when cool purpose
Glows into rage, becomes a warring god
And moves the limbs with miracle. But now—
Oh, I should stand hemmed in with thoughts and

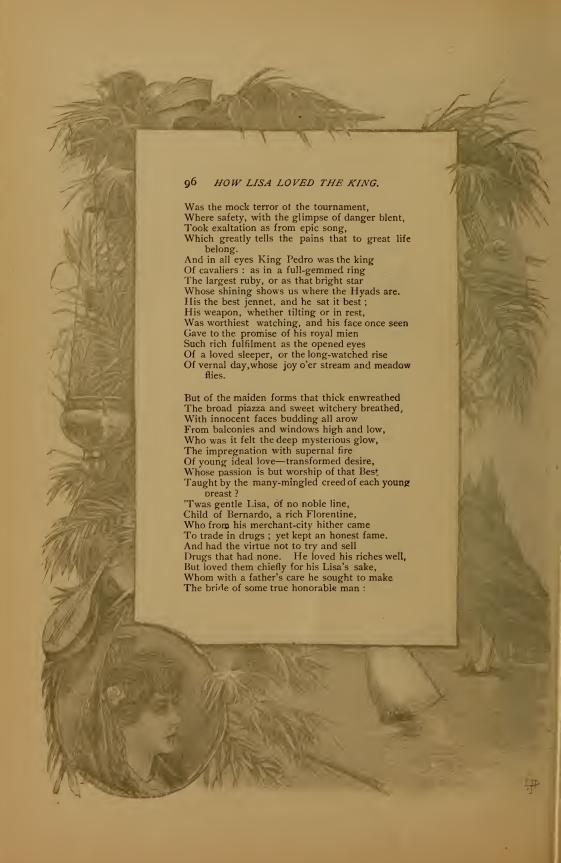
Say "This way passion acts," yet never feel
The might of passion. How should I declaim?

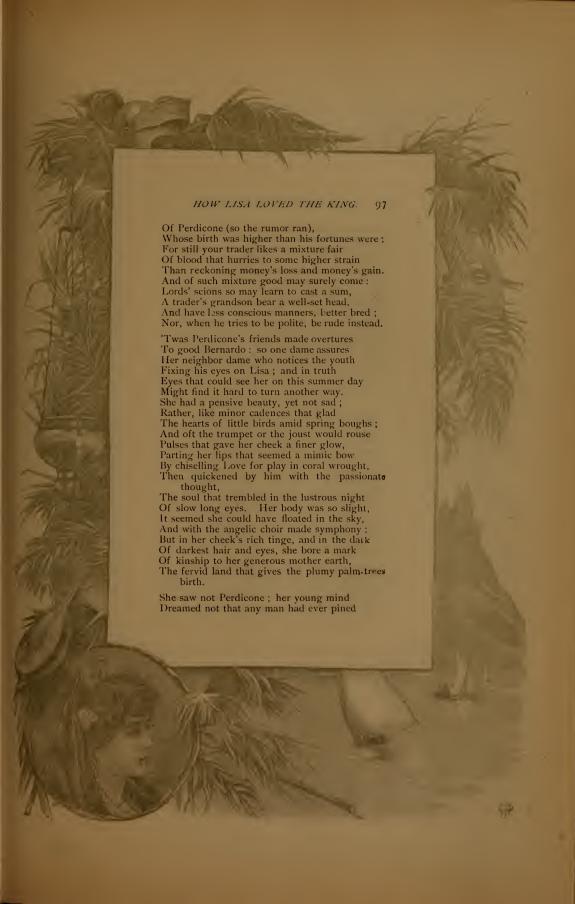


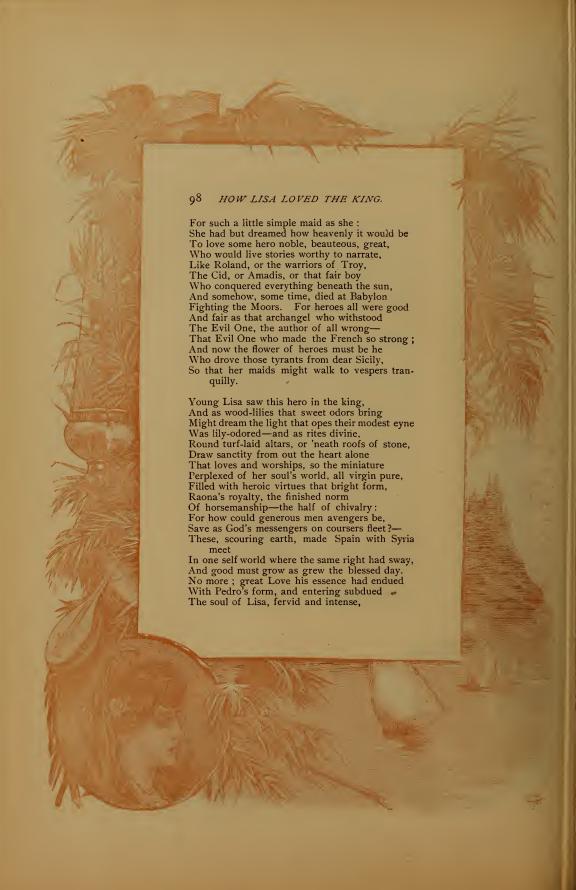


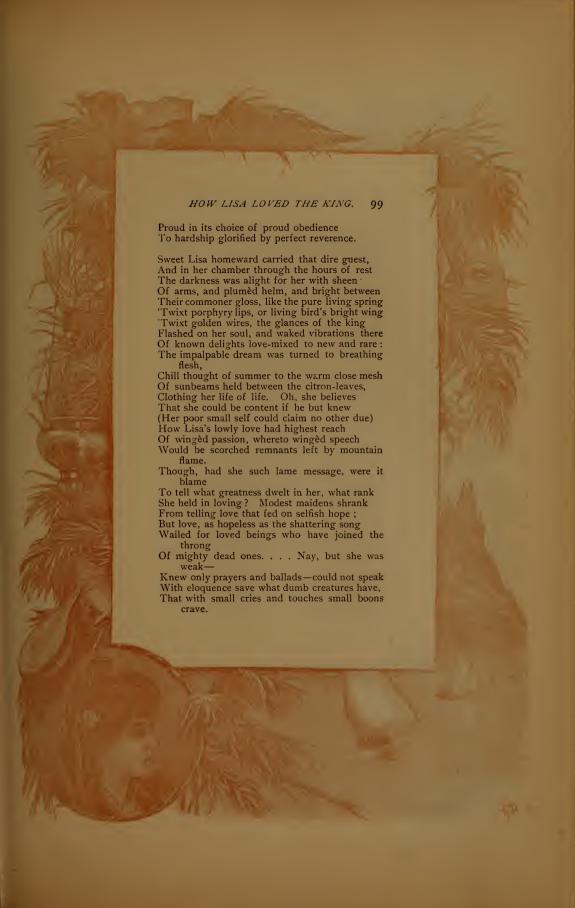


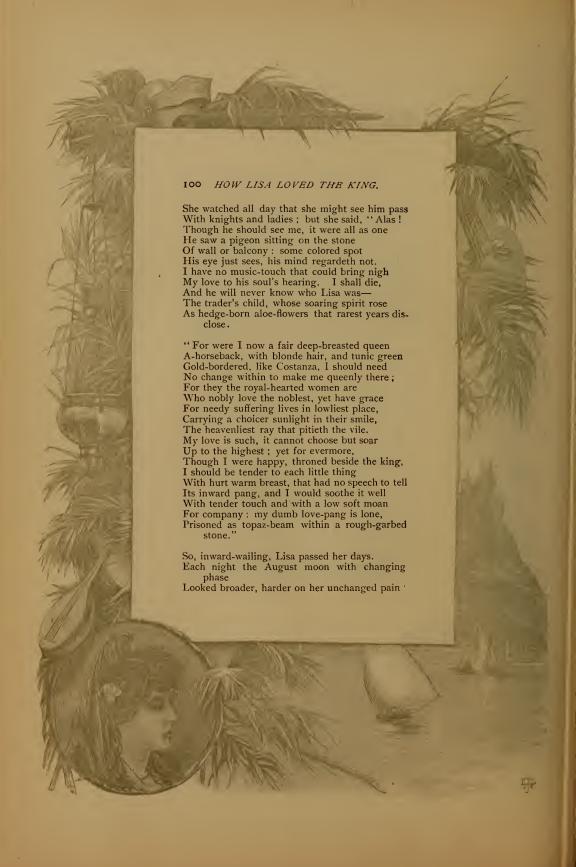


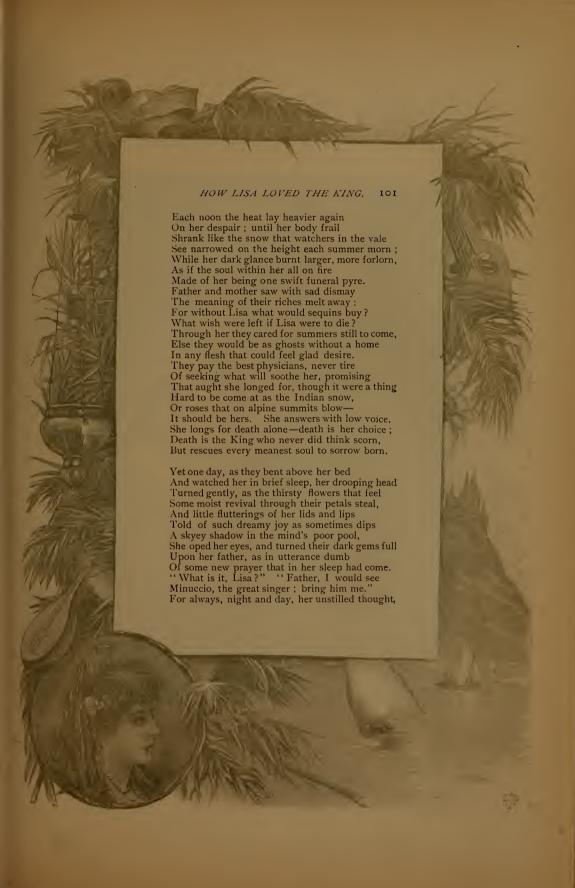


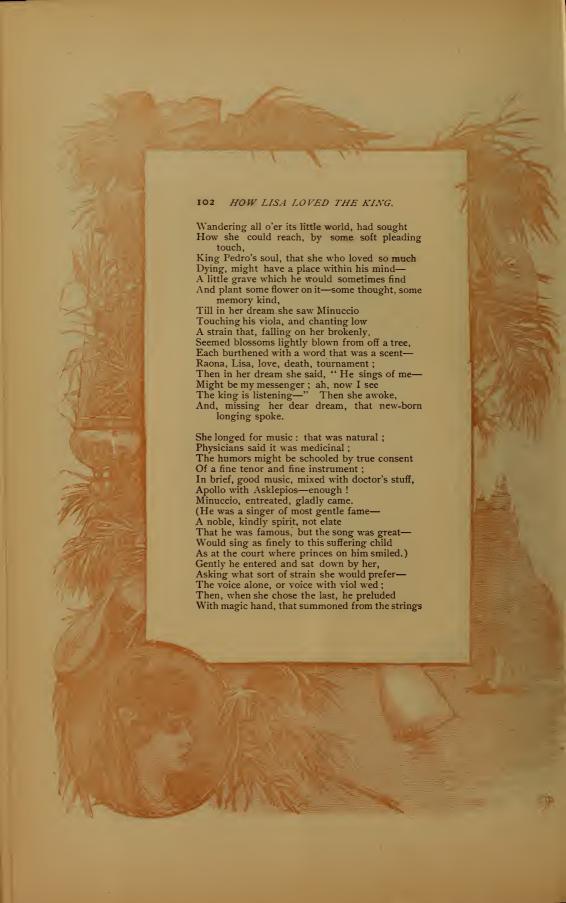










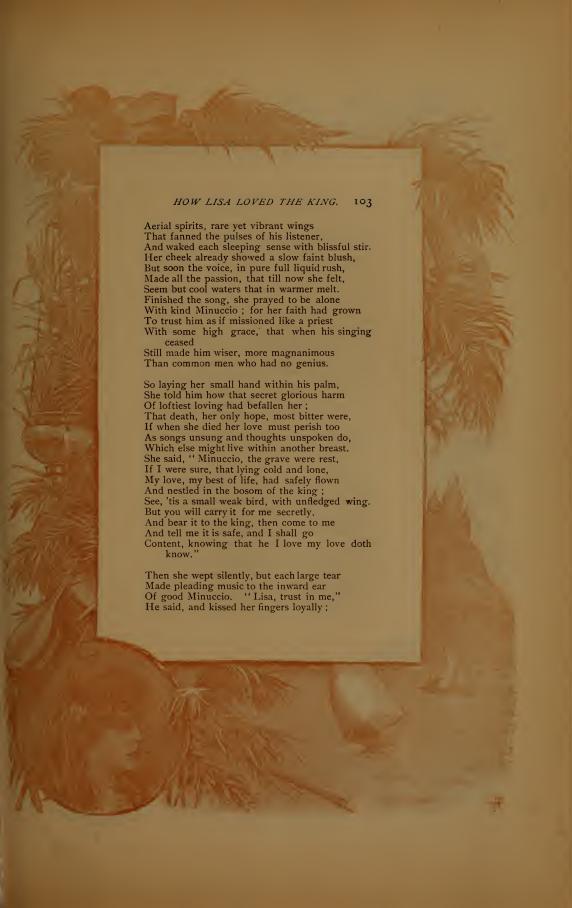


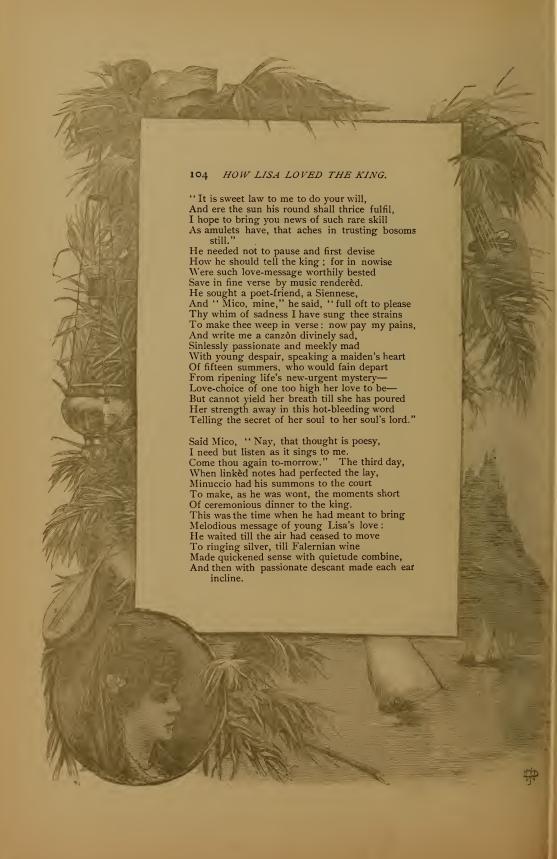


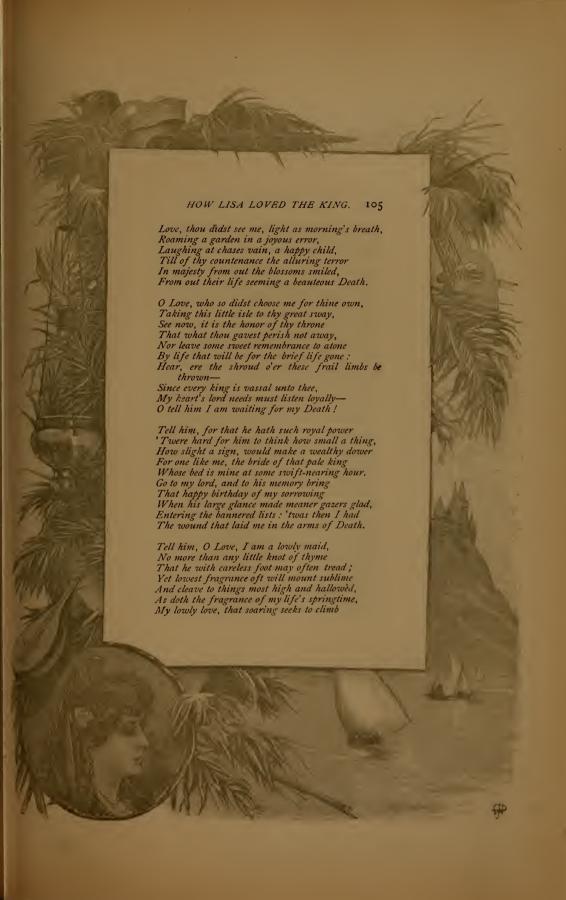
"Would sing as finely to this suffering child.

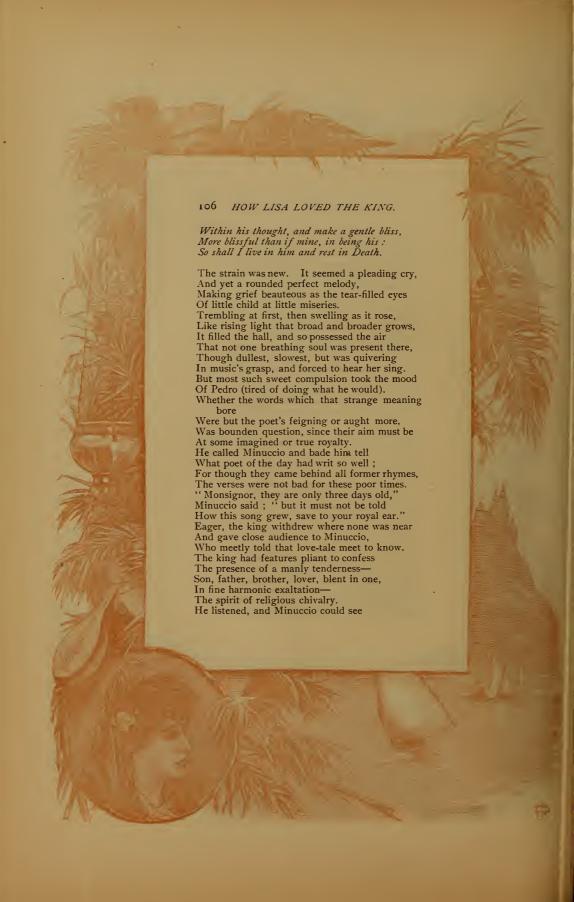
As at the court where princes on him smiled." - Page 102.

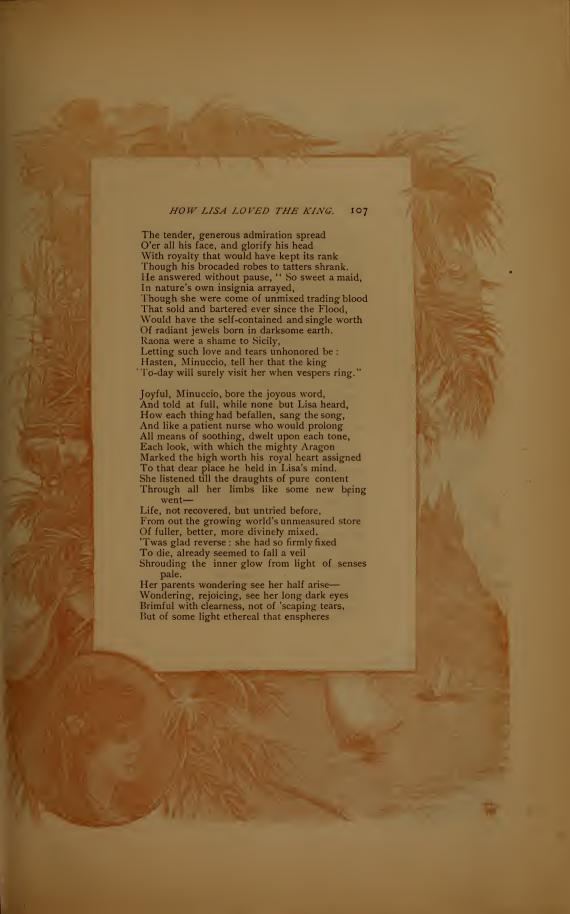


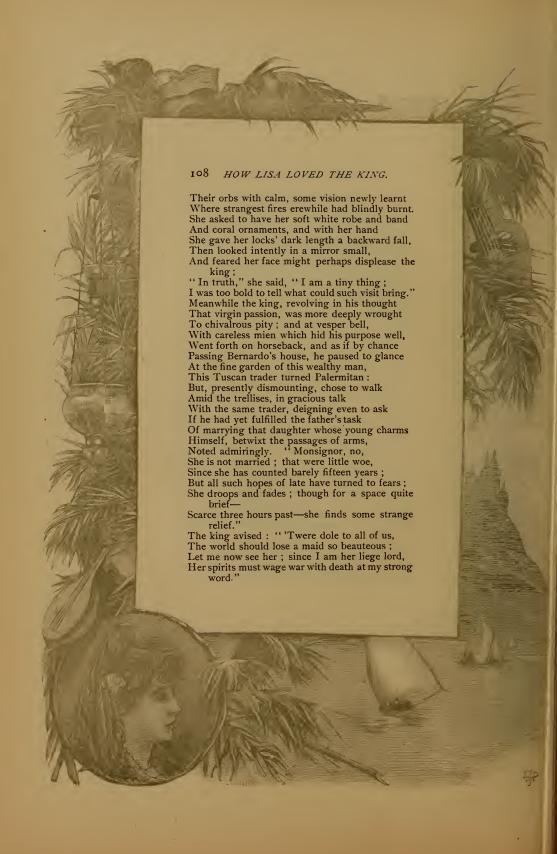


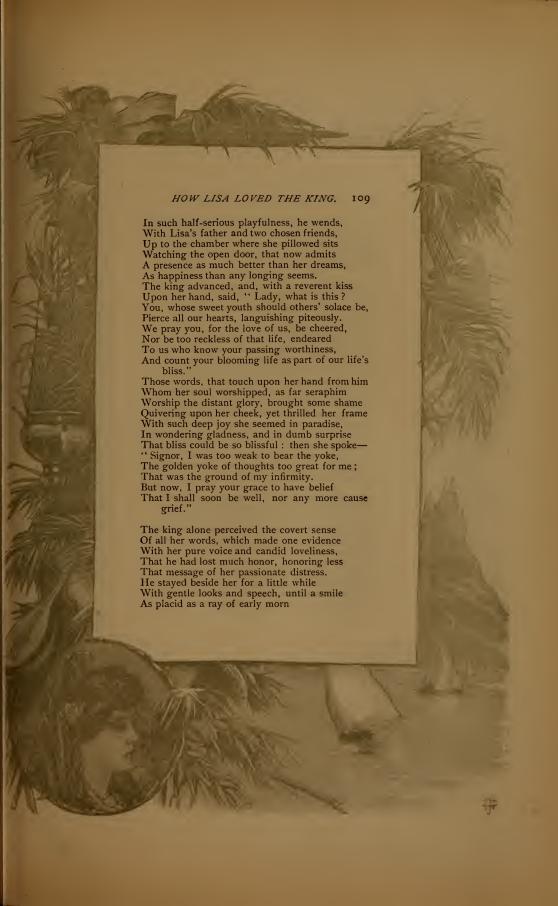


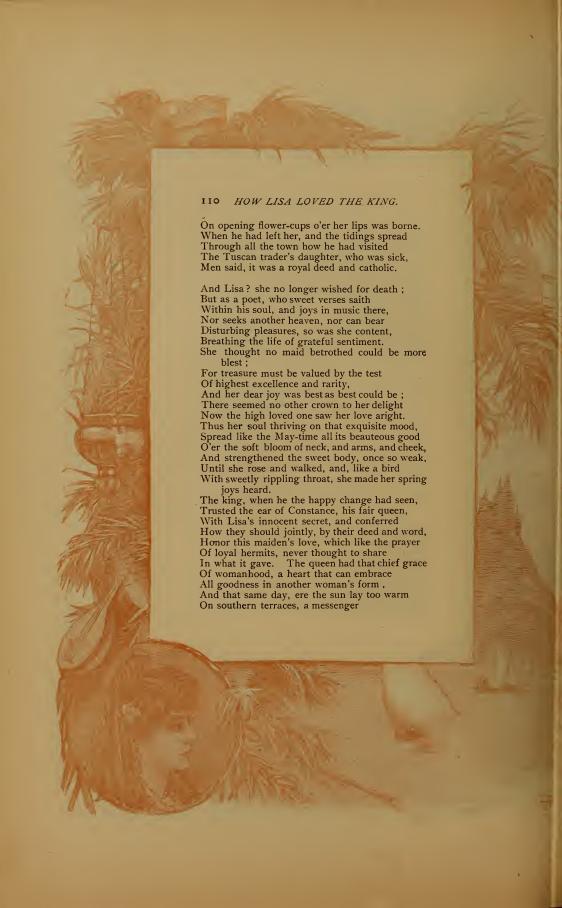


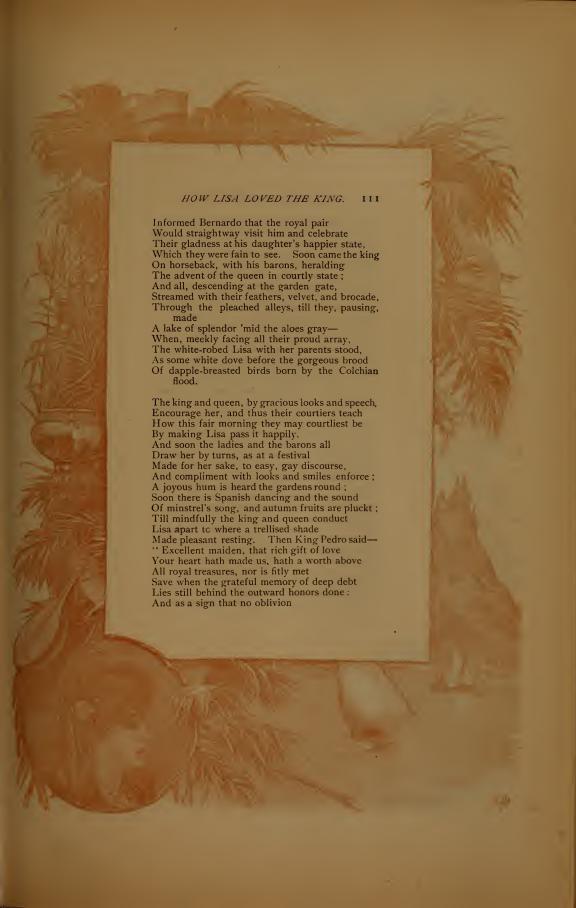


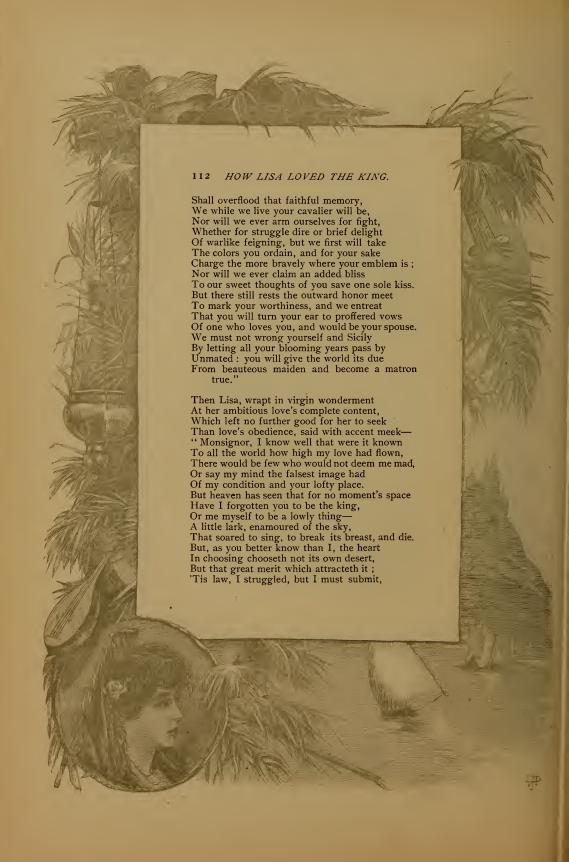


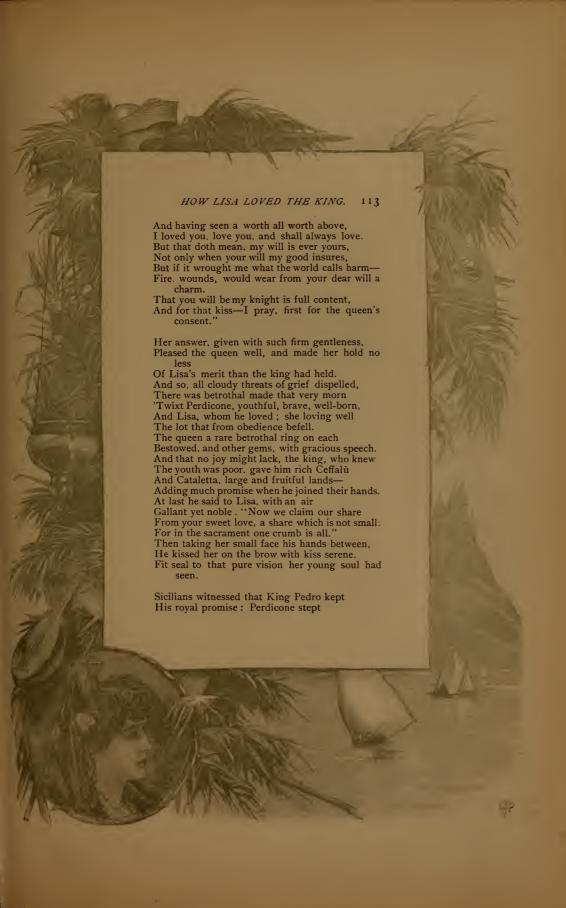


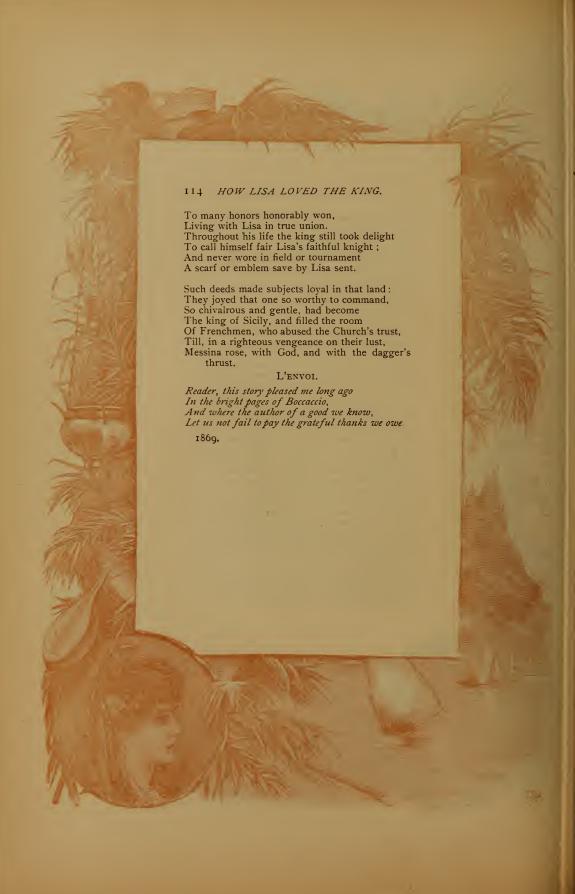


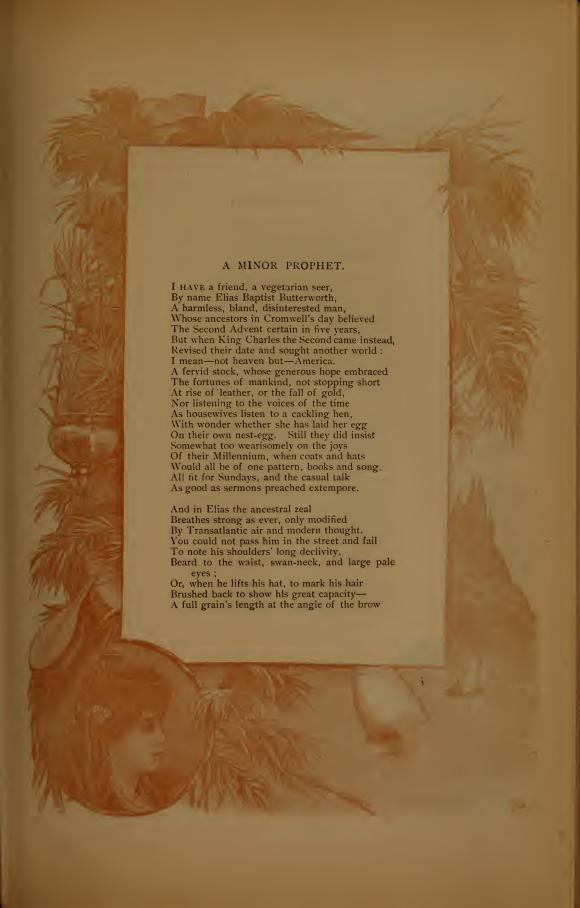


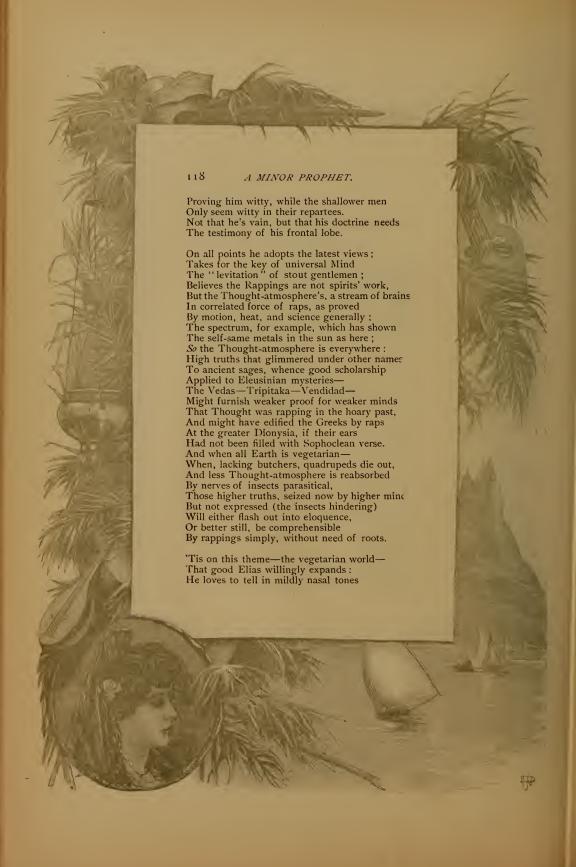


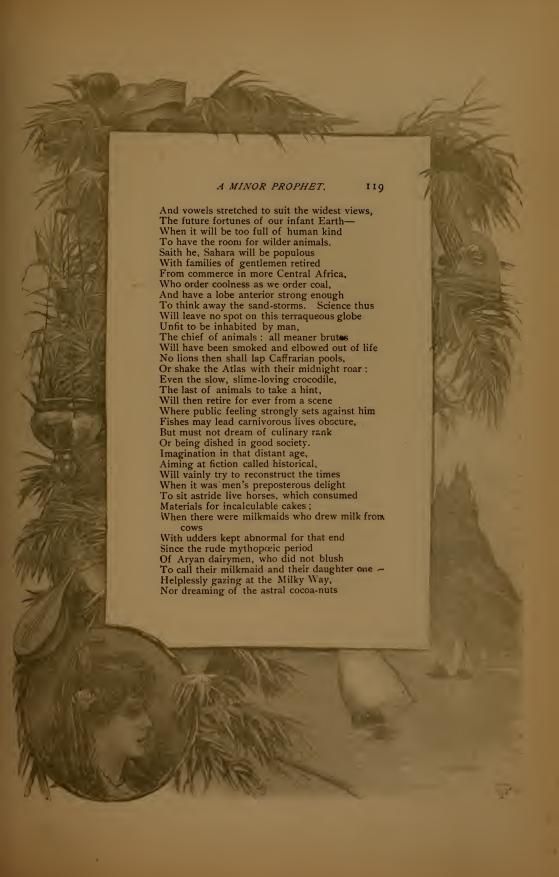


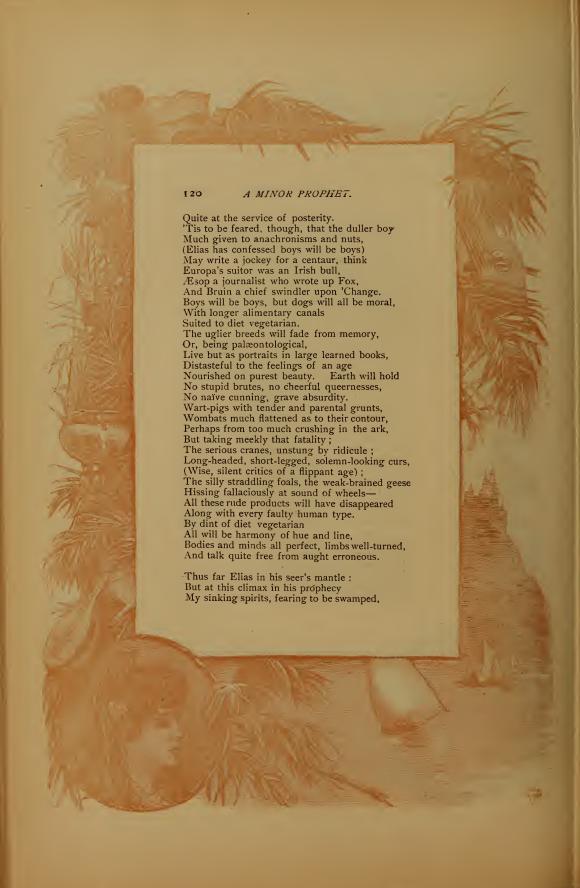


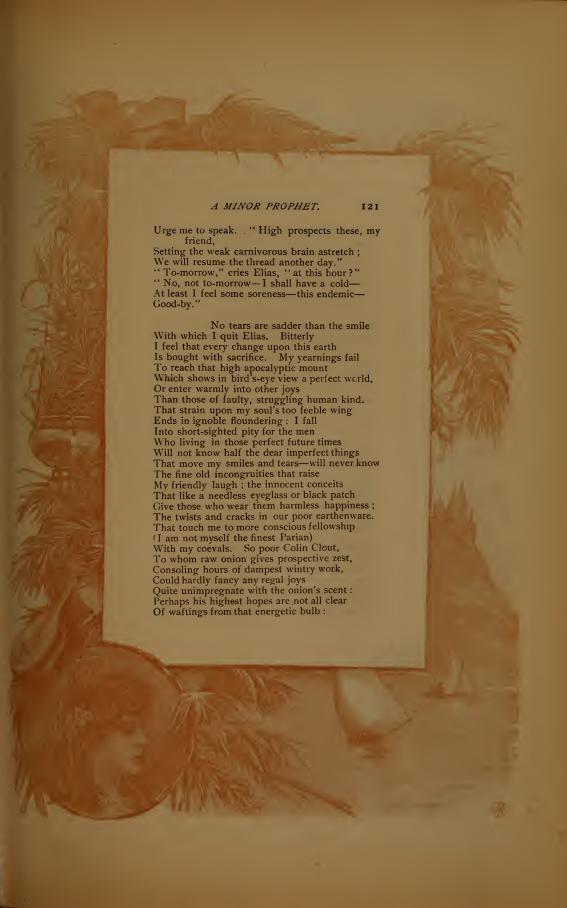


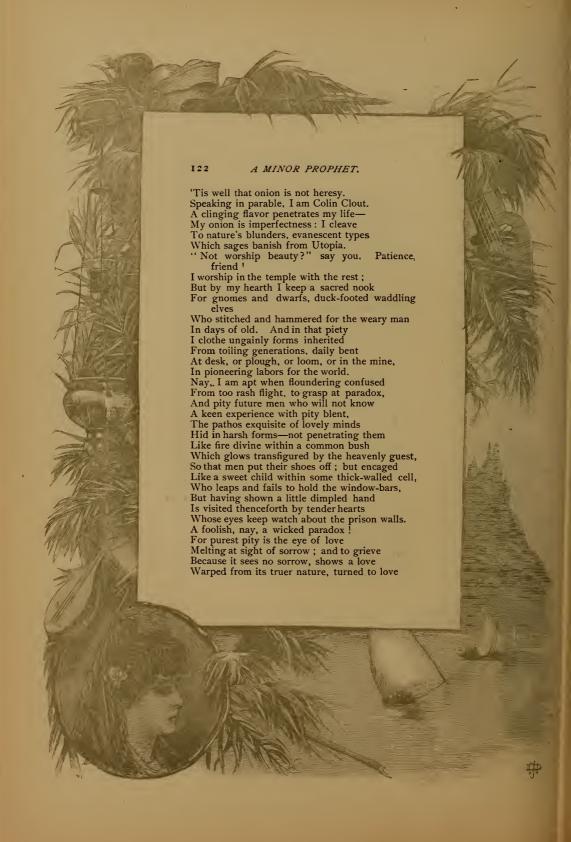


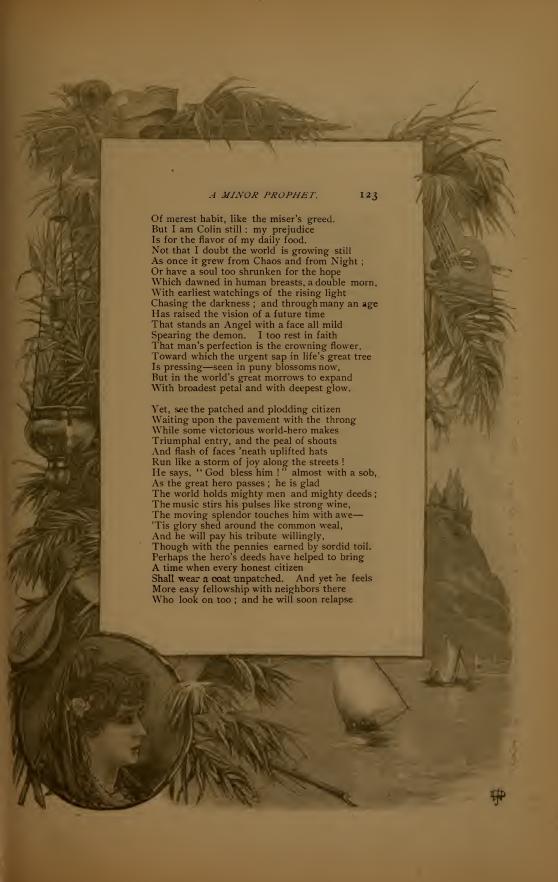


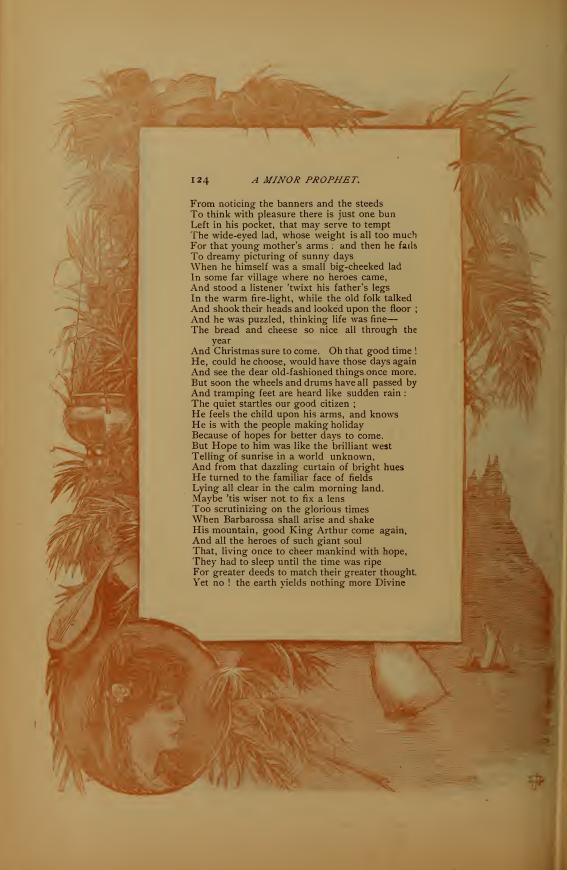


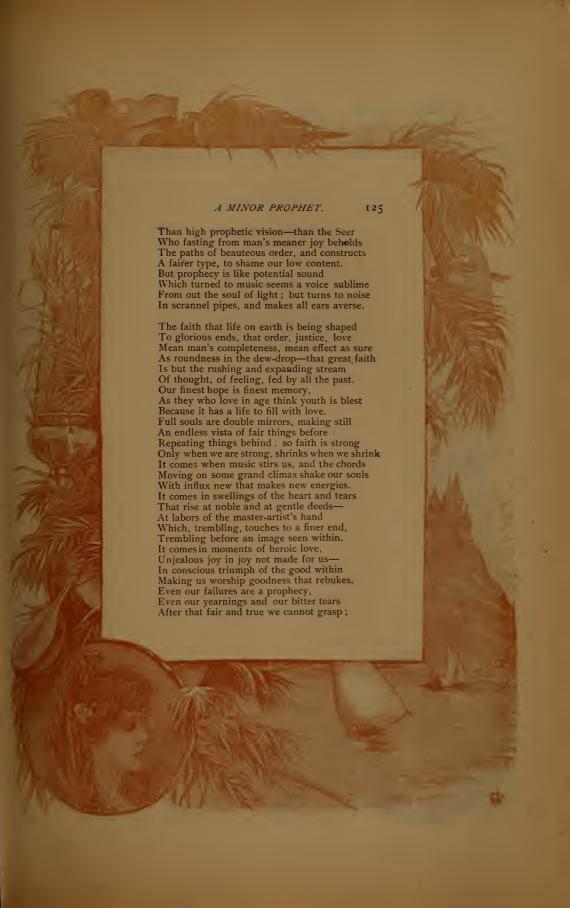


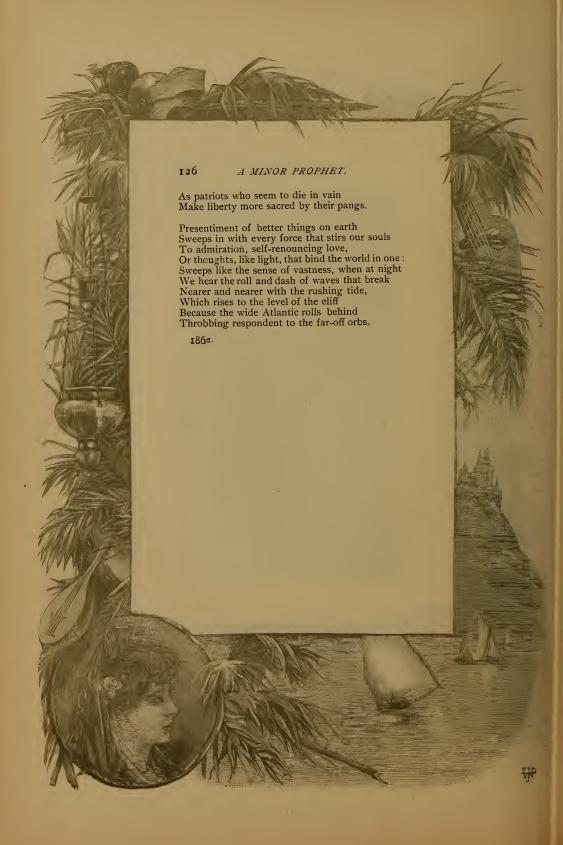


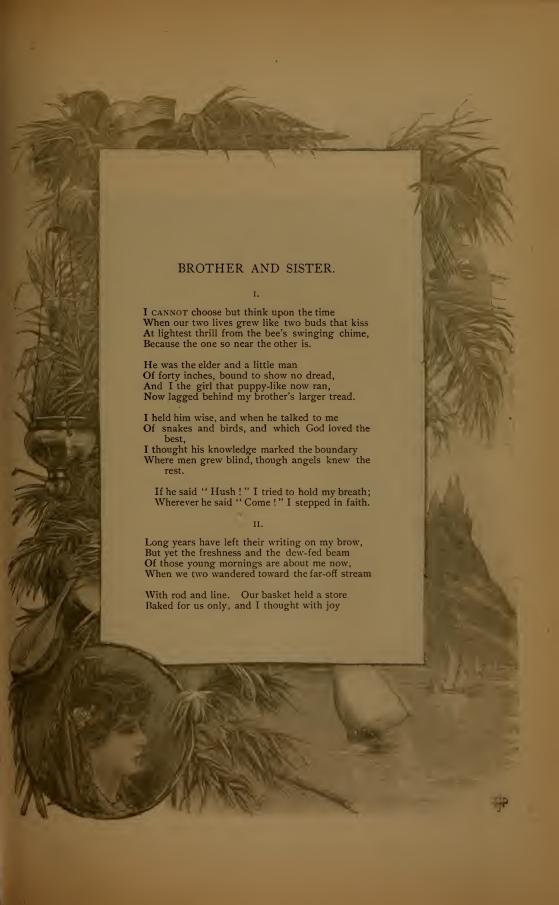


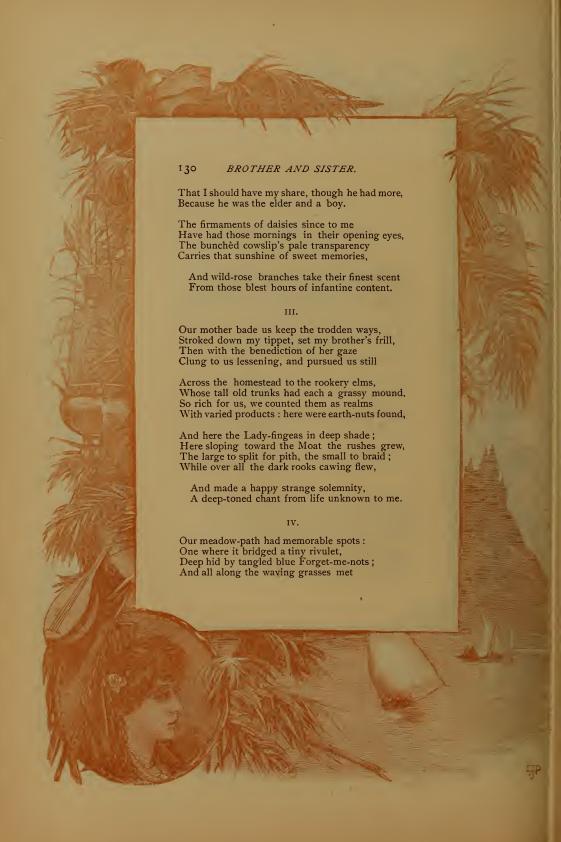








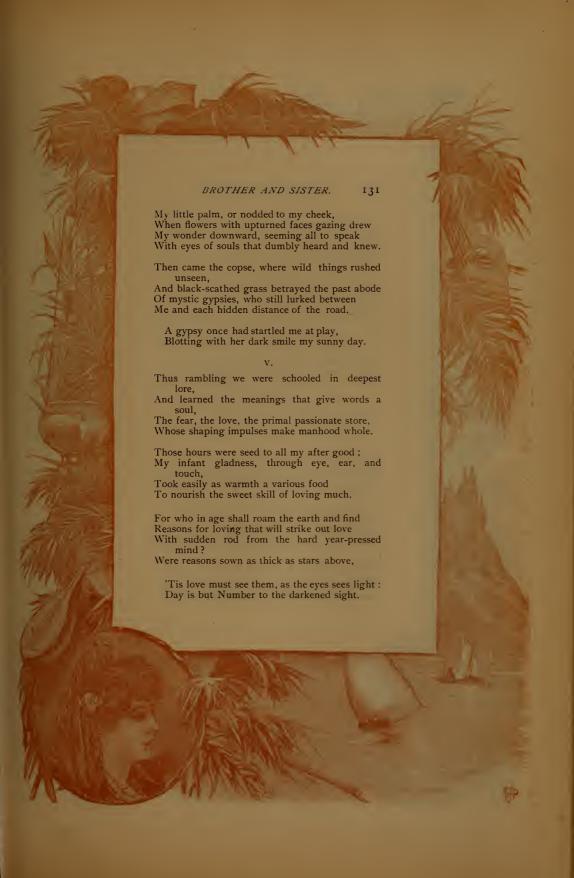


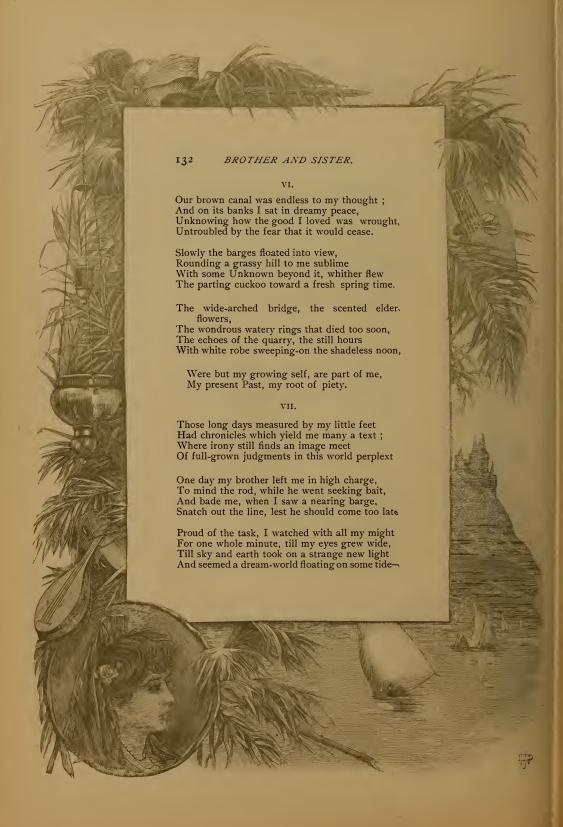


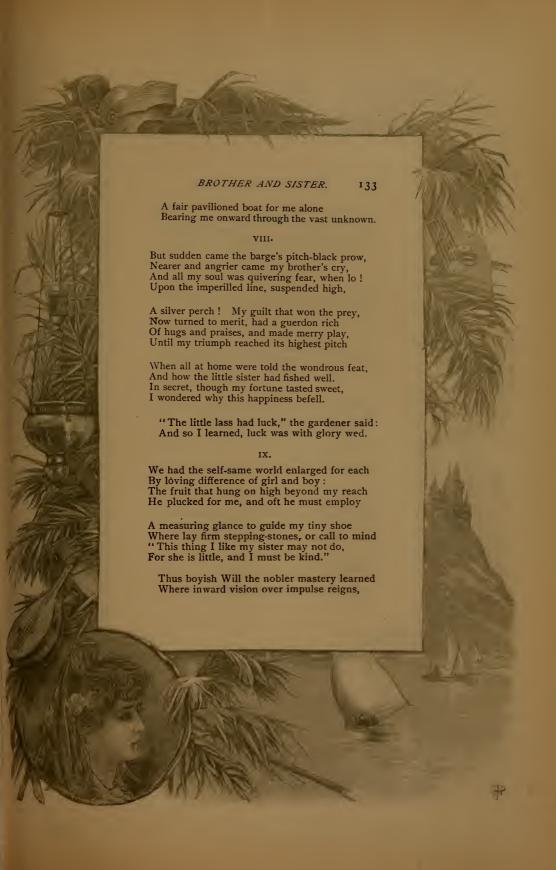


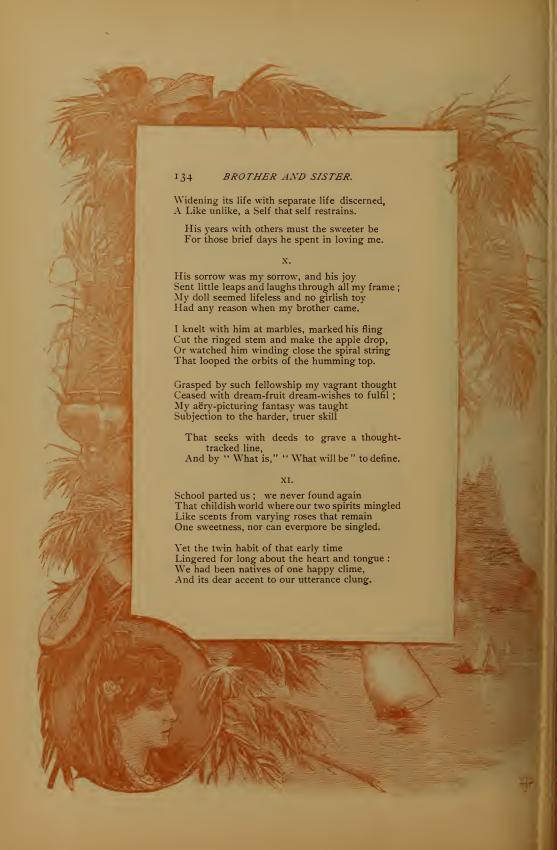
"Our meadow-path had memorable spots;
One where it bridged a tiny rivulet."—Page 130.

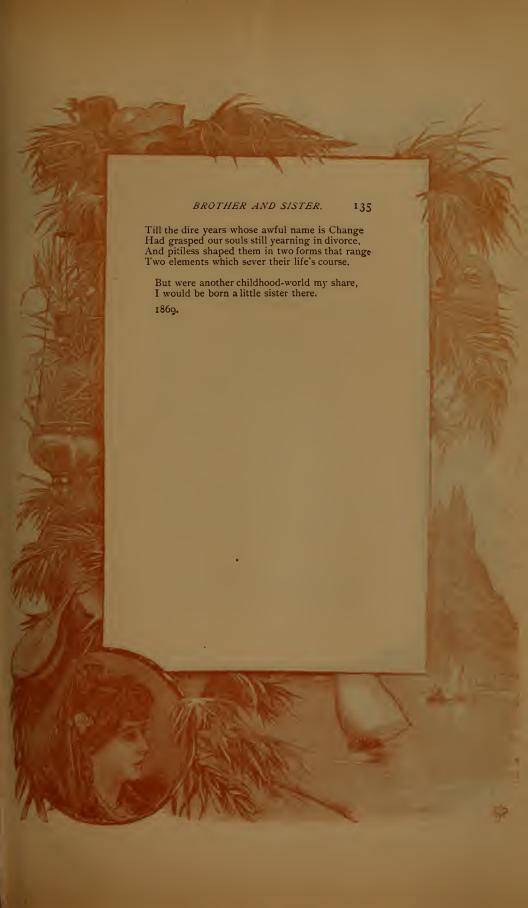




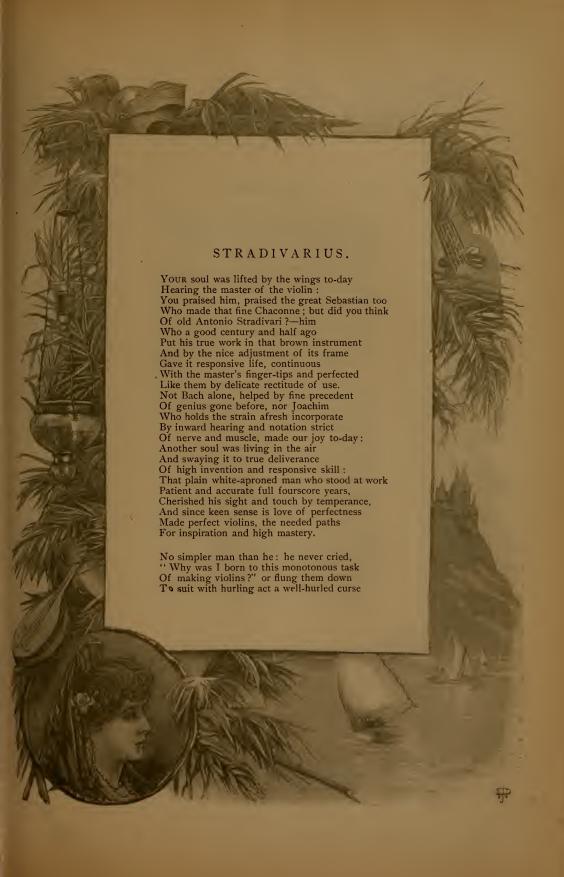


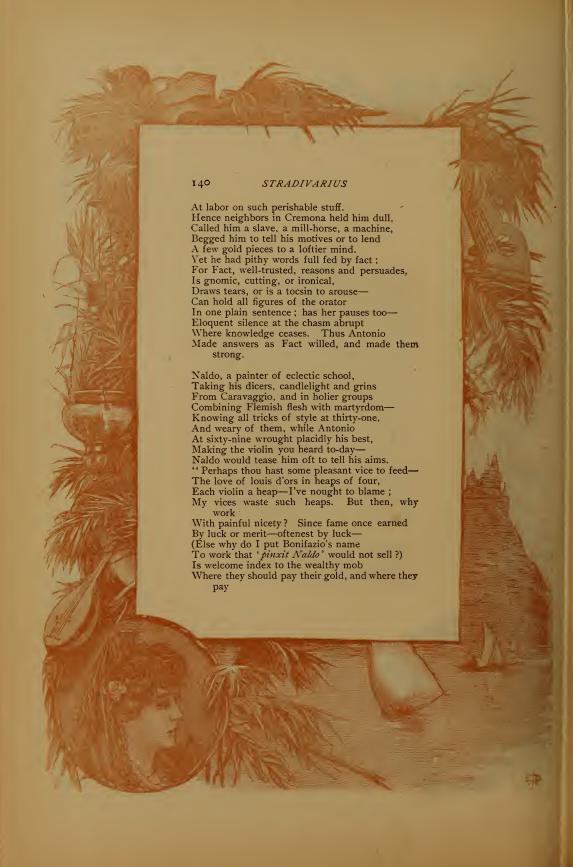


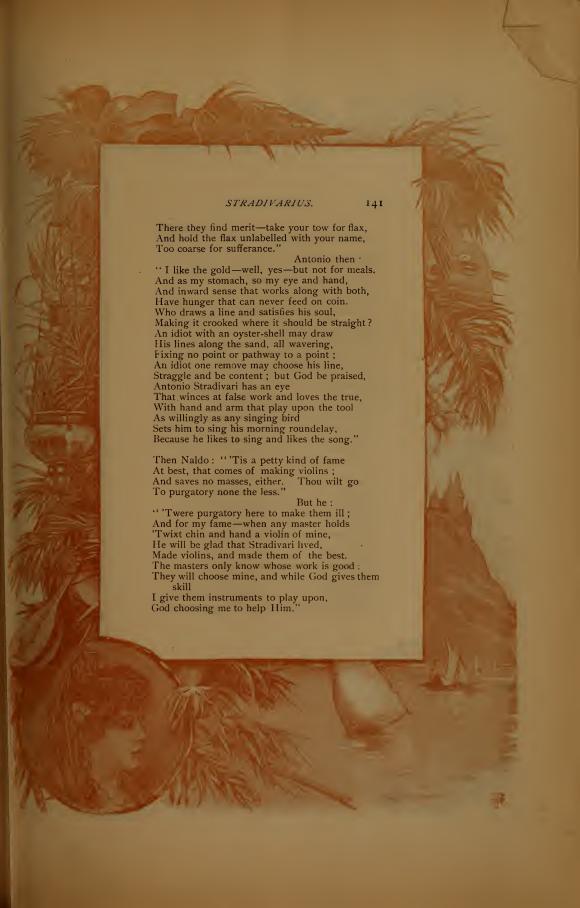


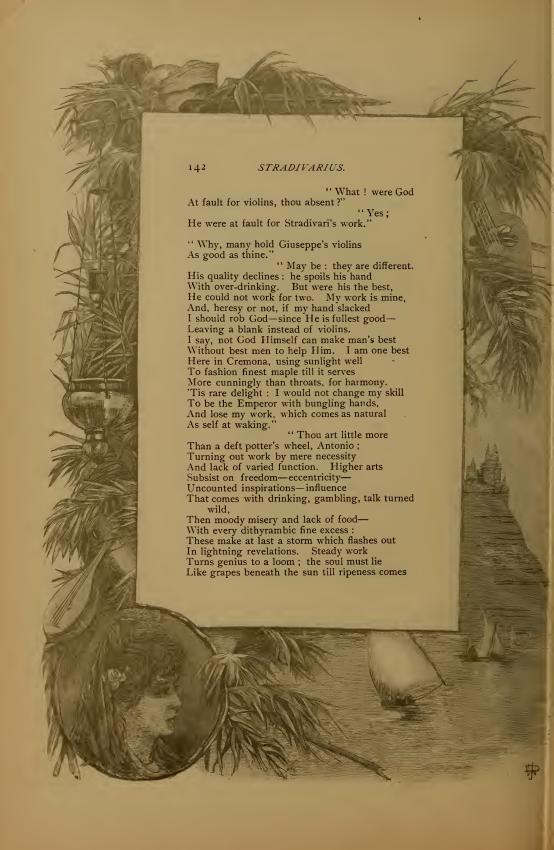


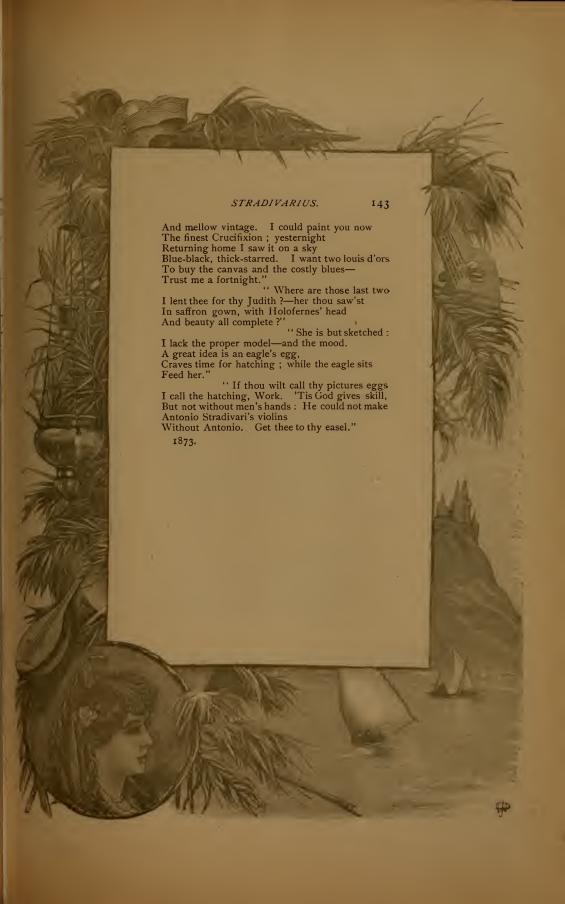




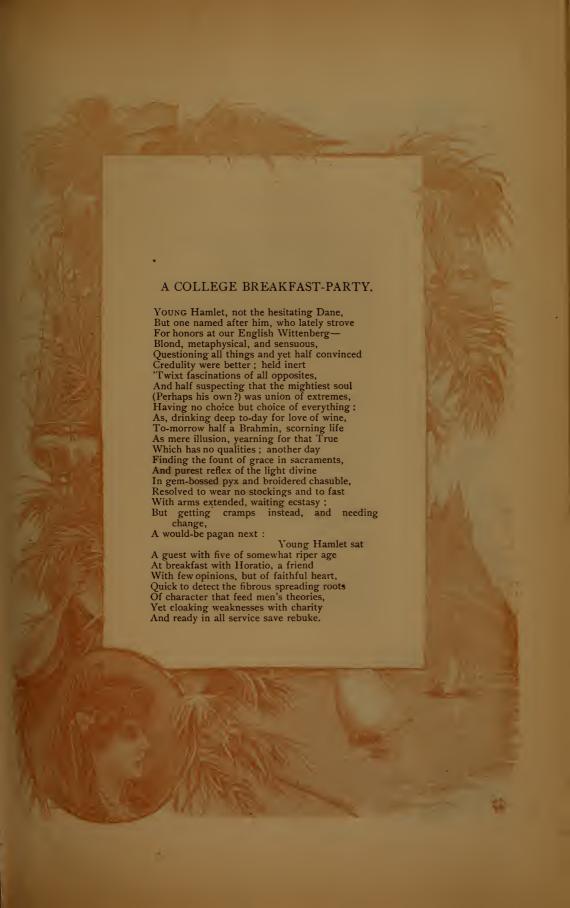


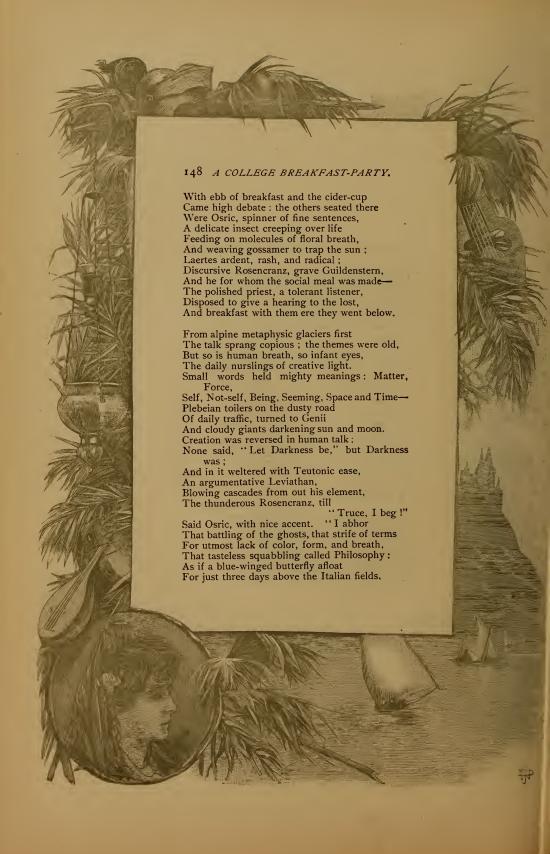


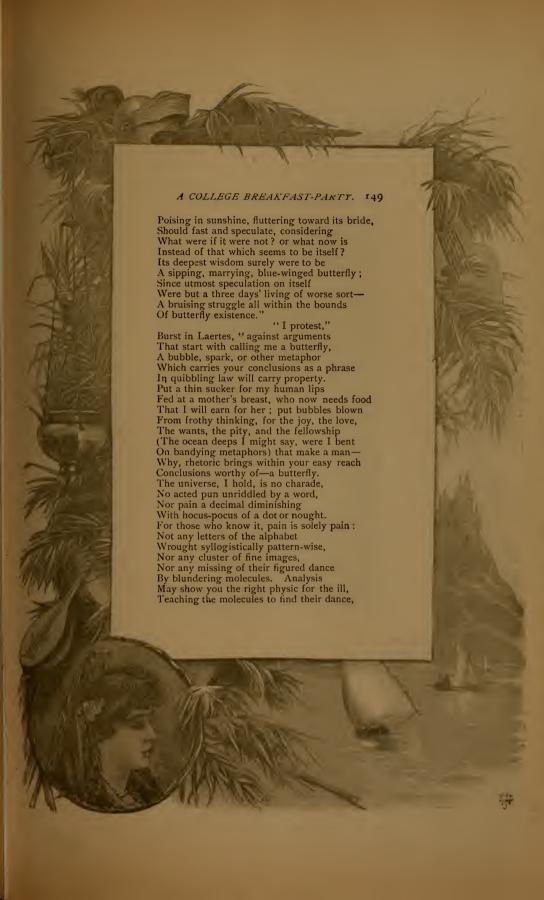


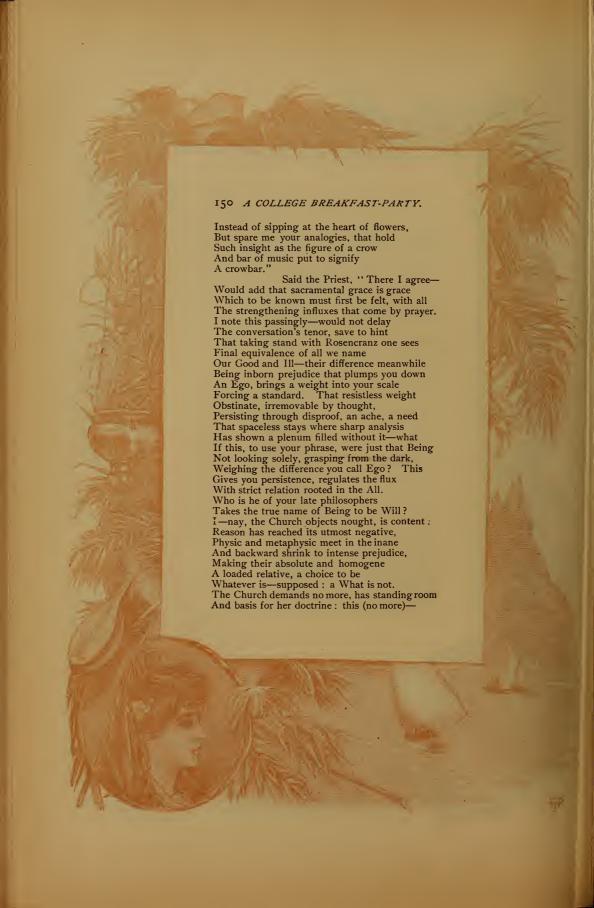


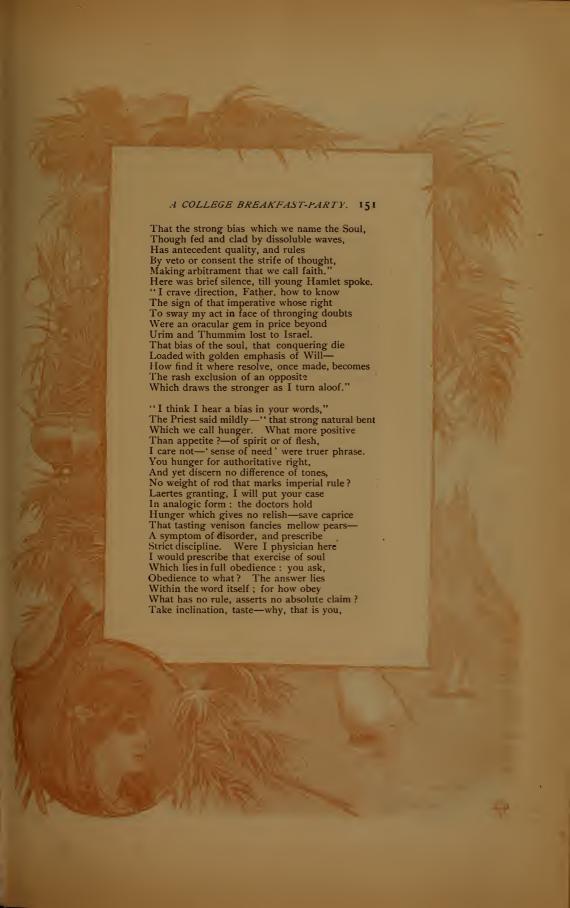


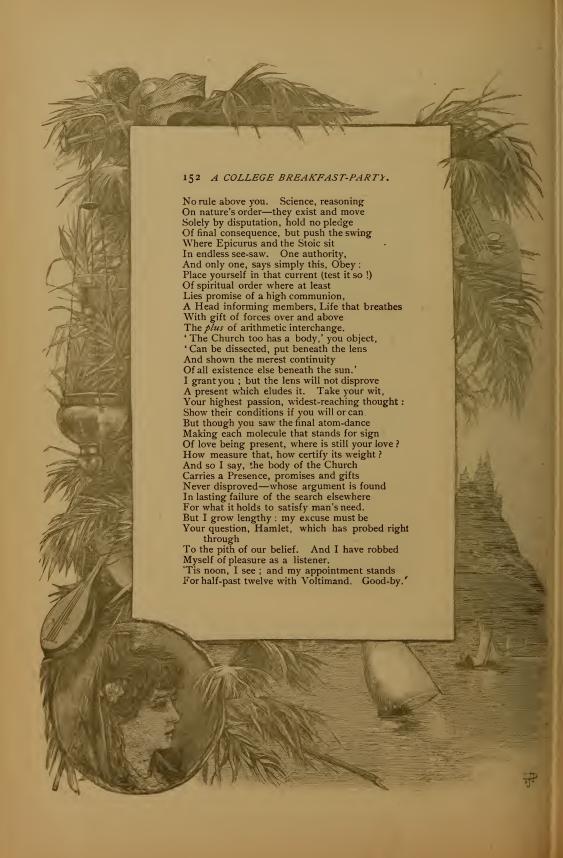


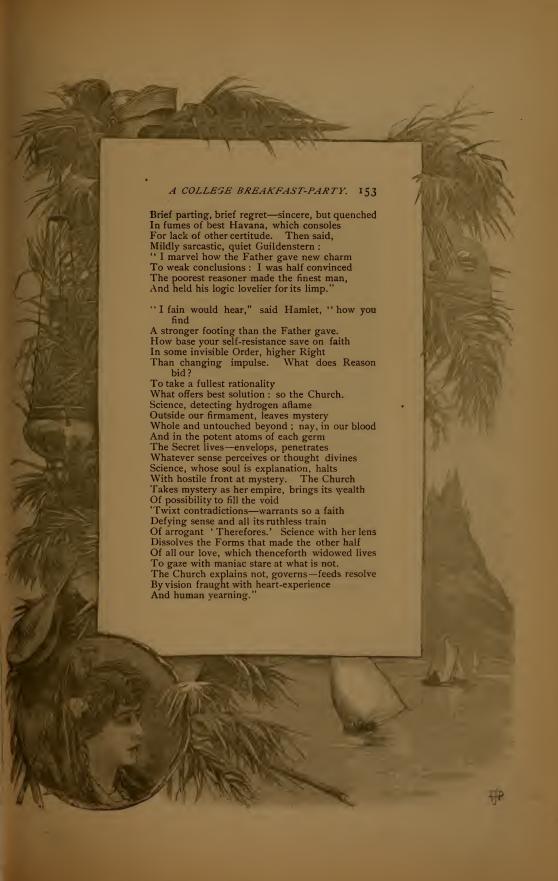


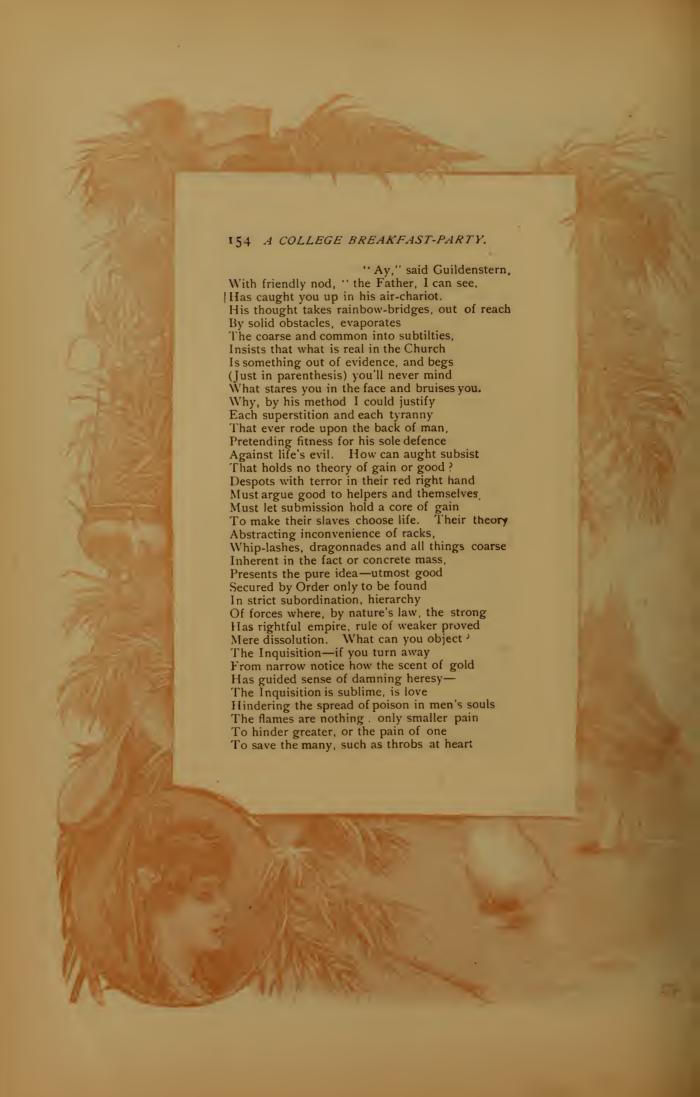


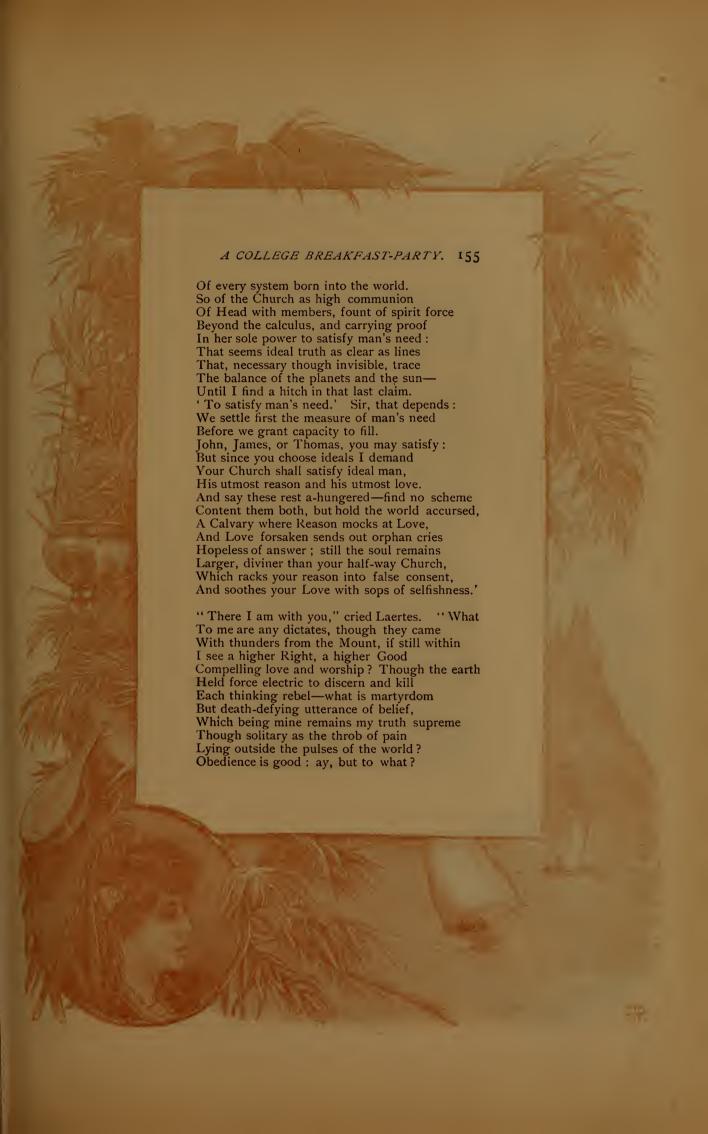


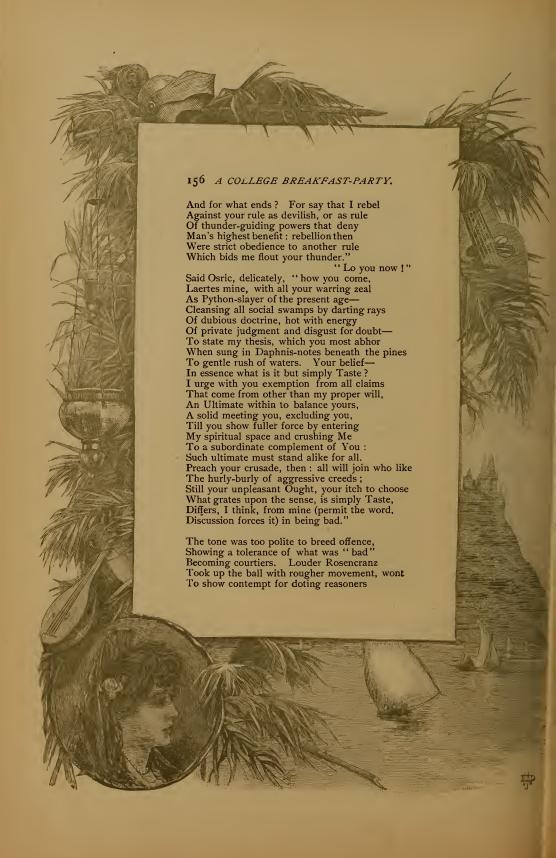


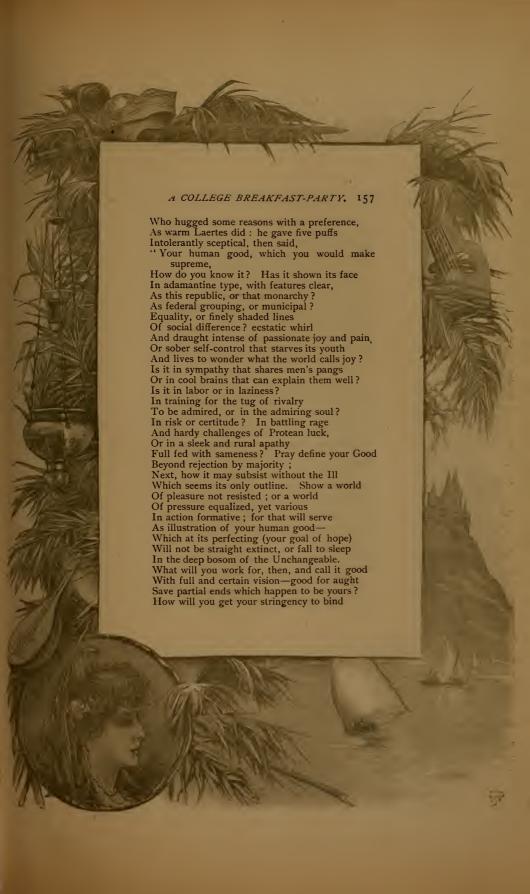


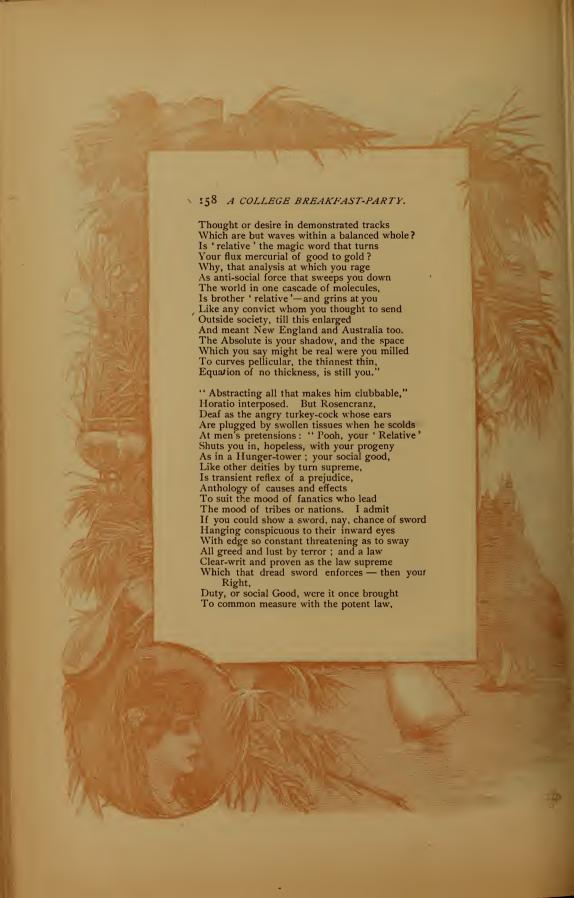


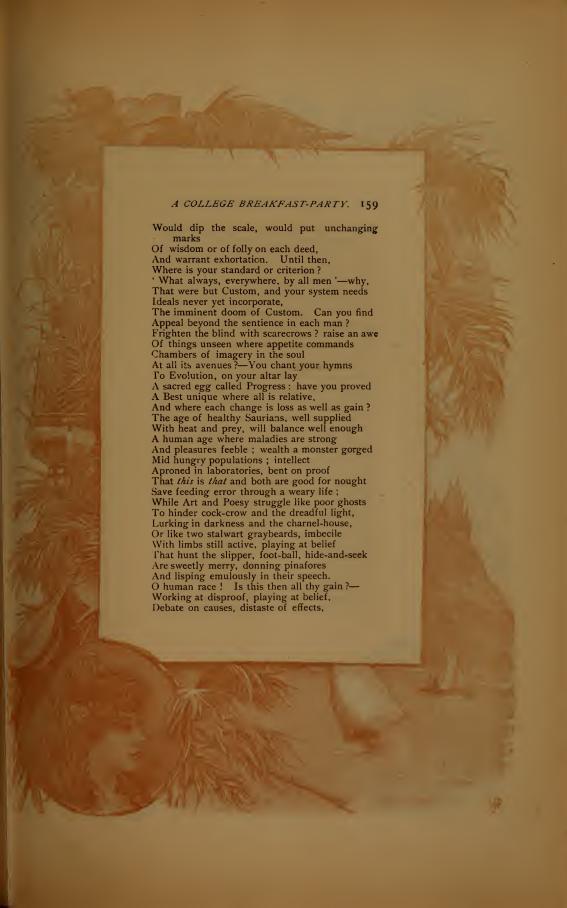


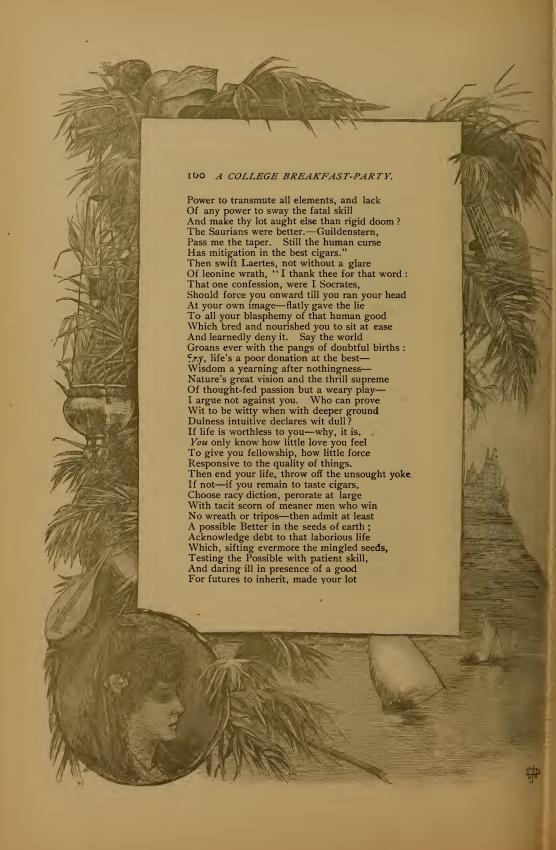


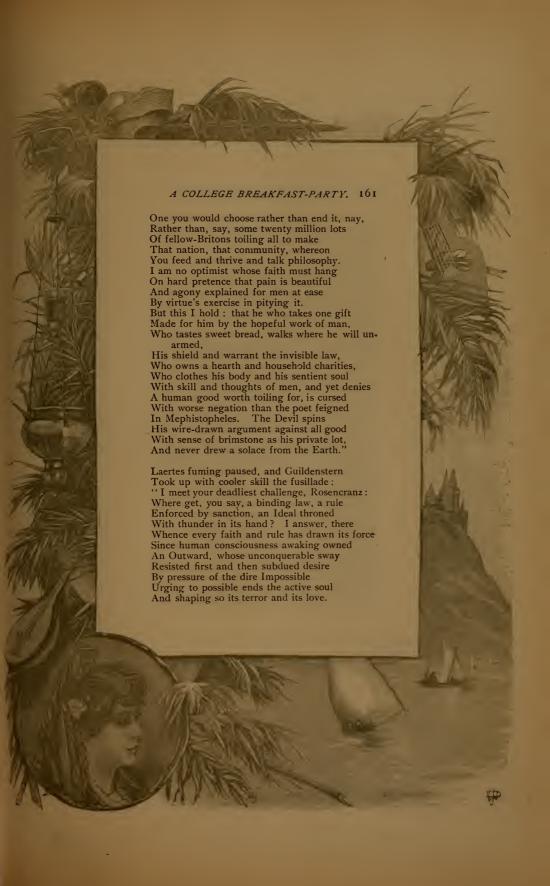


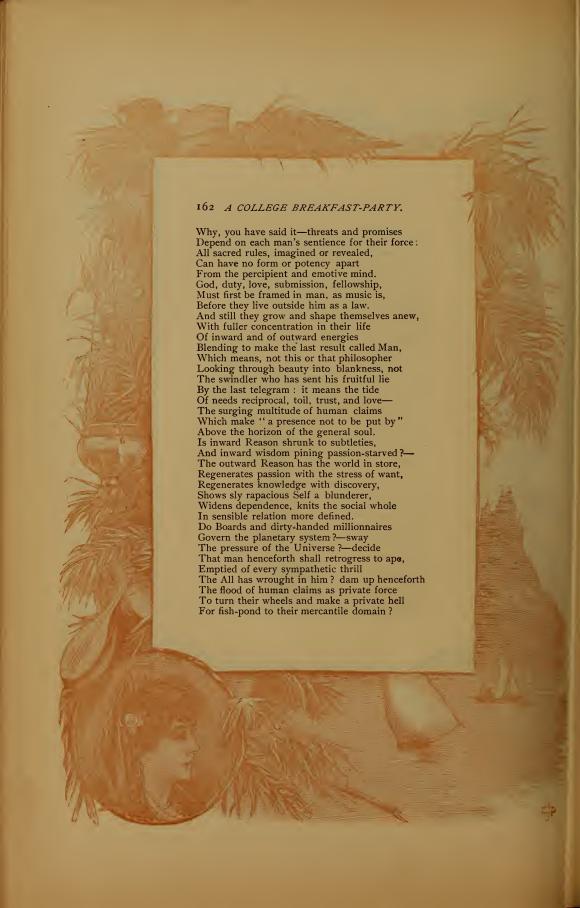


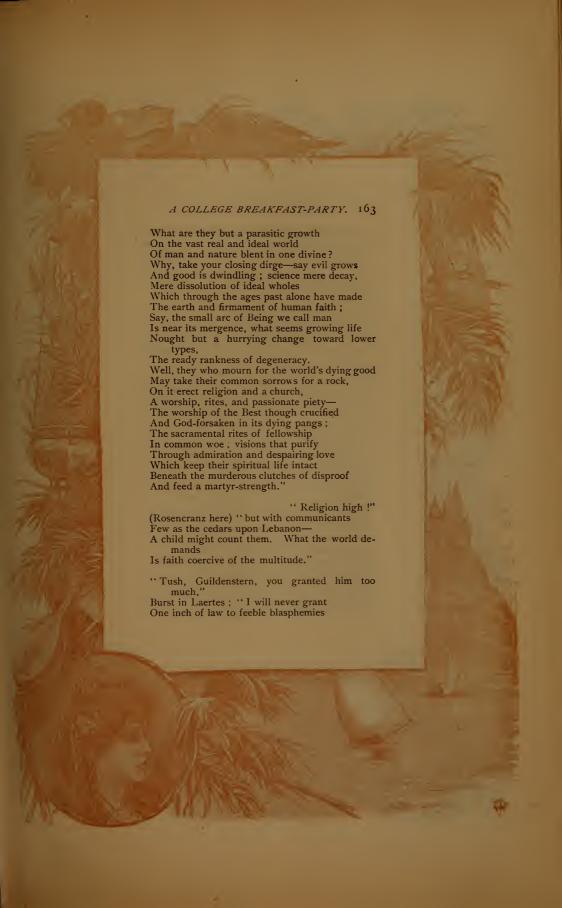


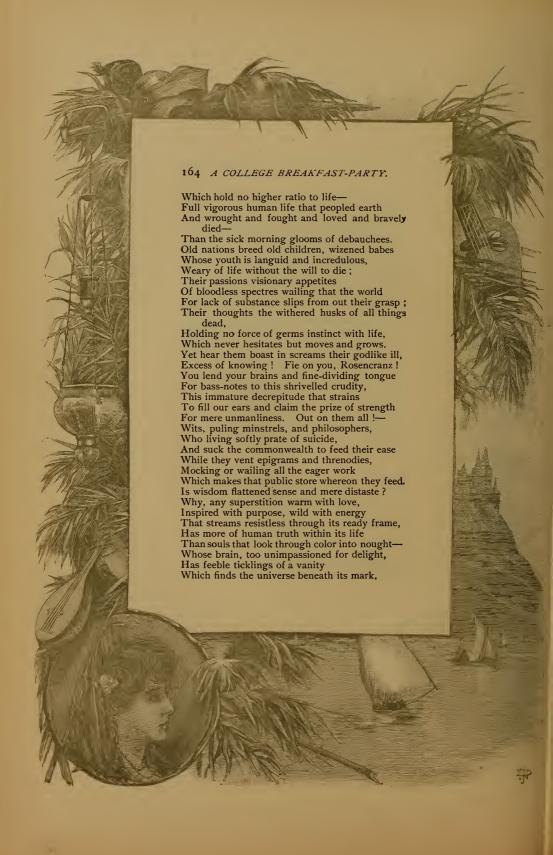


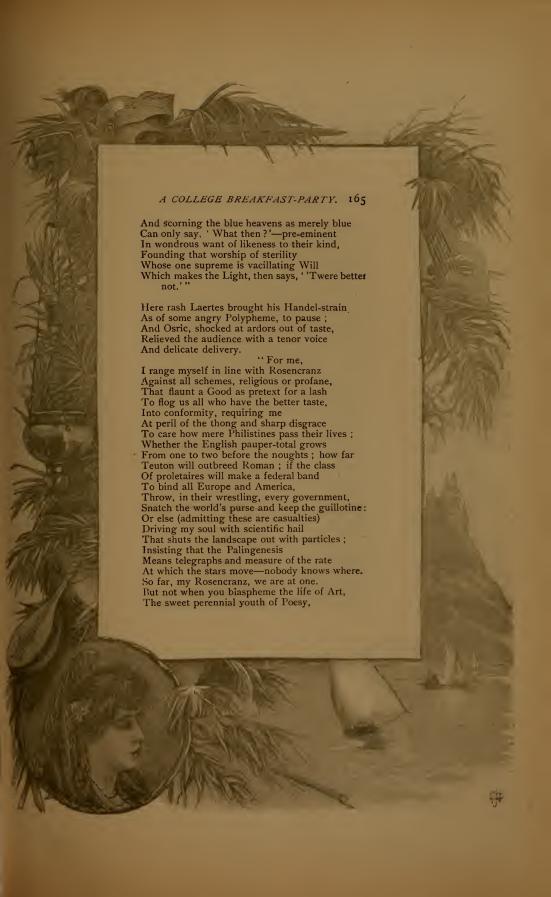


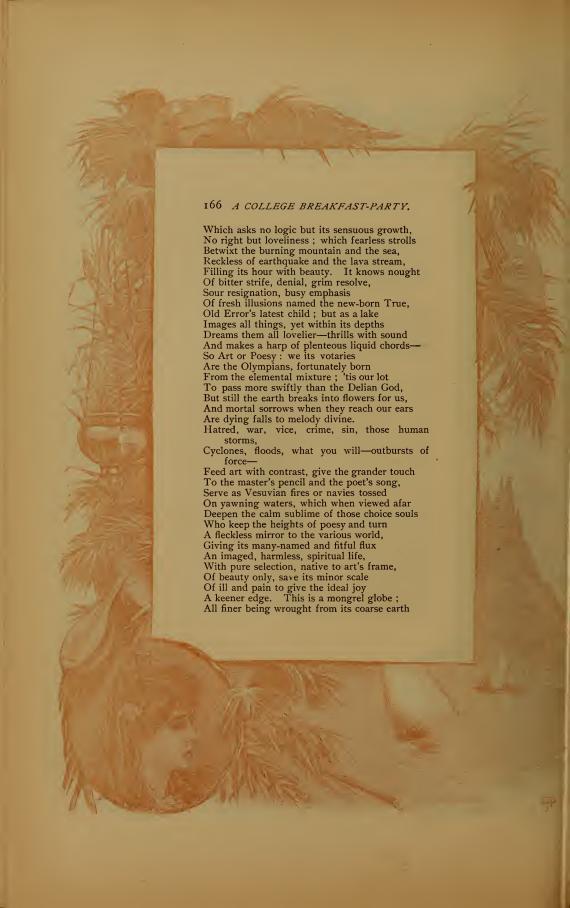


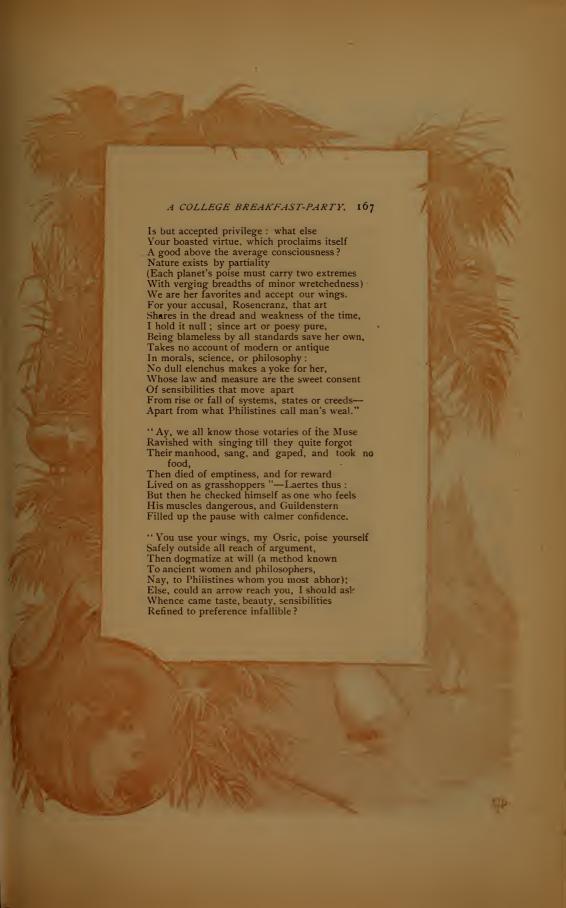




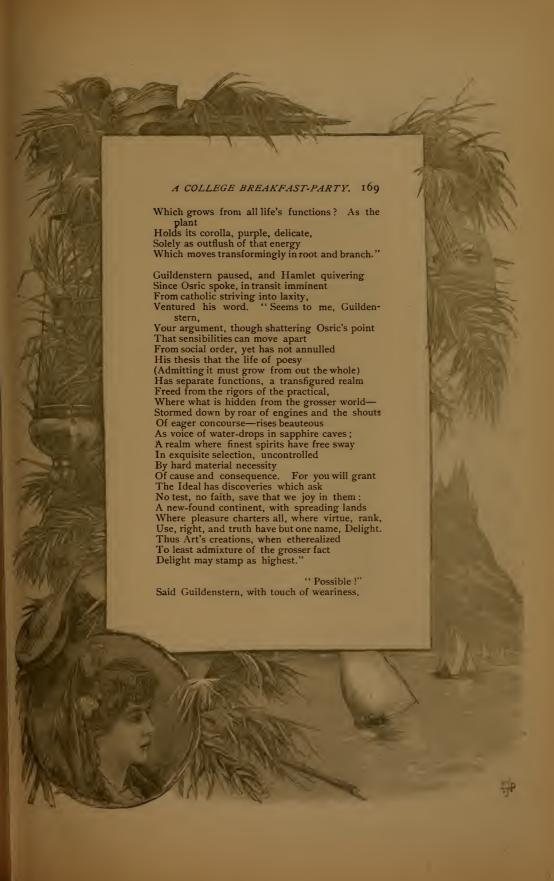




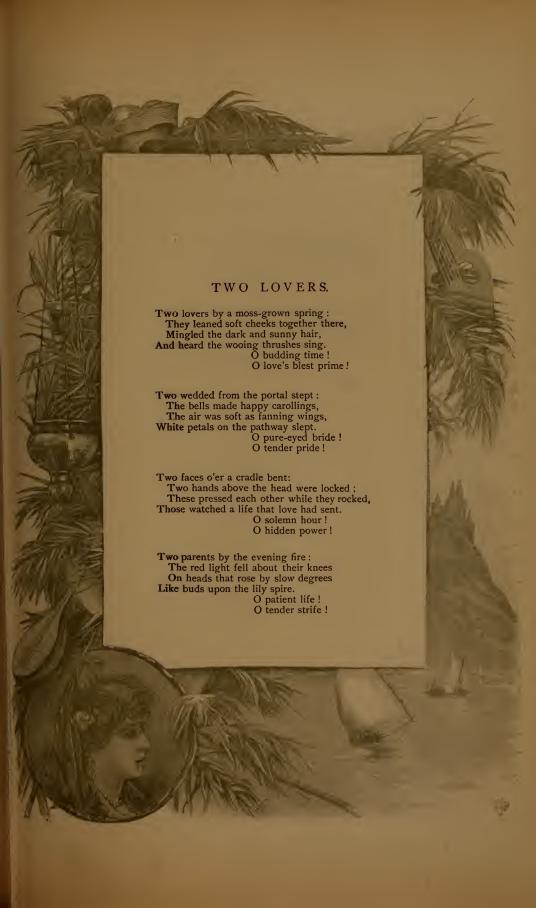


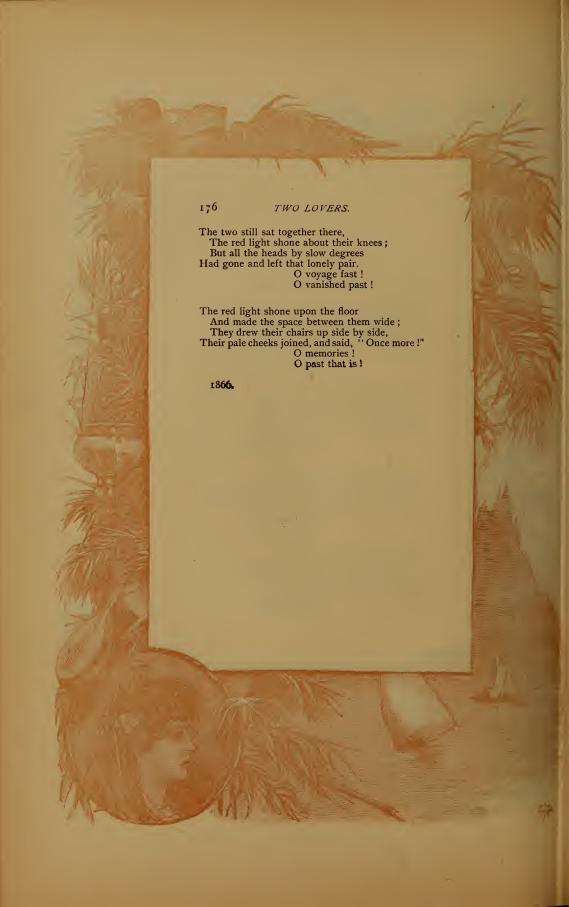


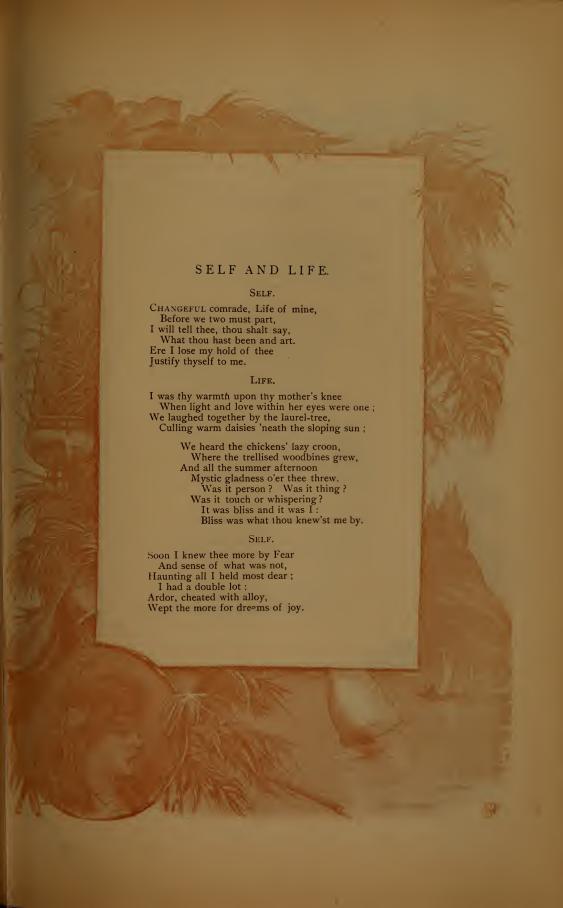


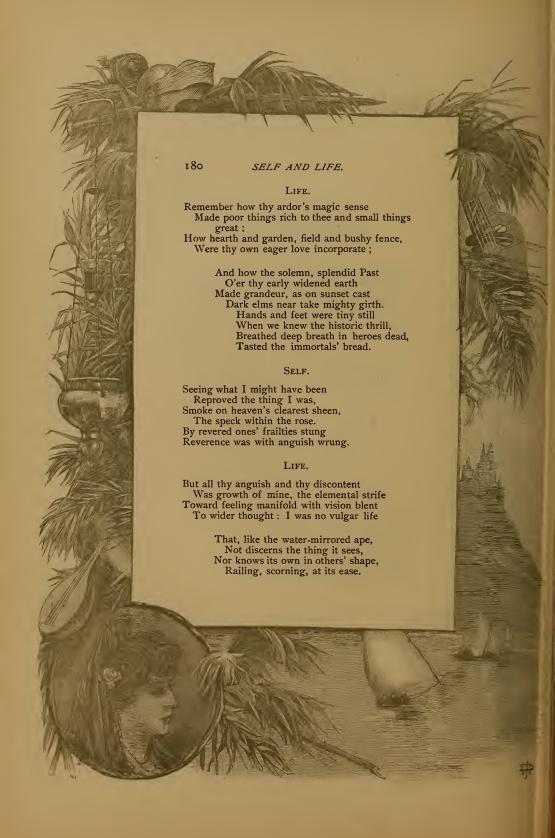


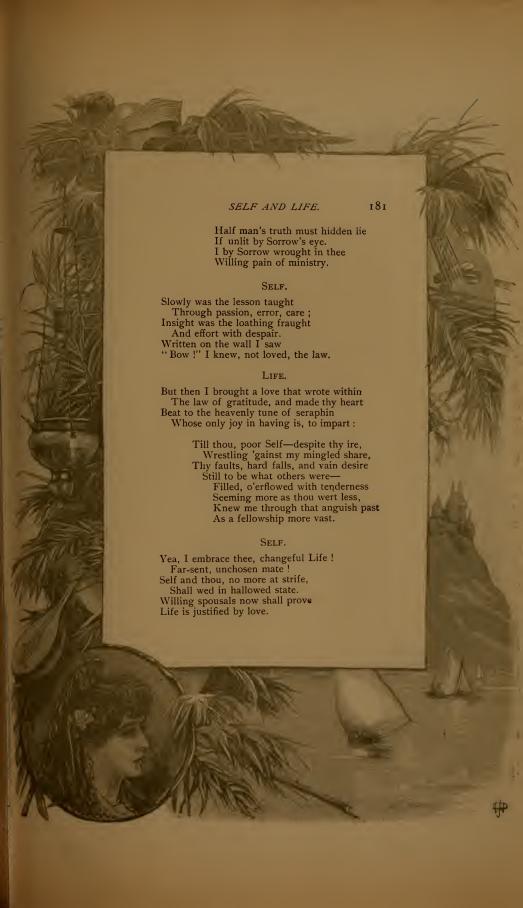




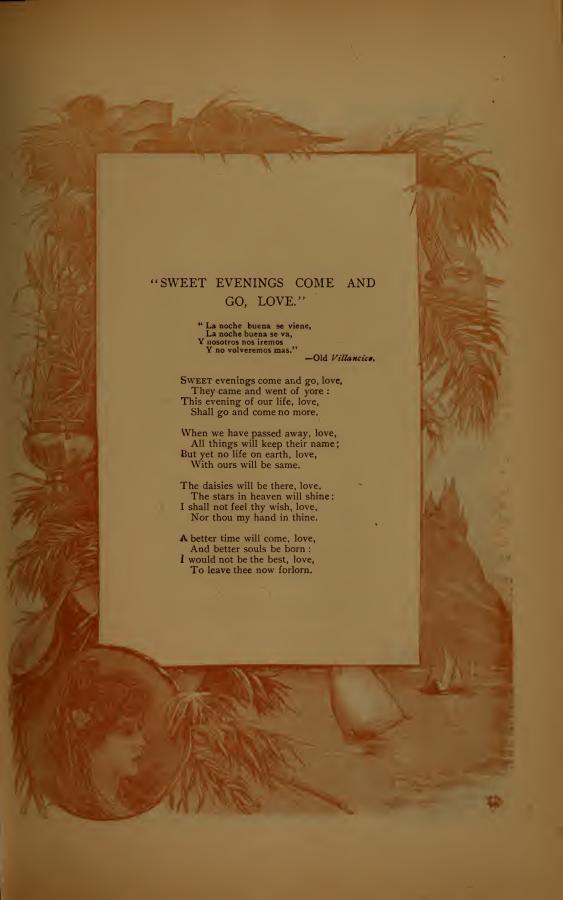


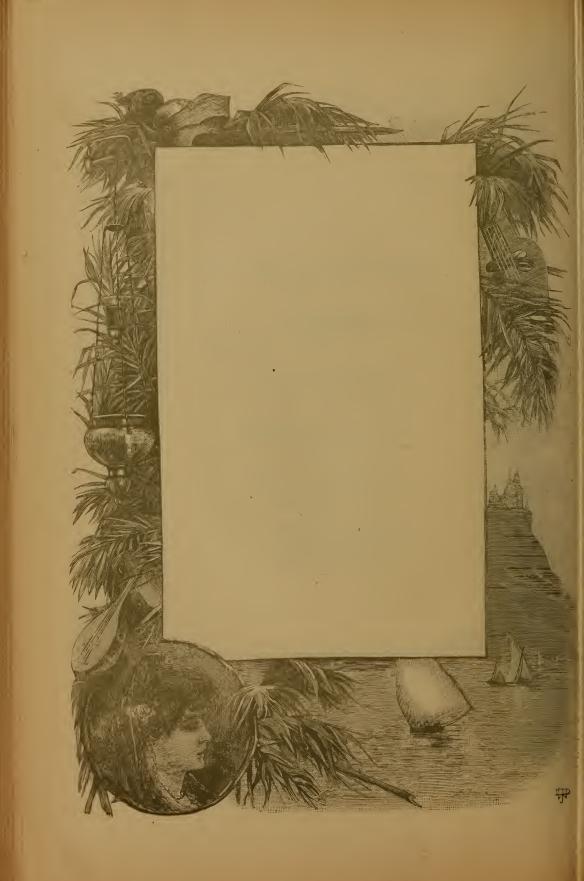


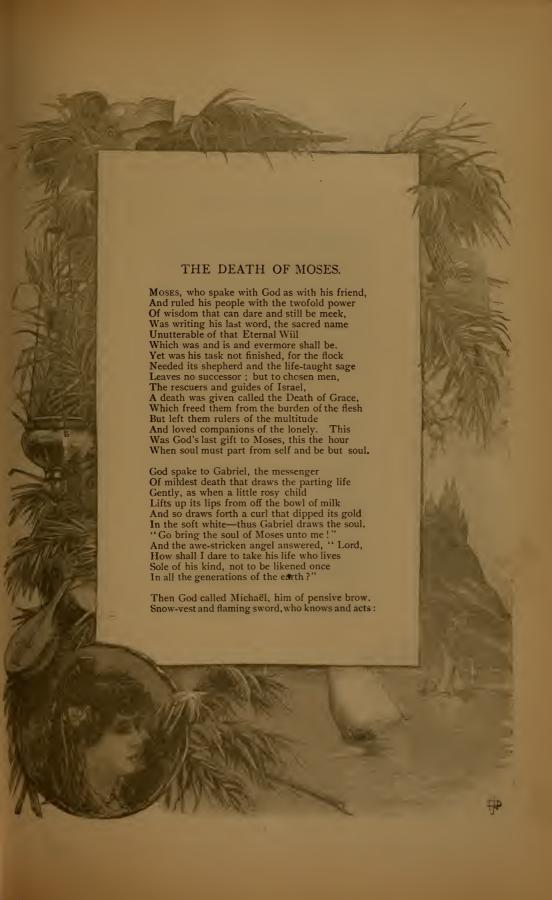


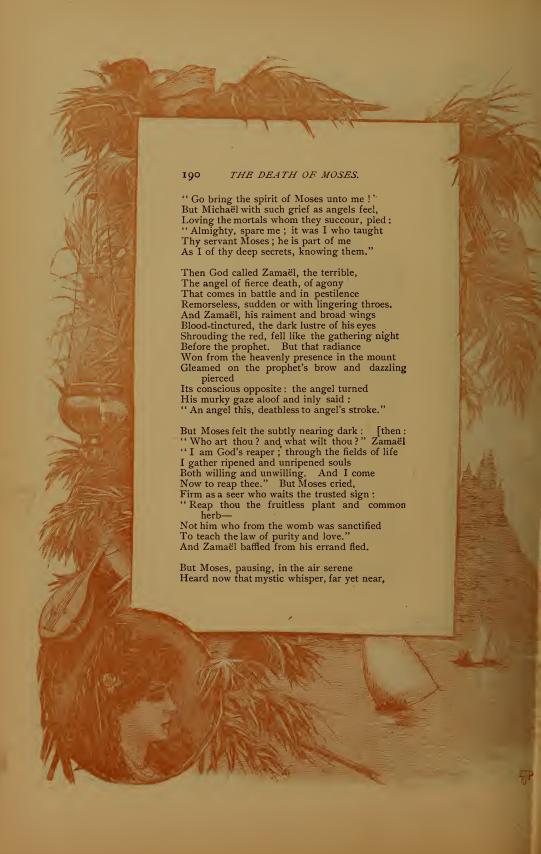


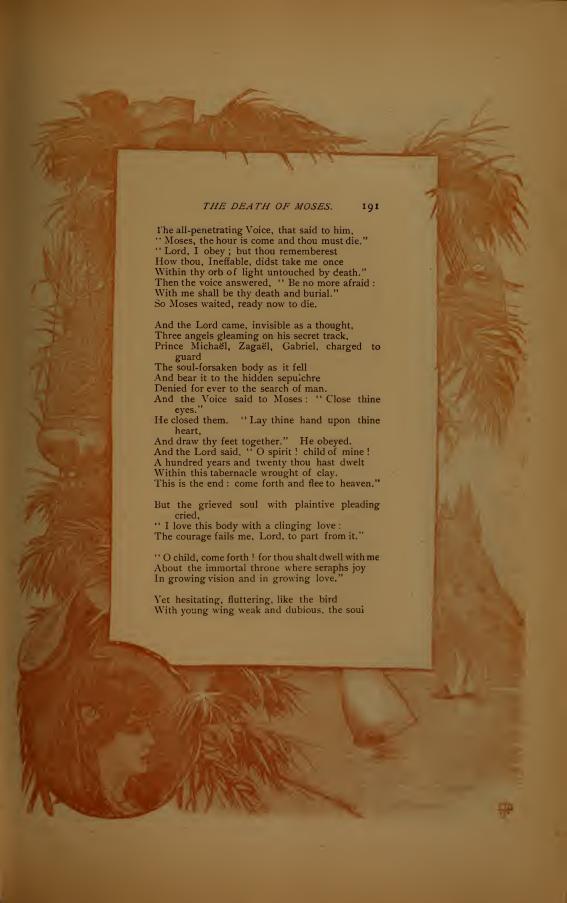


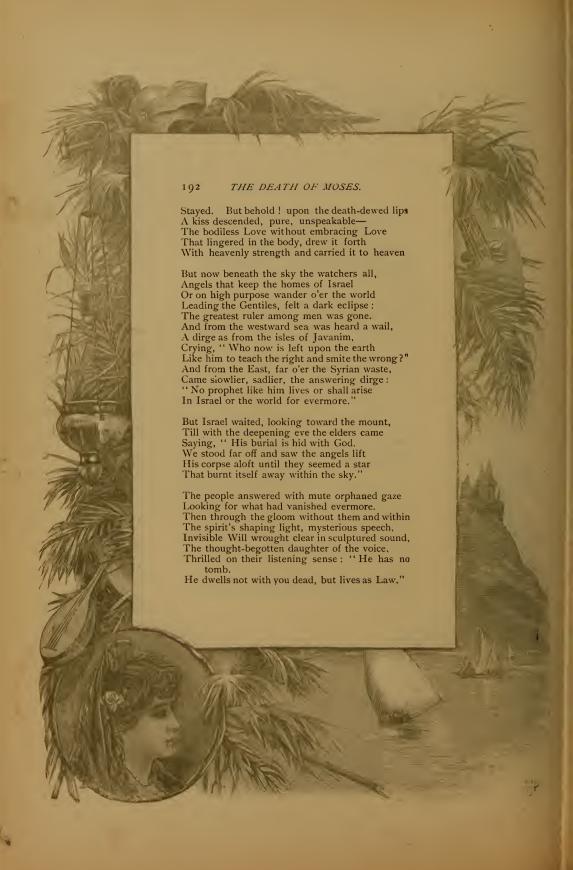


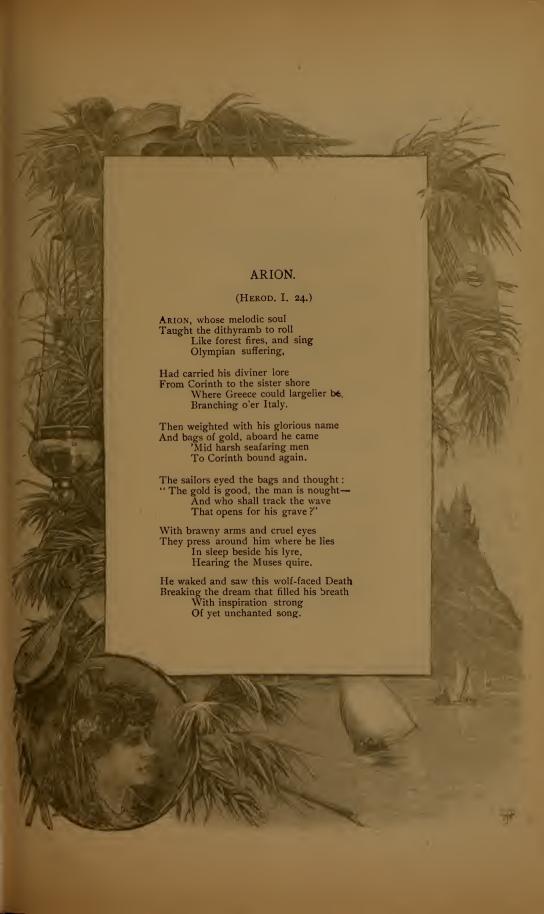


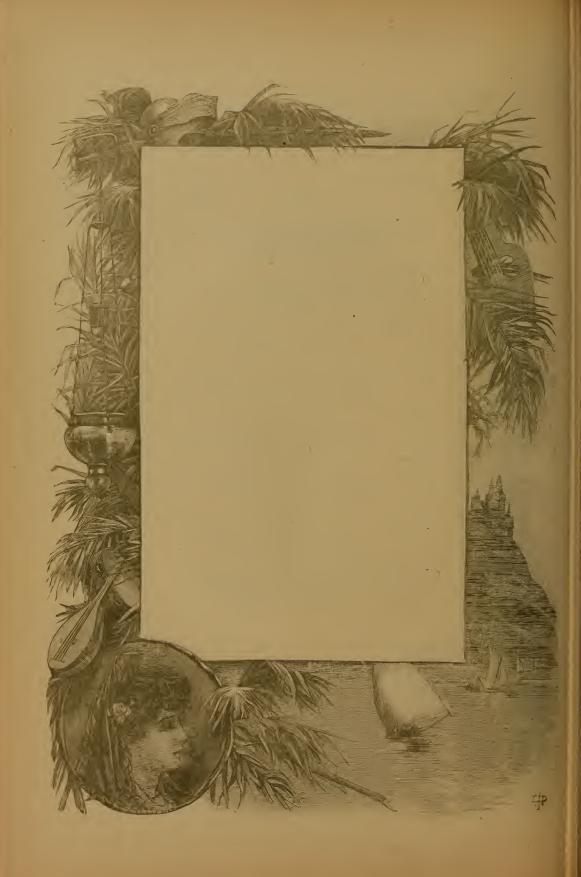


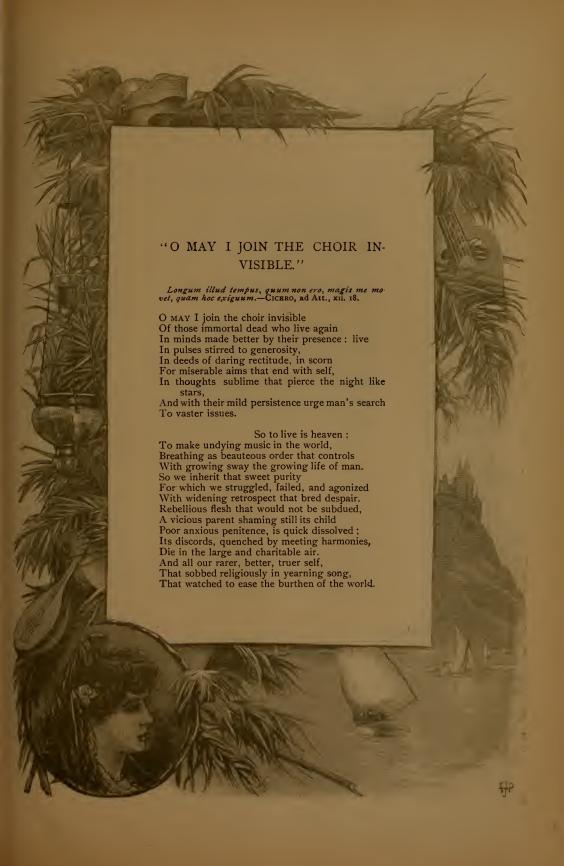




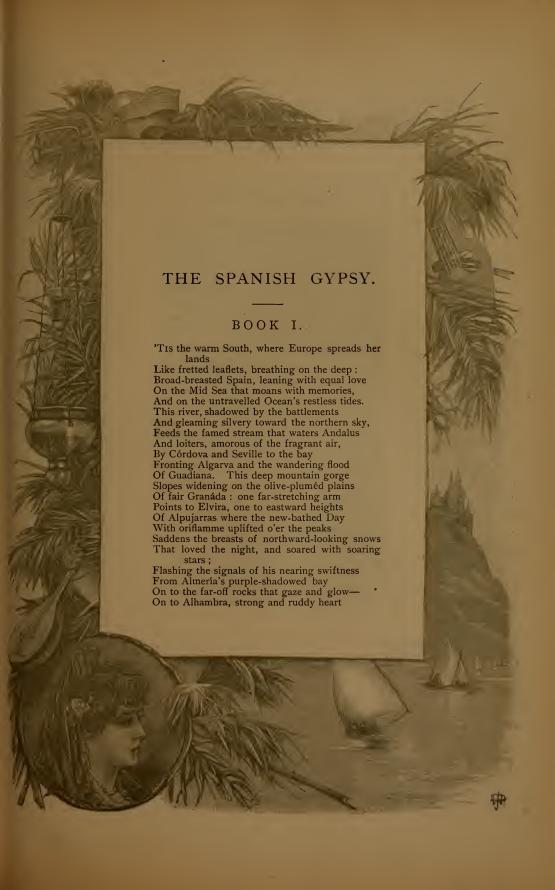


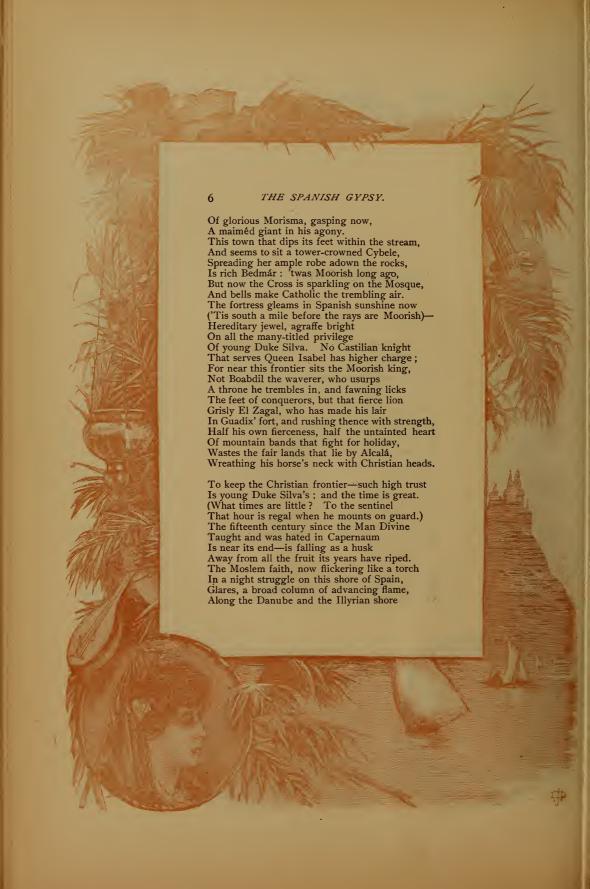


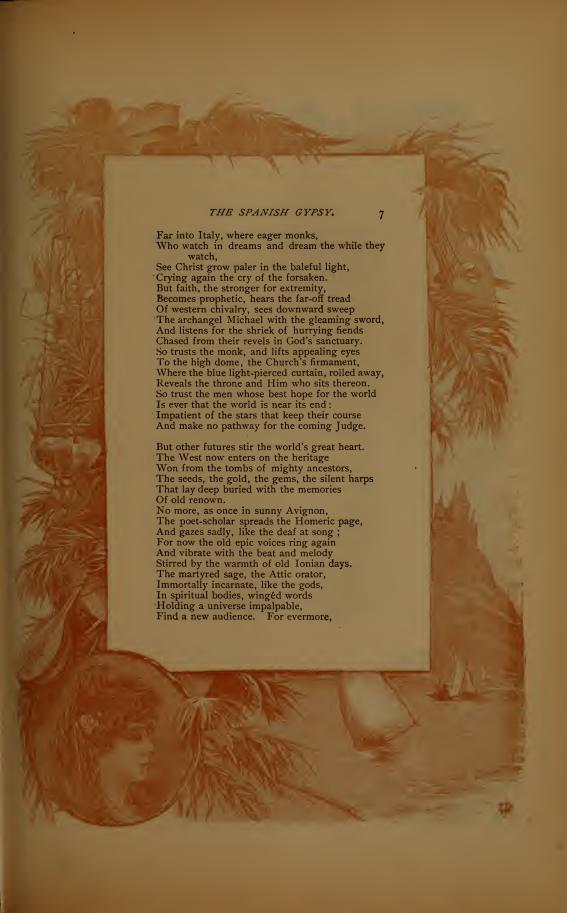


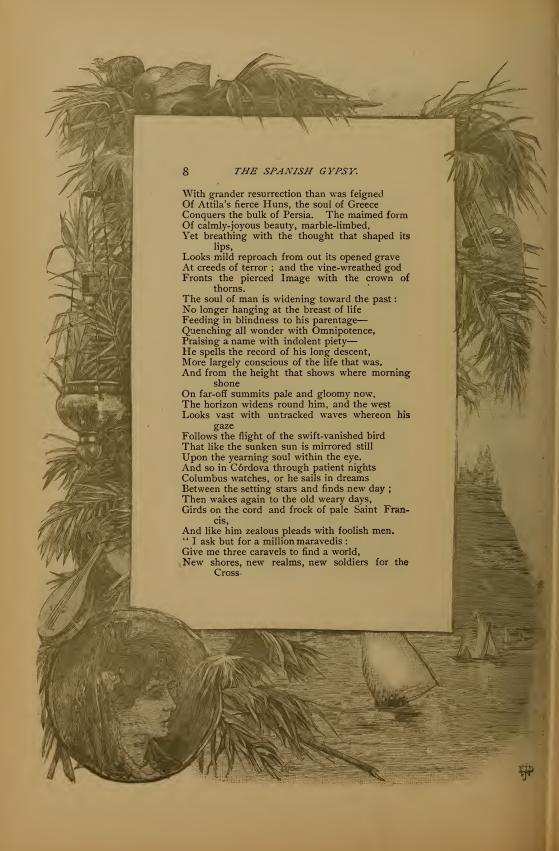


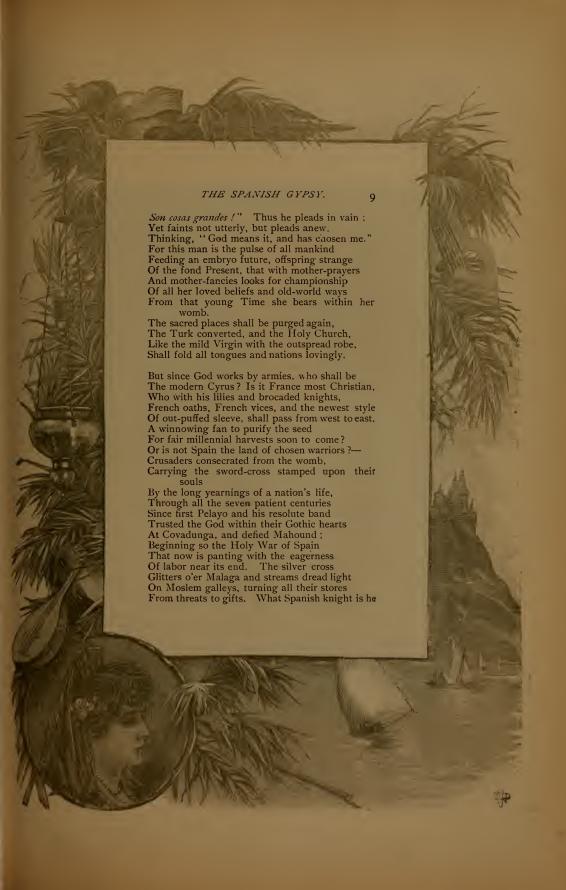


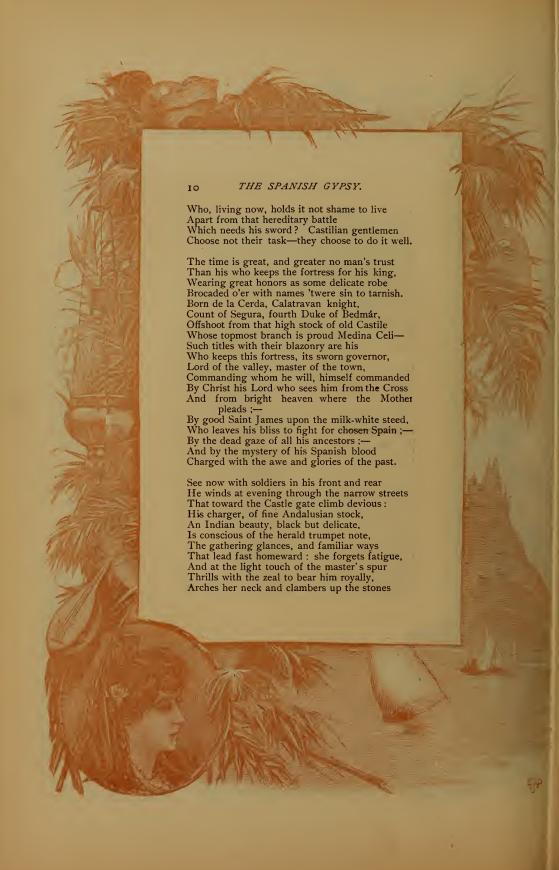






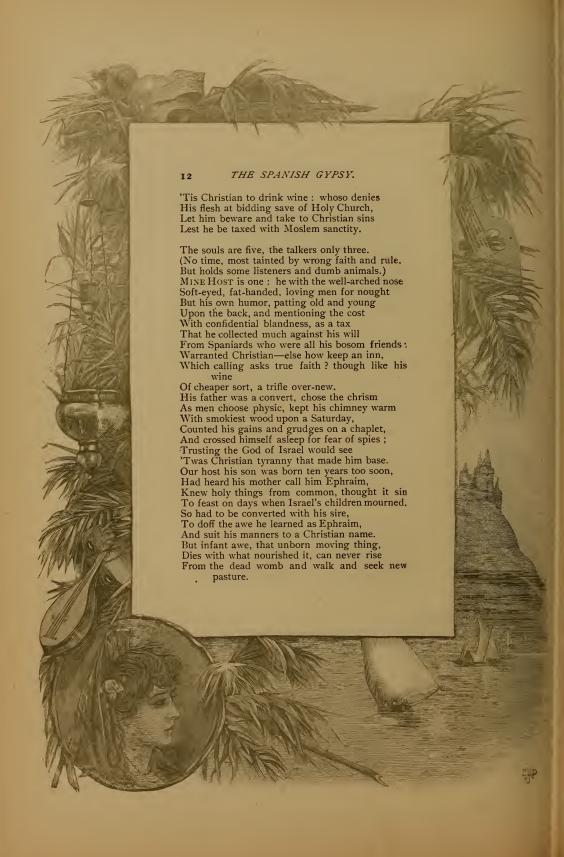


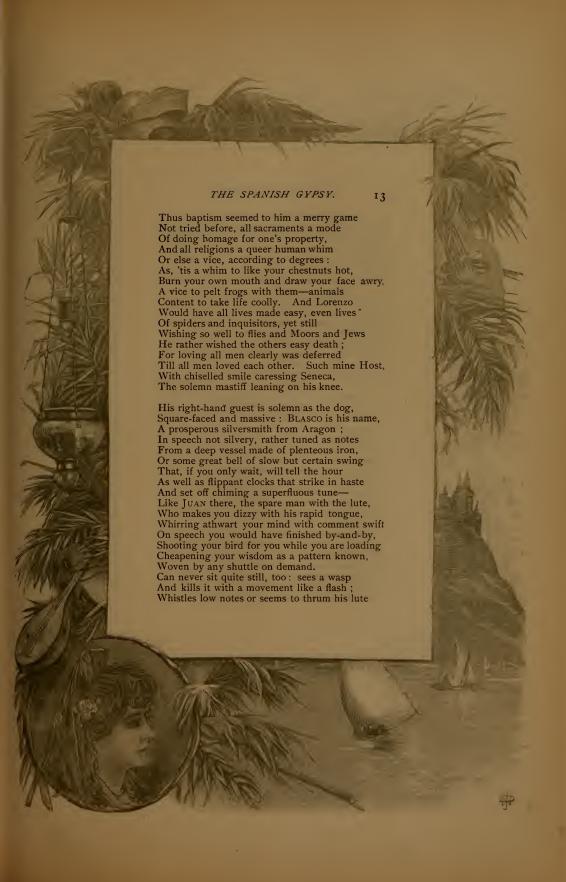


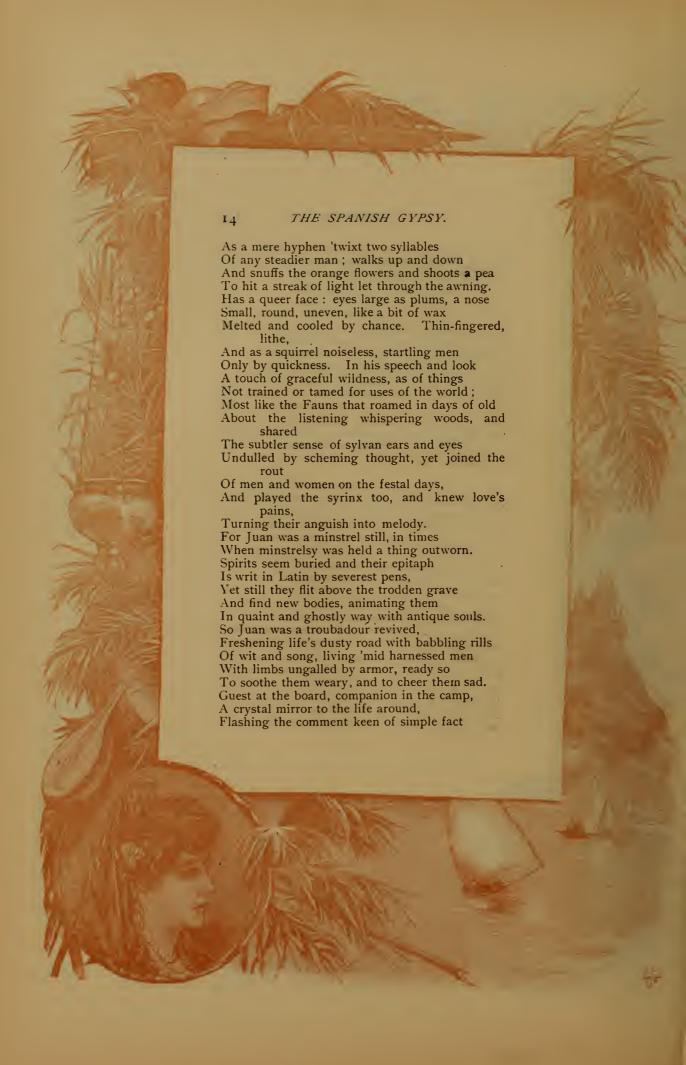


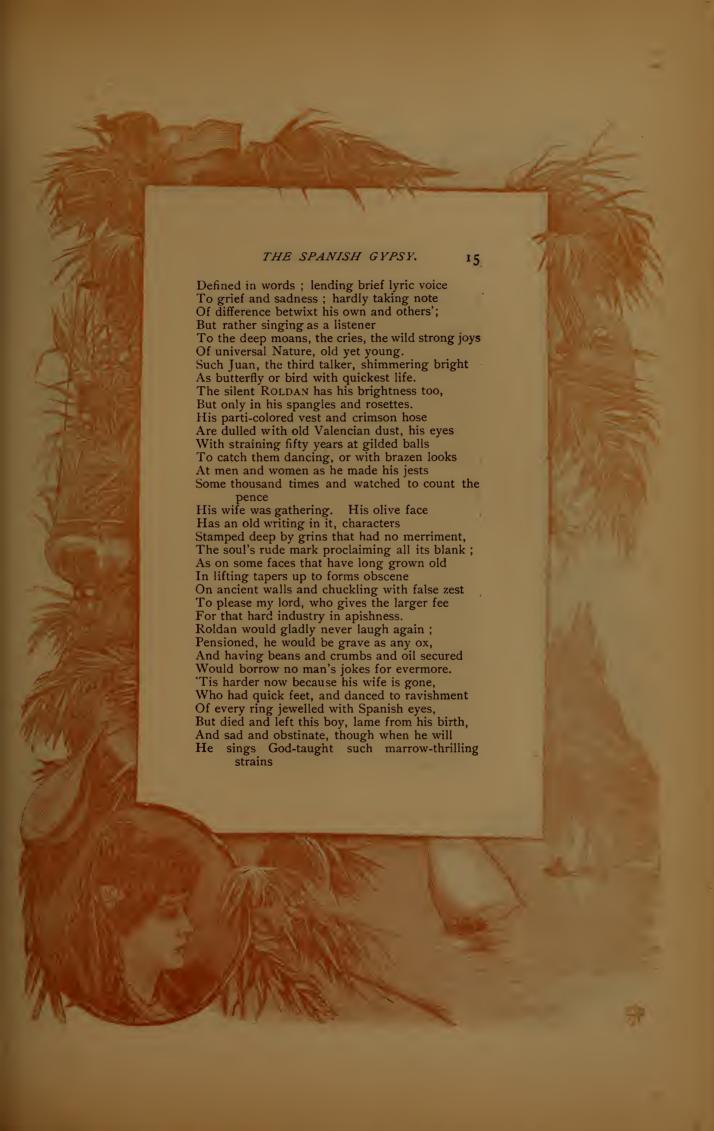


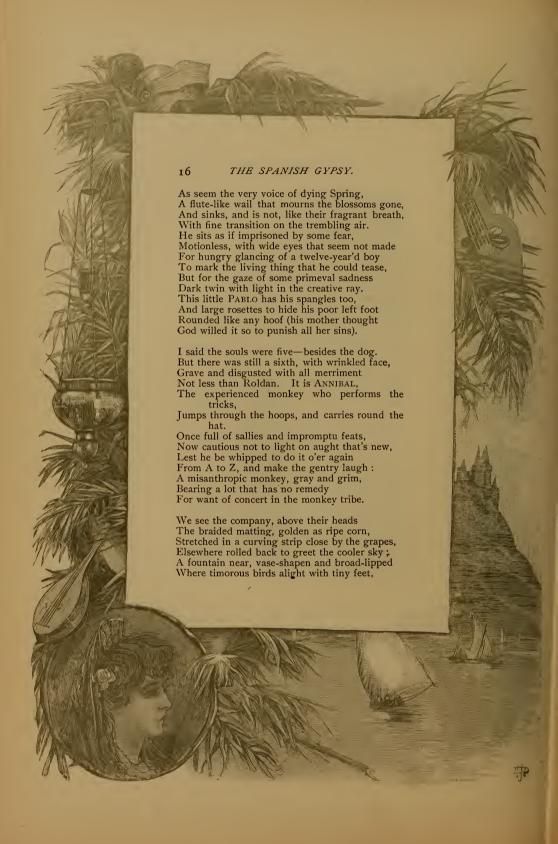
"Night-black the charger, black the rider's plume."-Page 11.

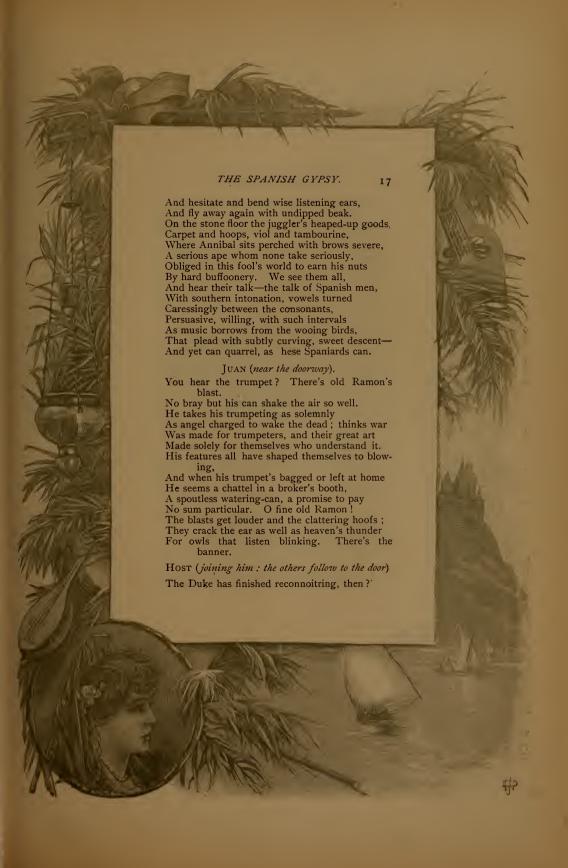


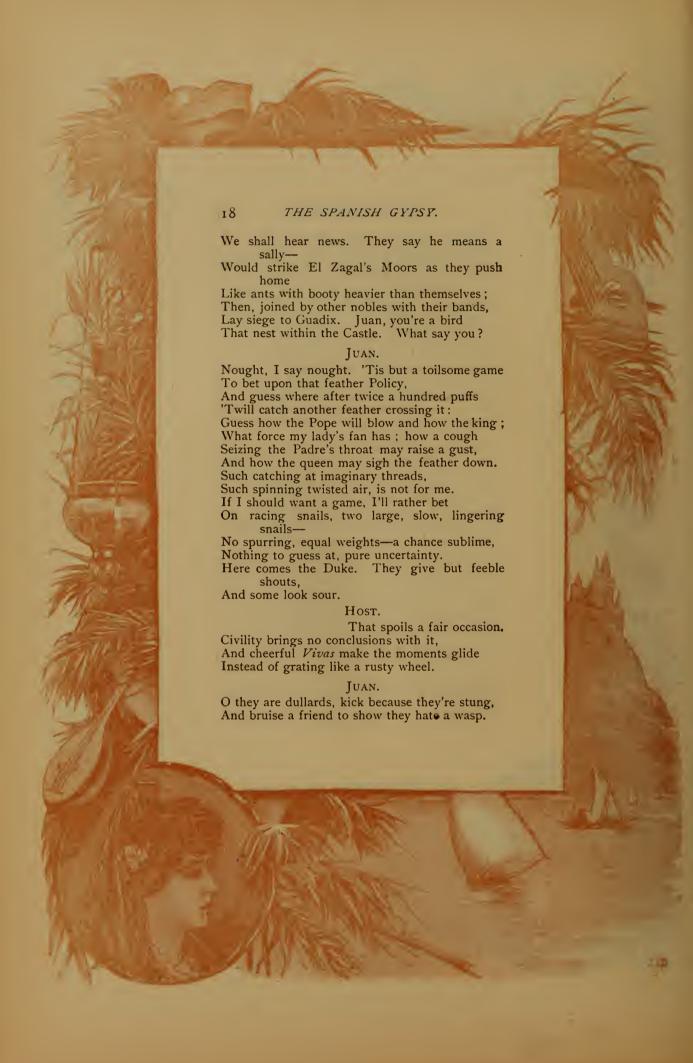


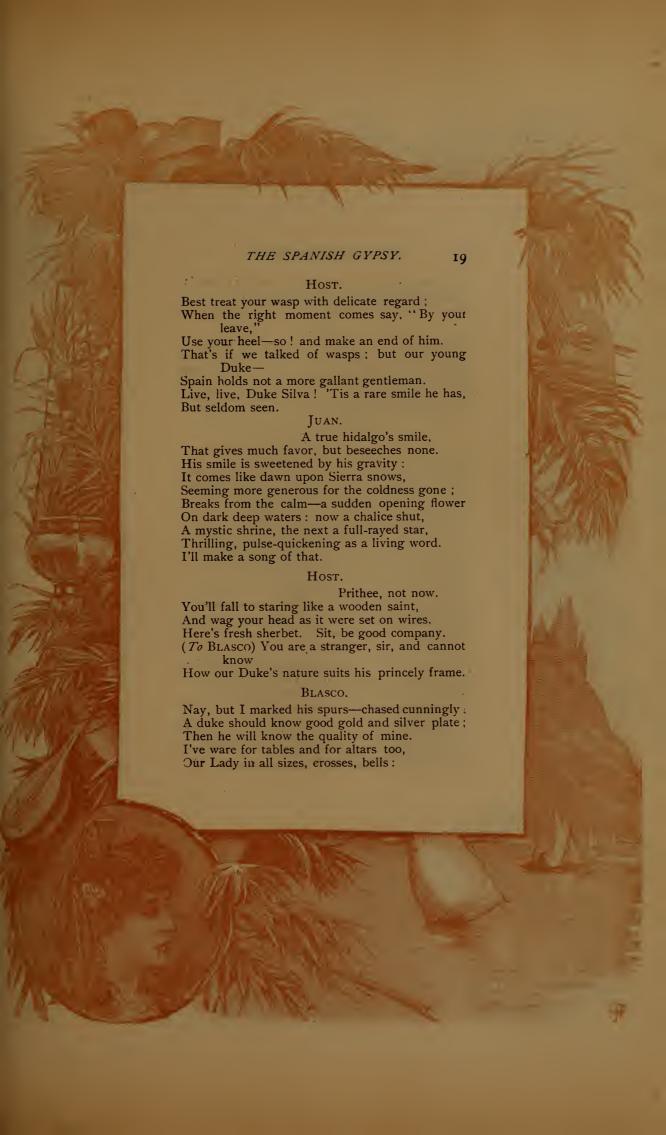


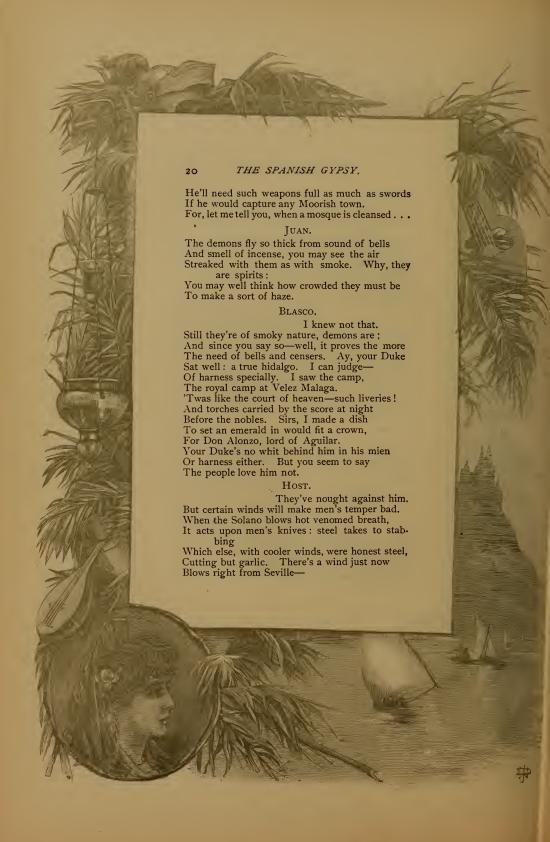


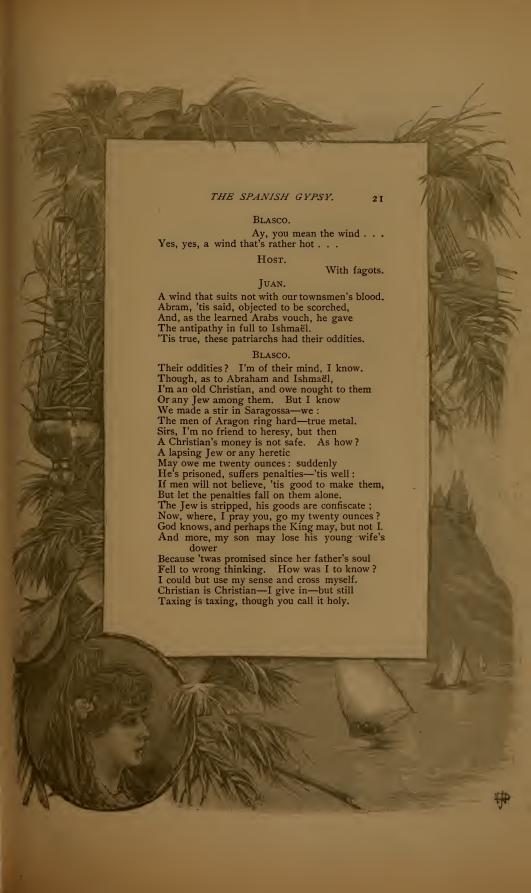


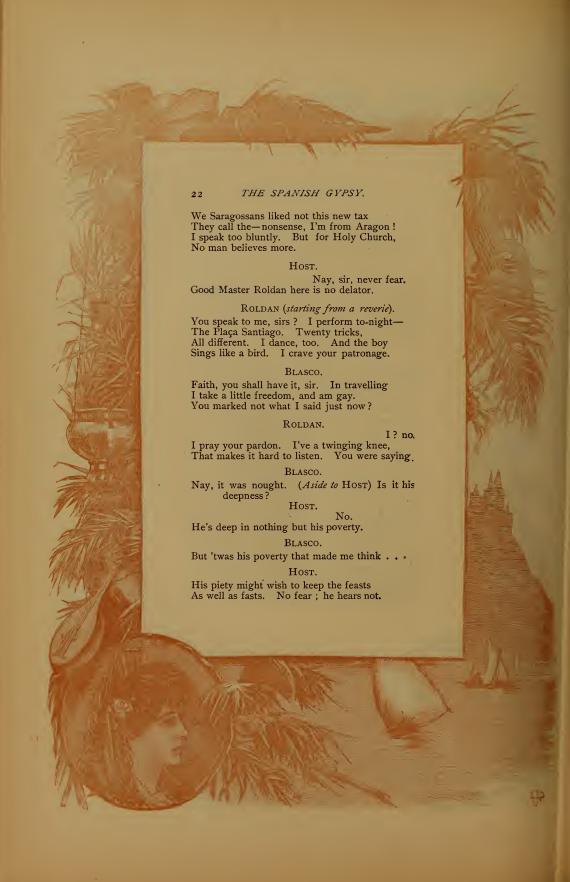


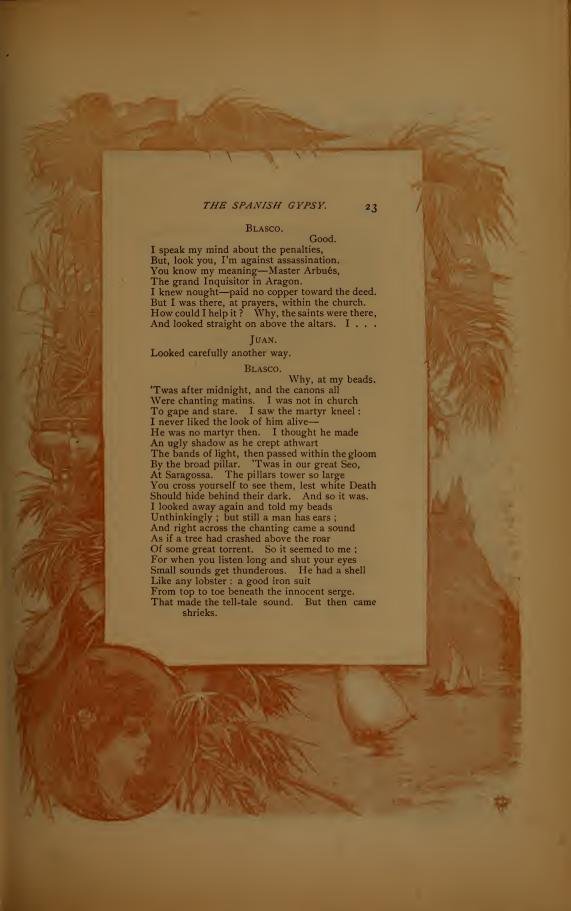


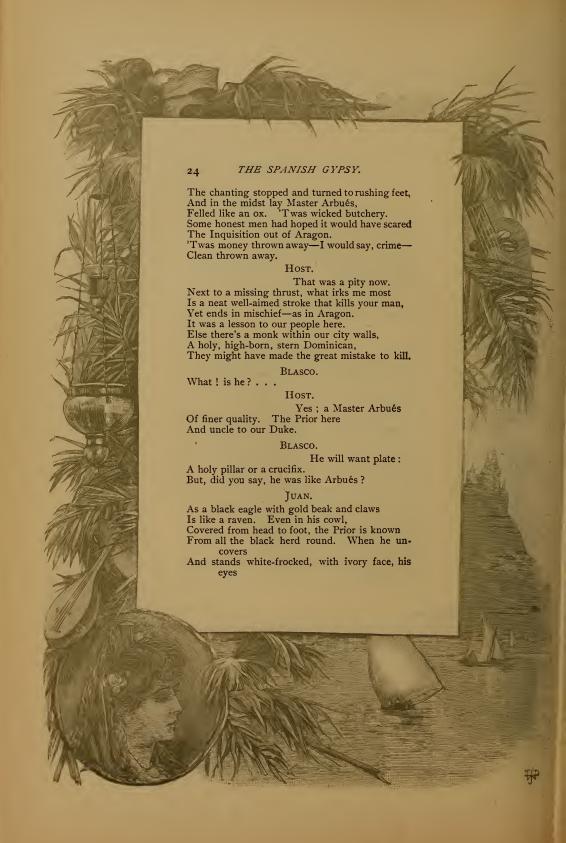


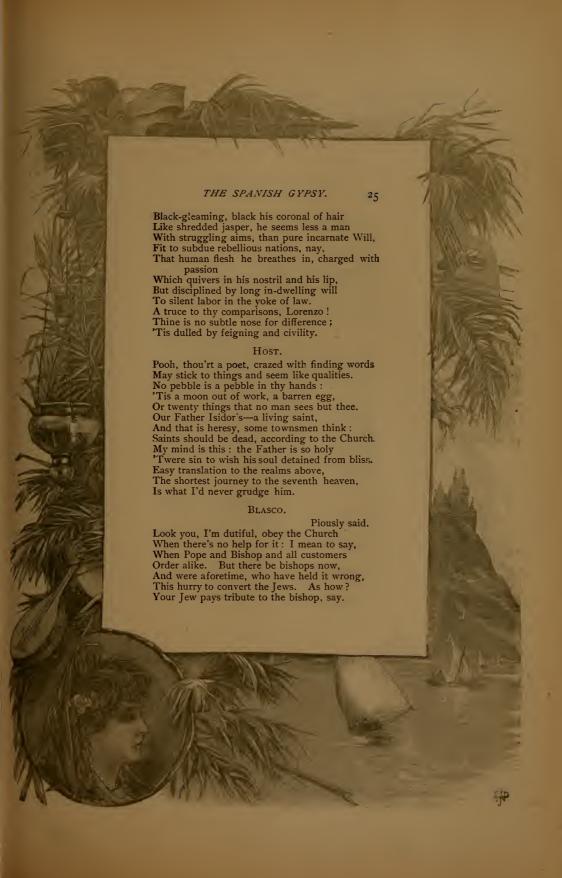


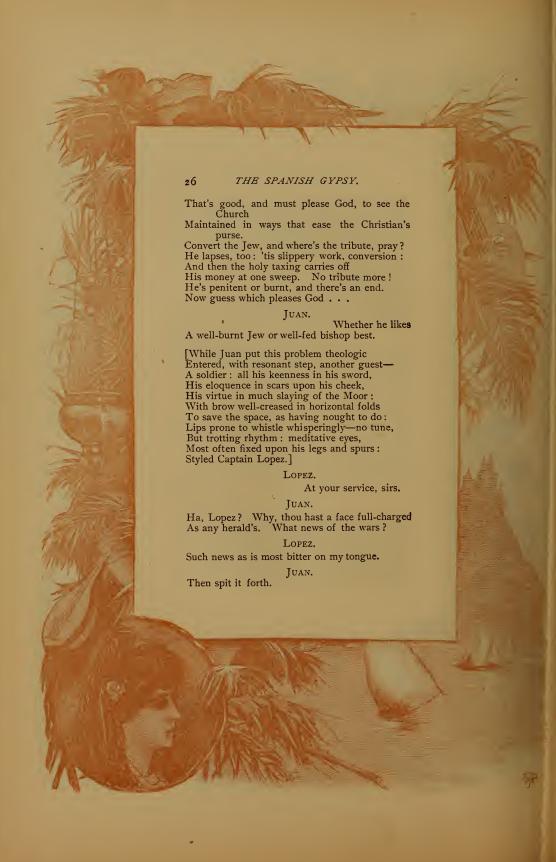


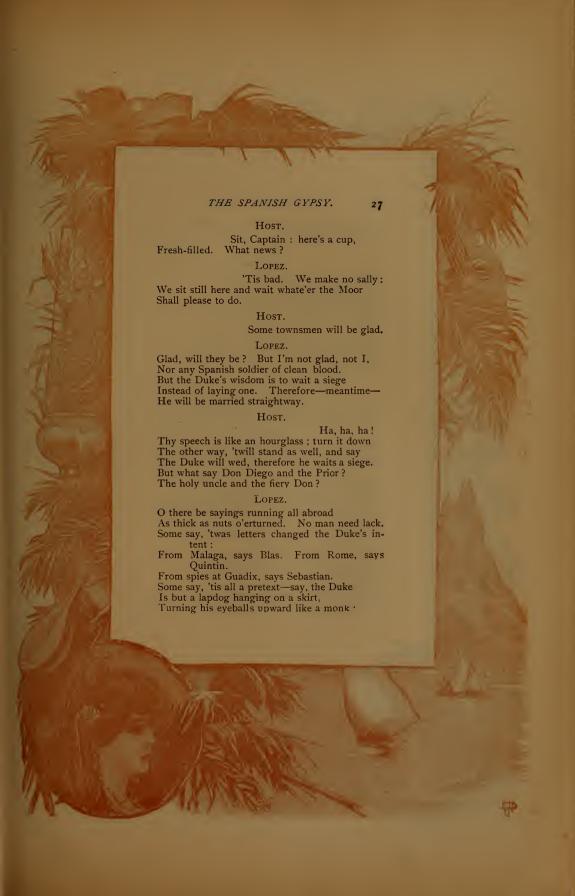


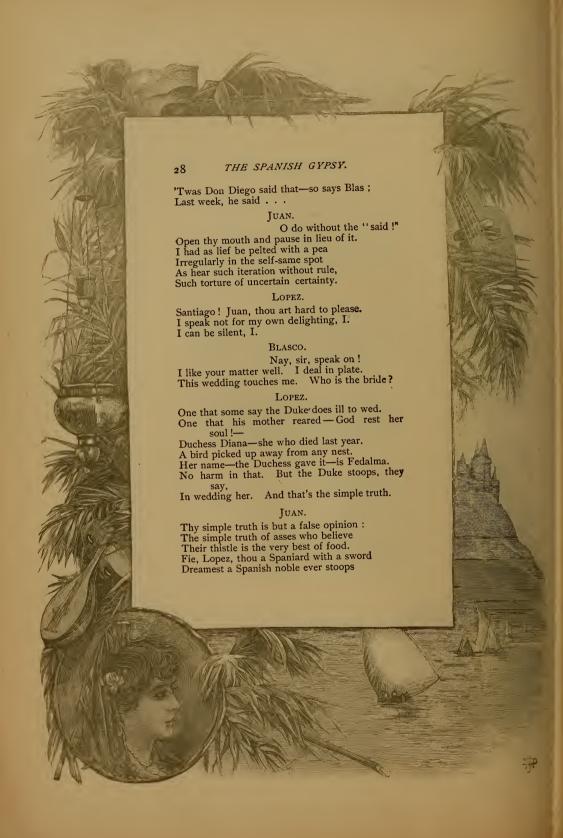


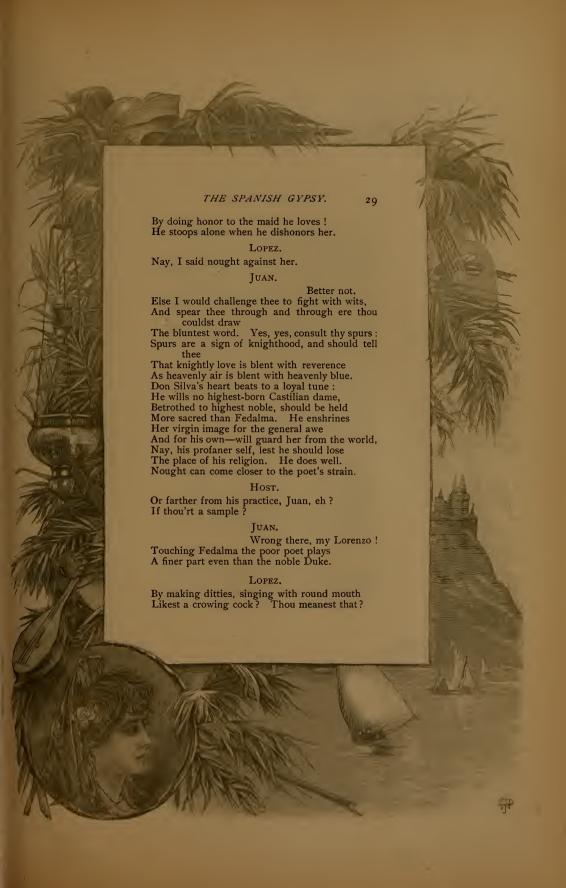


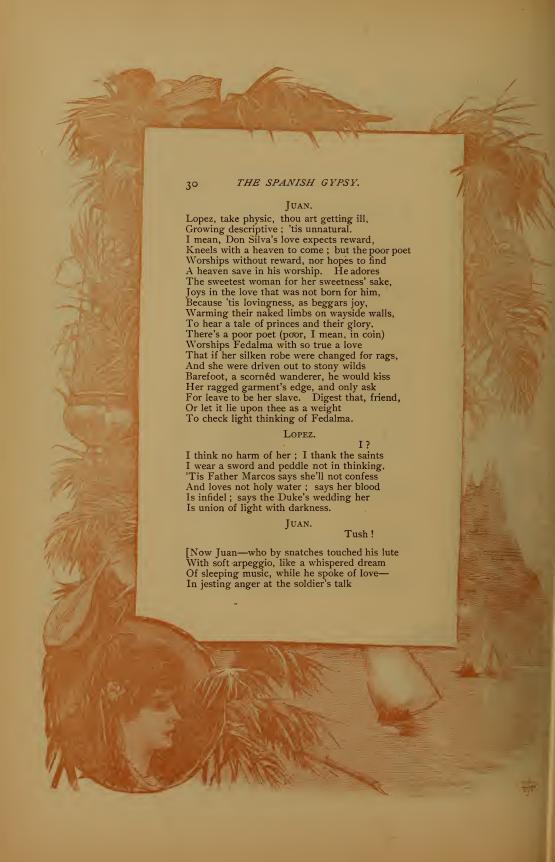


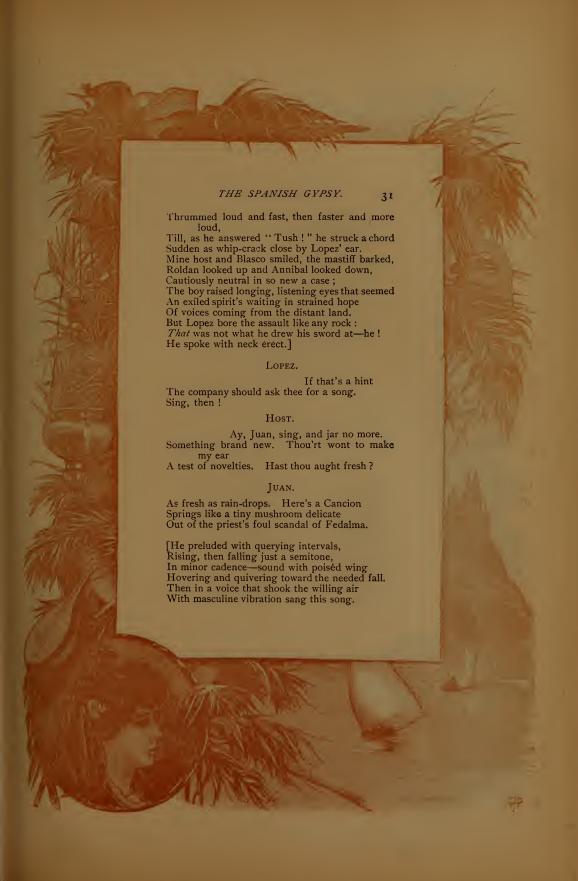


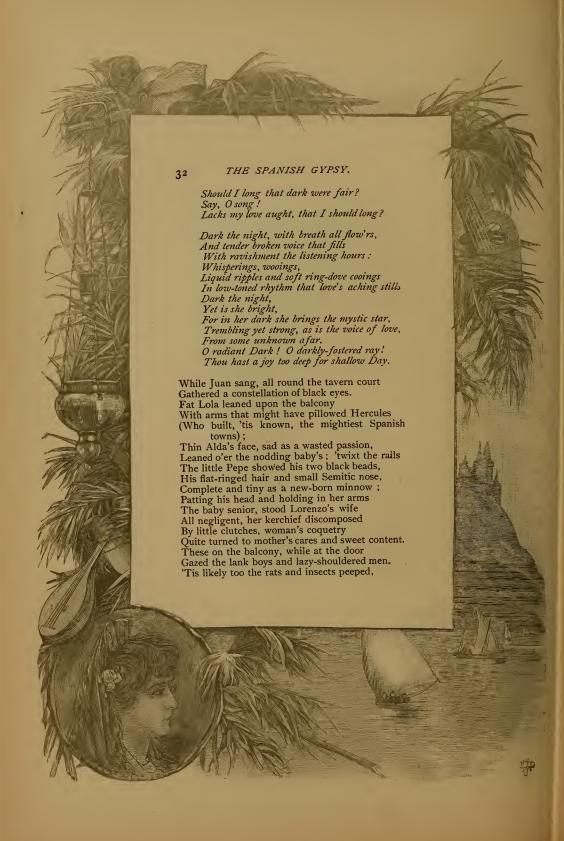


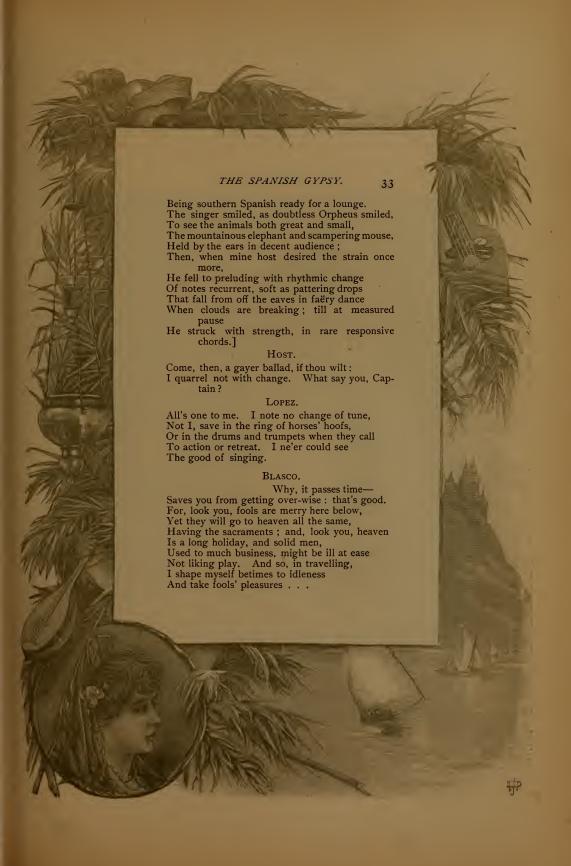


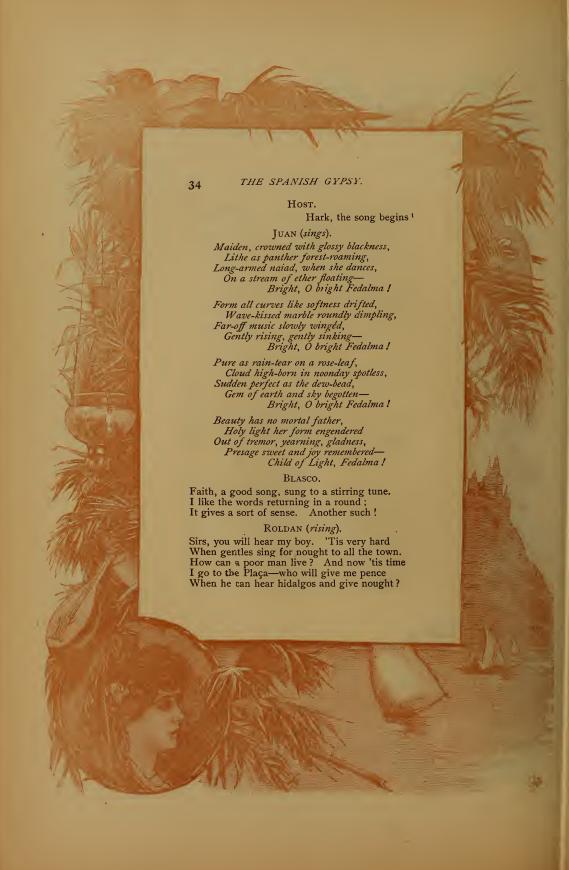






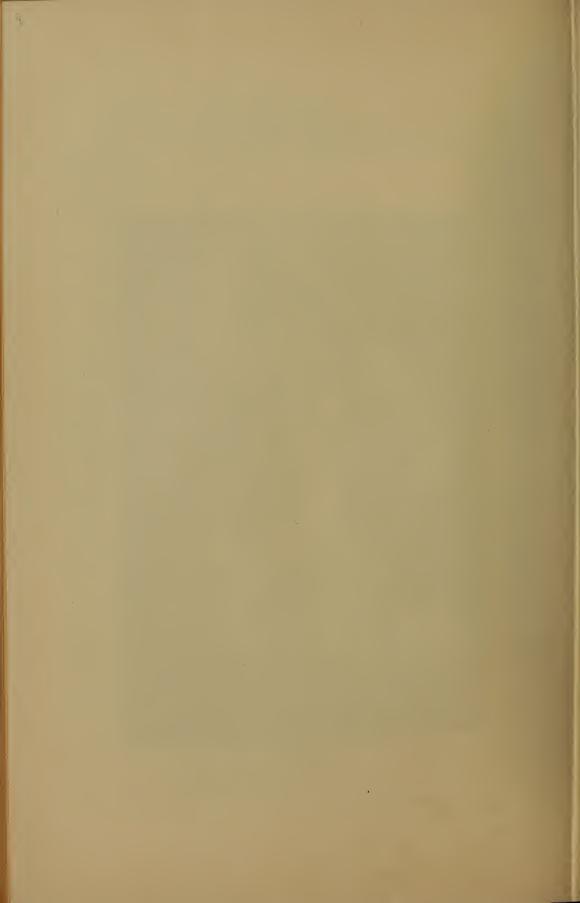


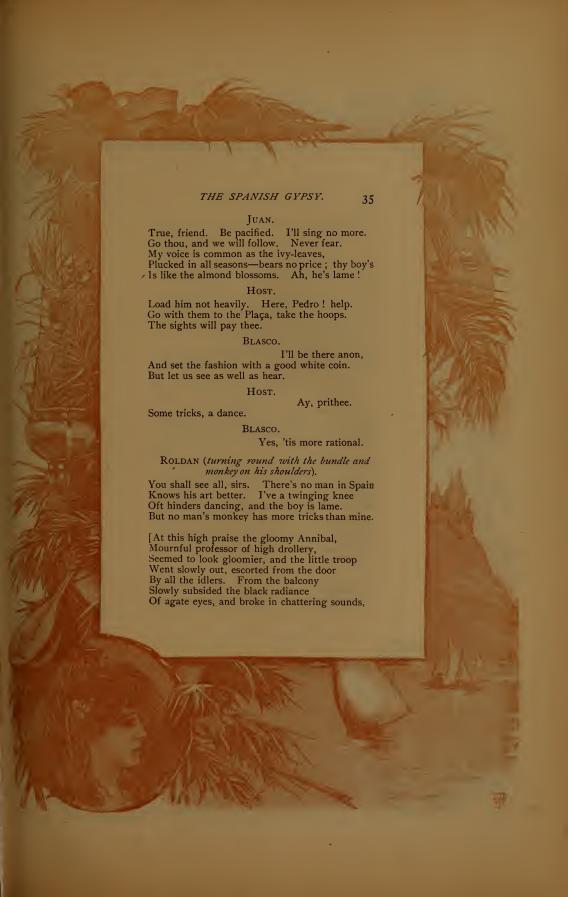


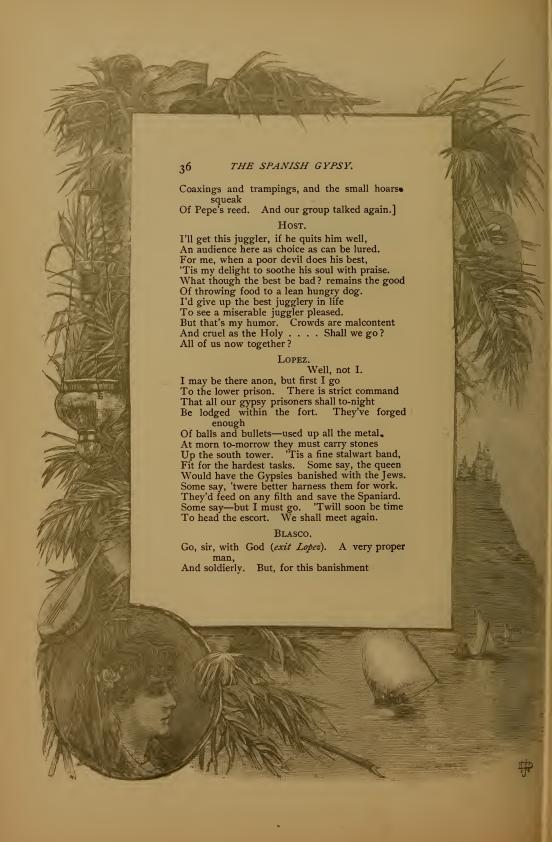


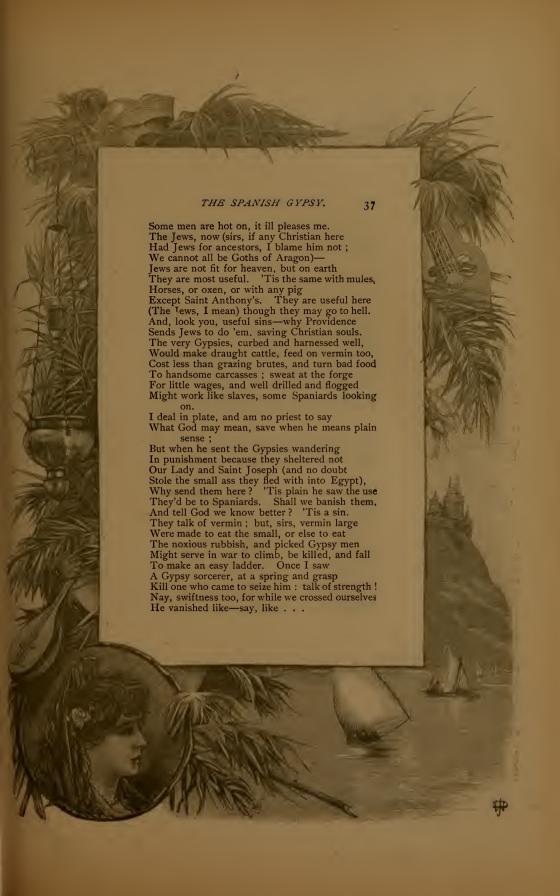


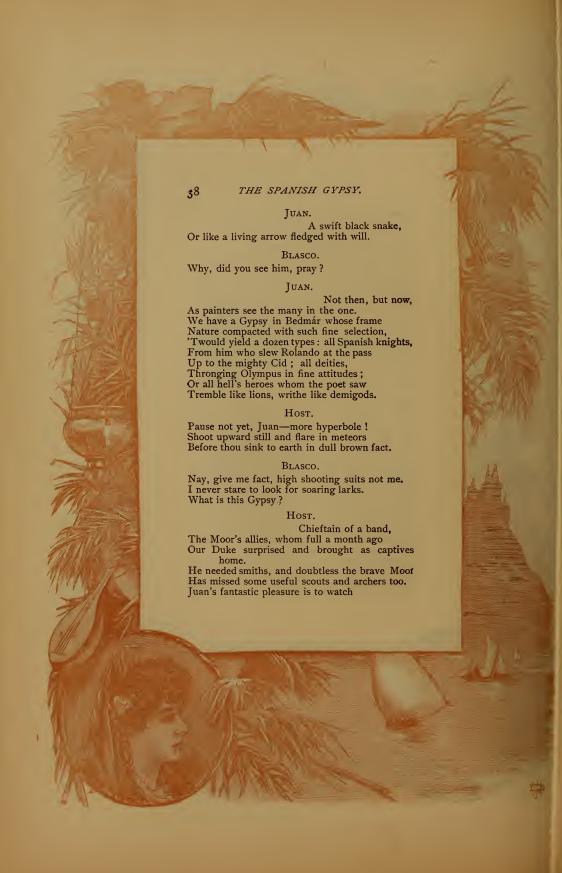
"Bright, O bright Fedalma!"-Page 34.

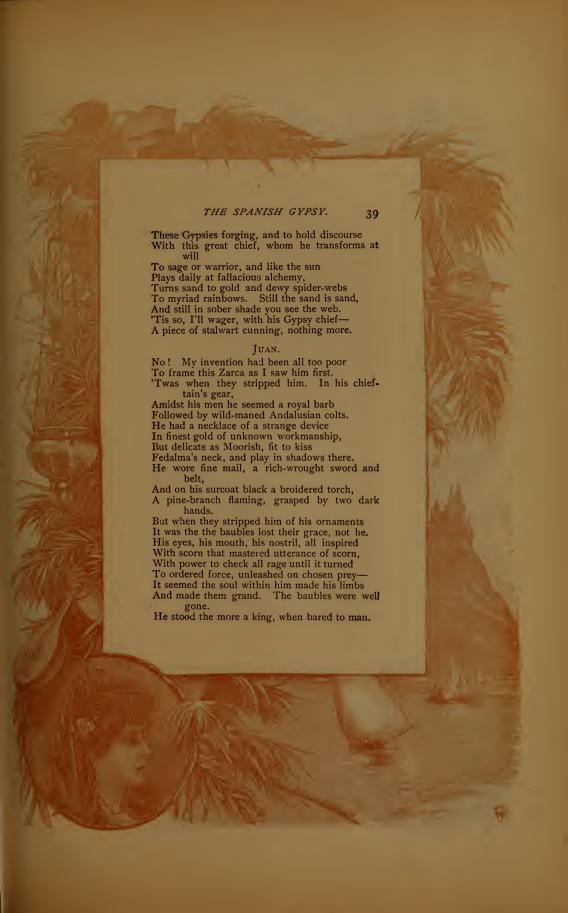


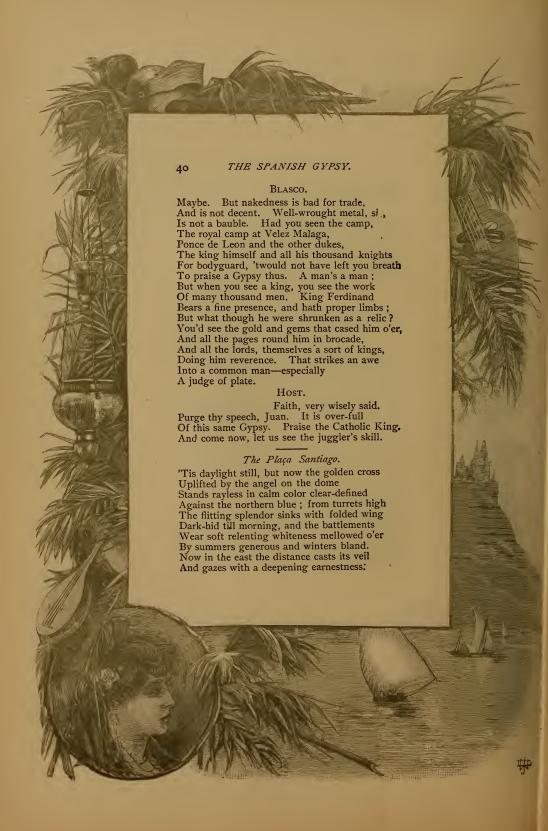


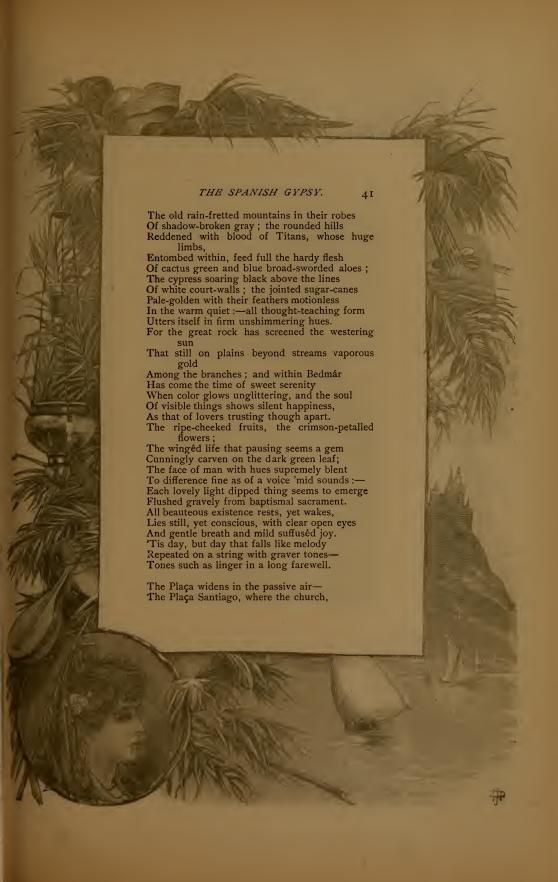


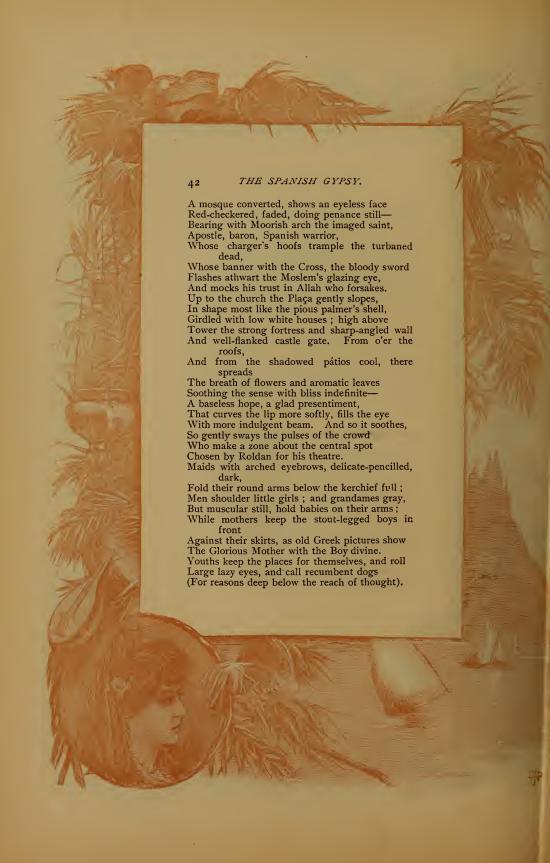


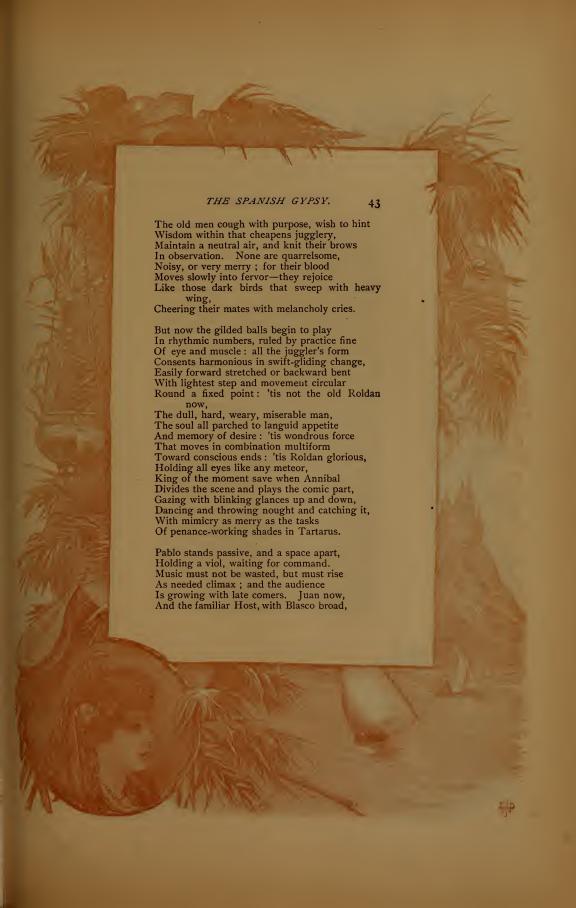


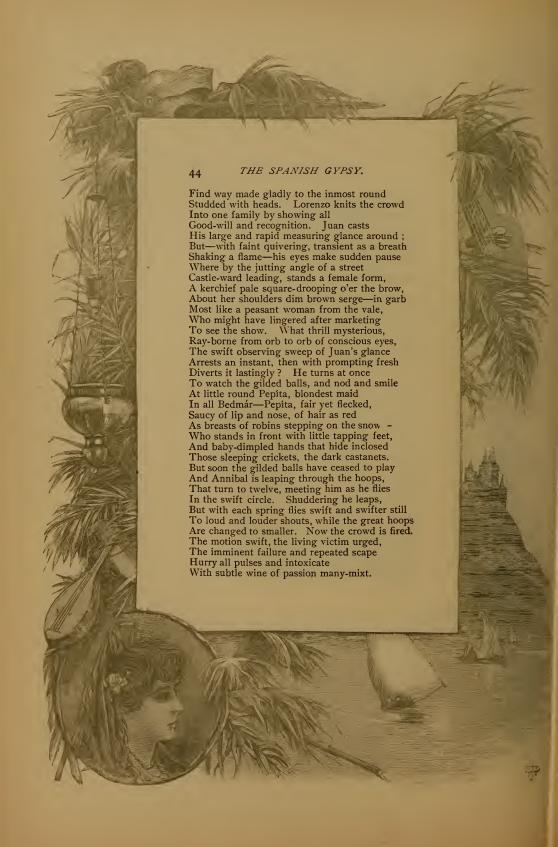


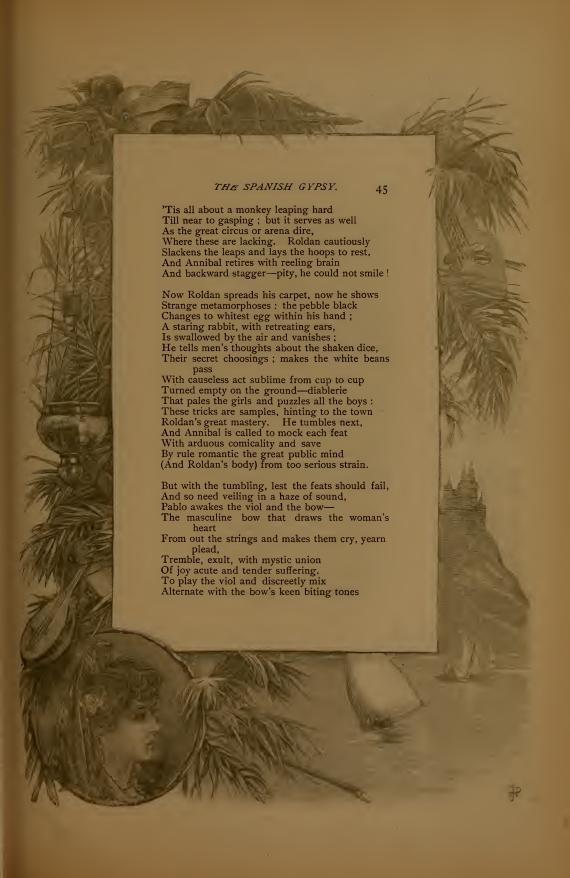




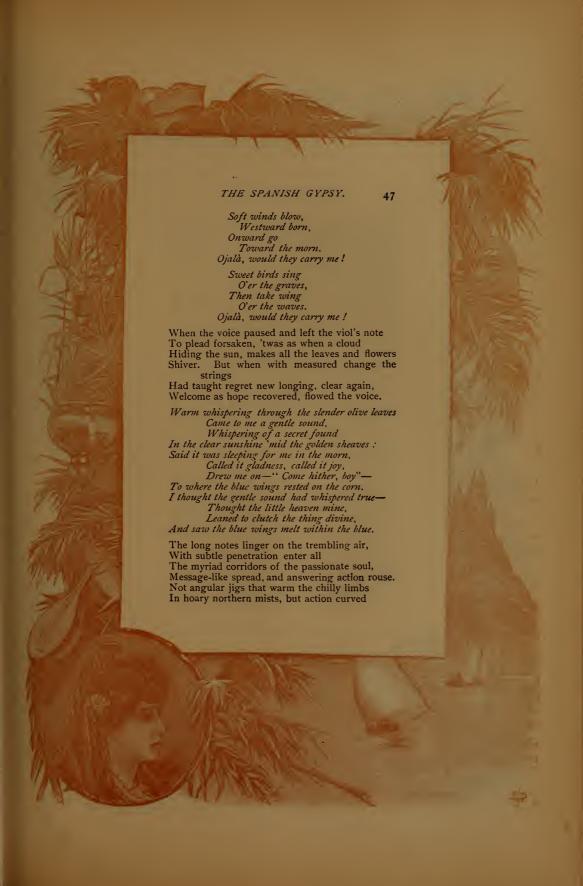


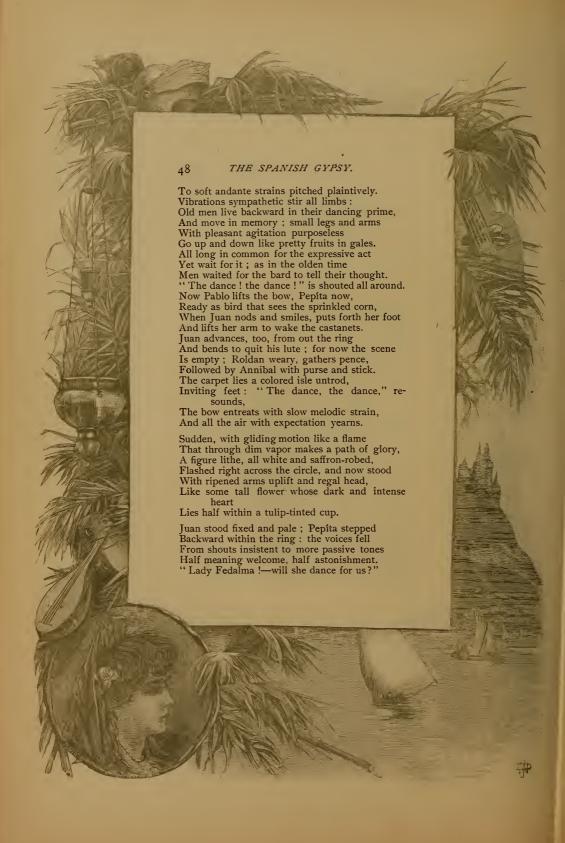


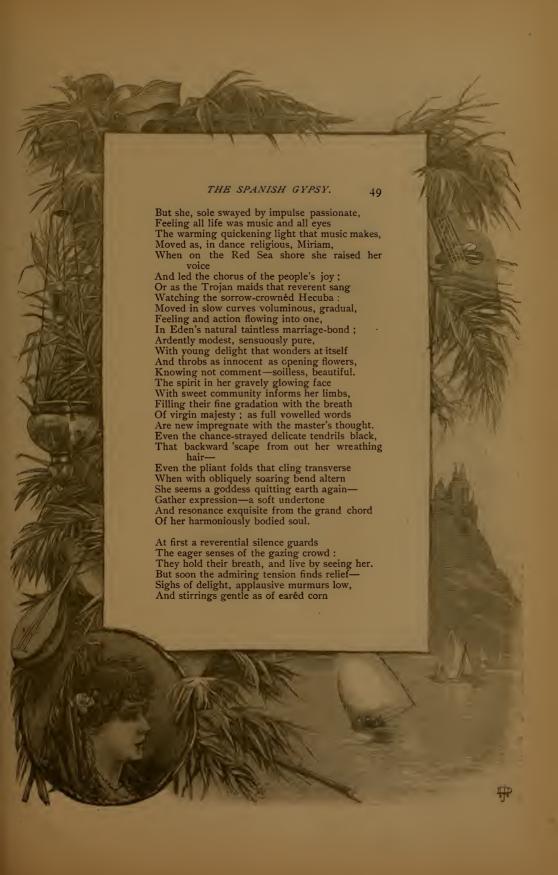


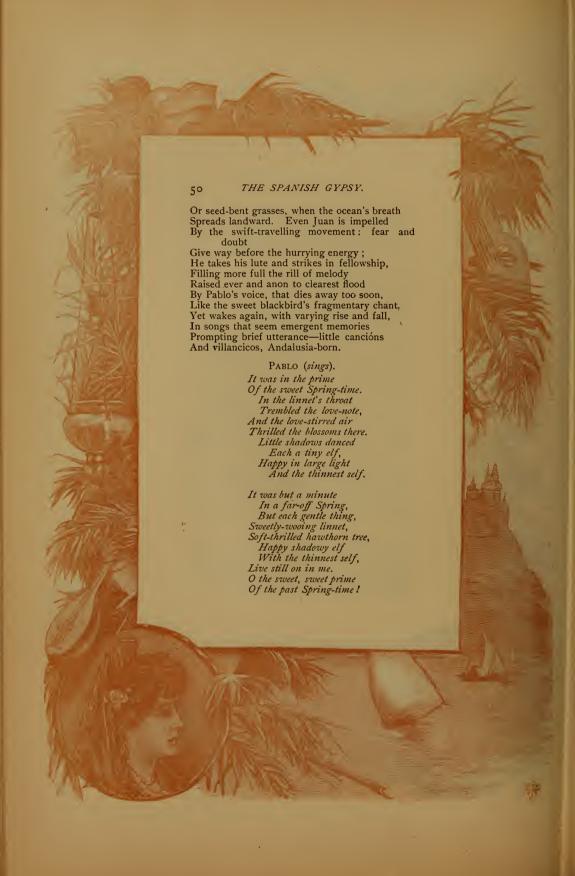


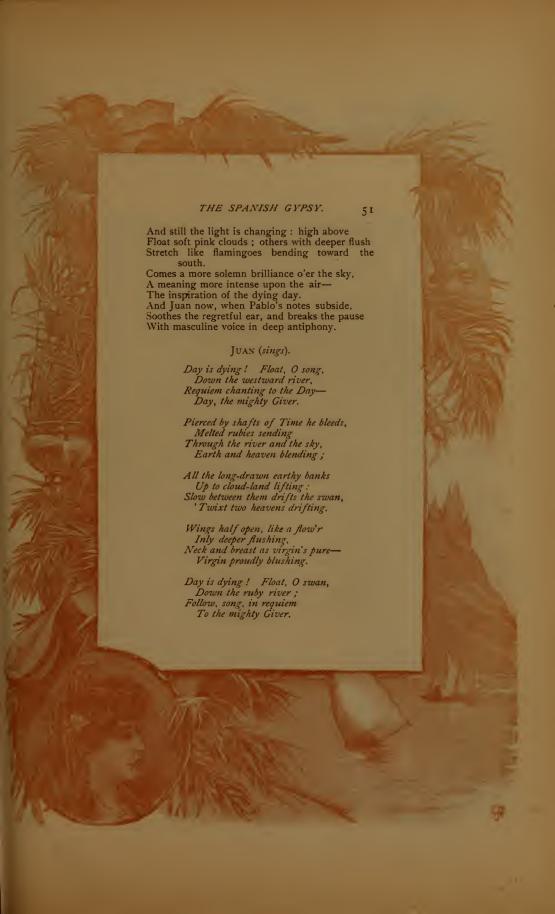


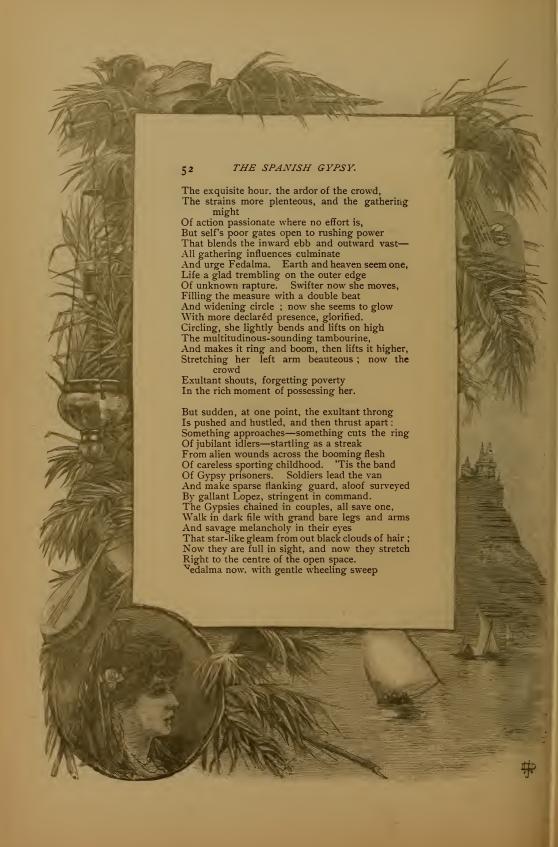






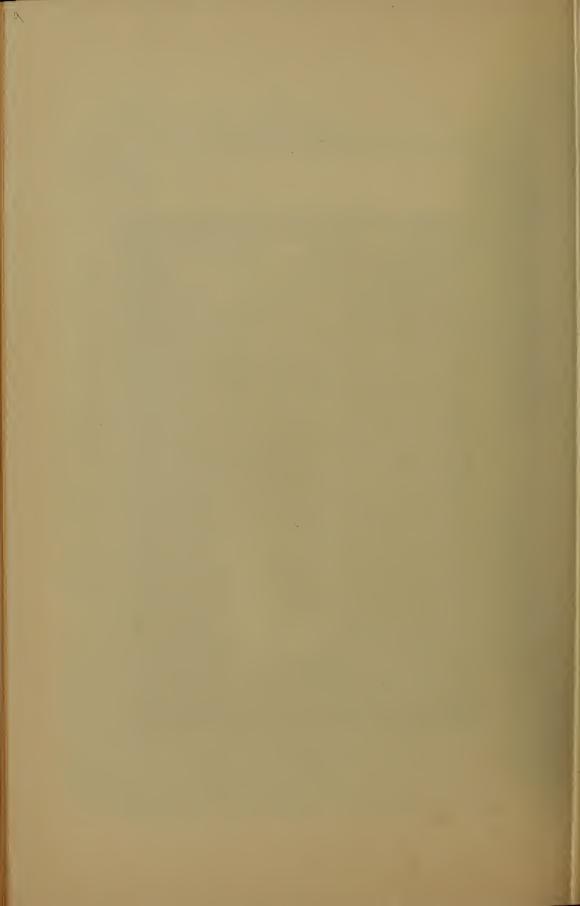


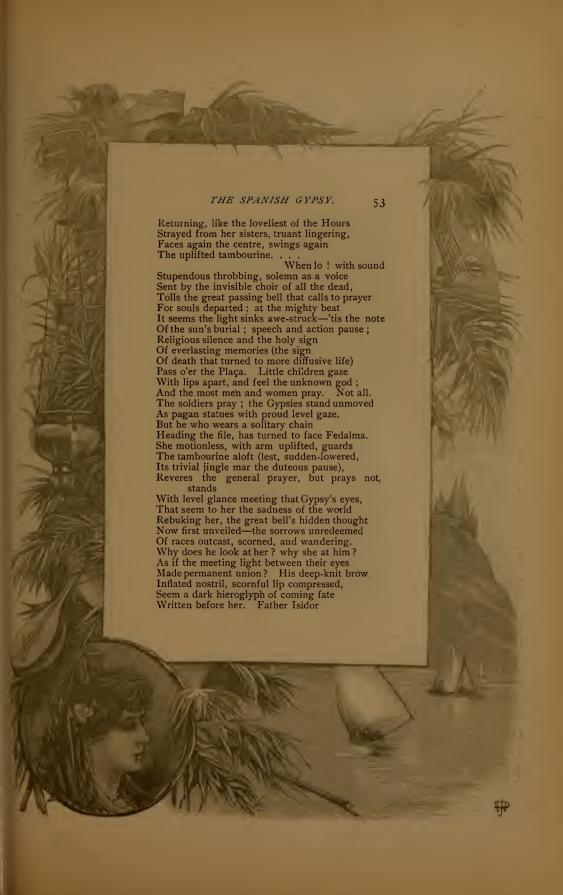


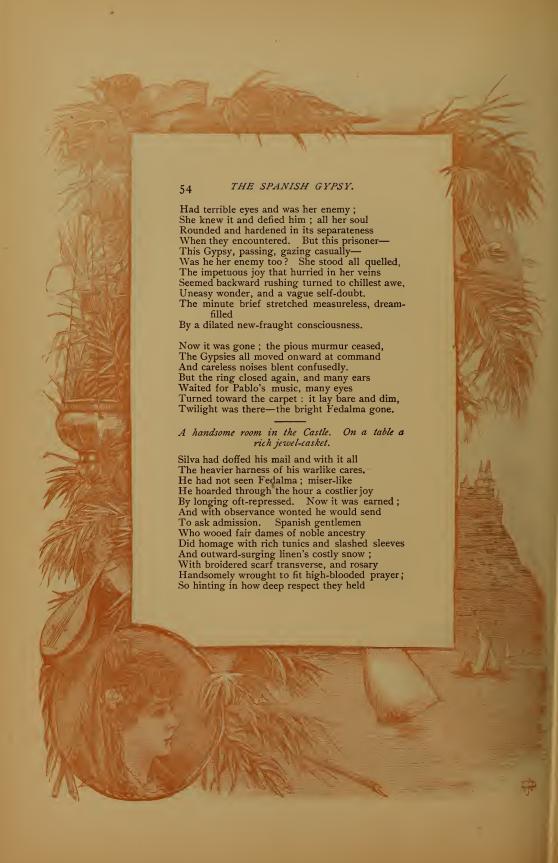


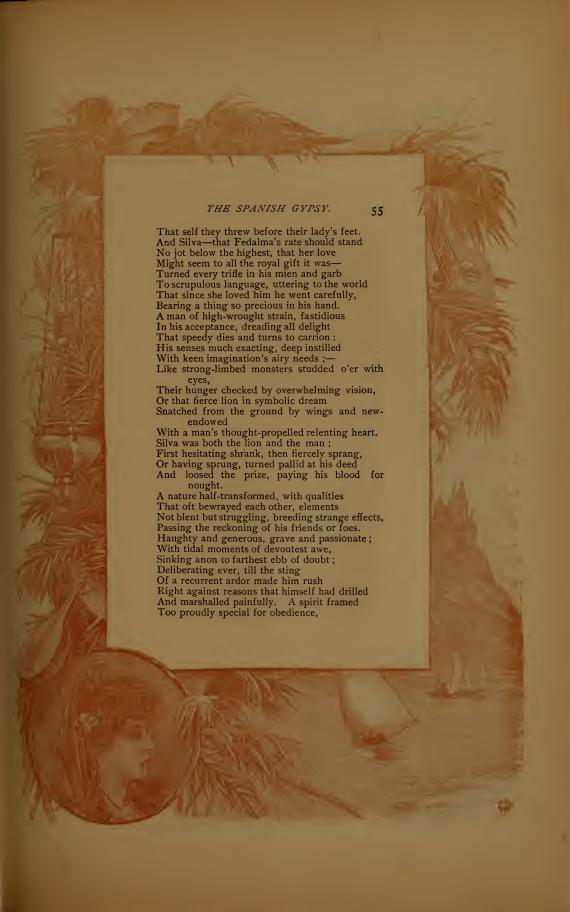


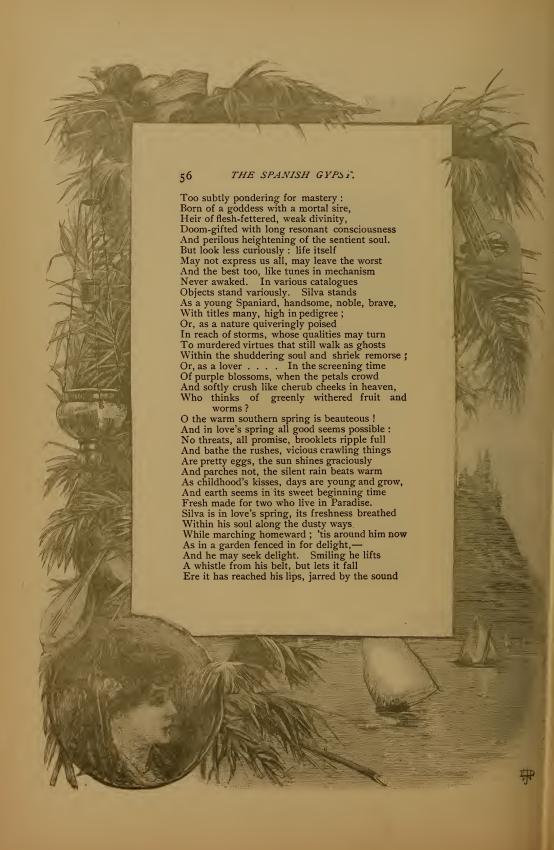
"Circling, she lightly bends and lifts on high
The multitudinous-sounding tambeurine."—Page 52.

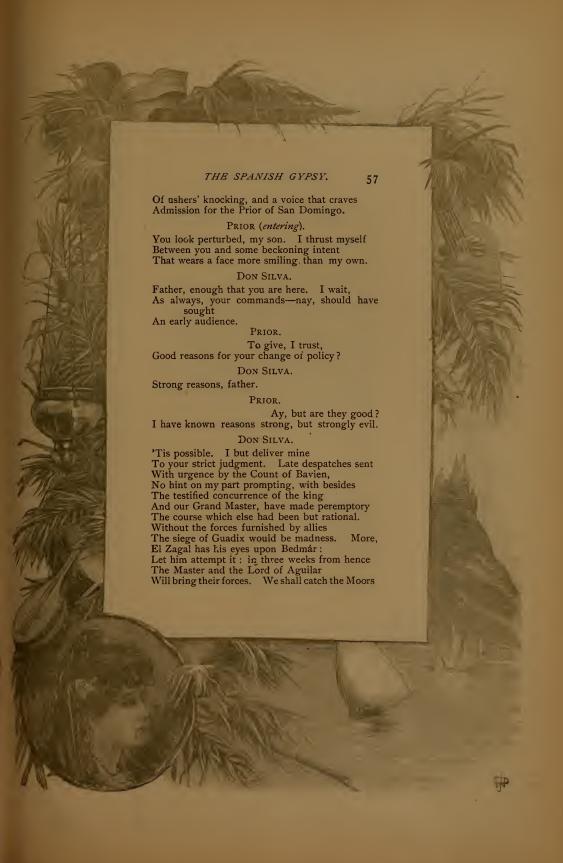


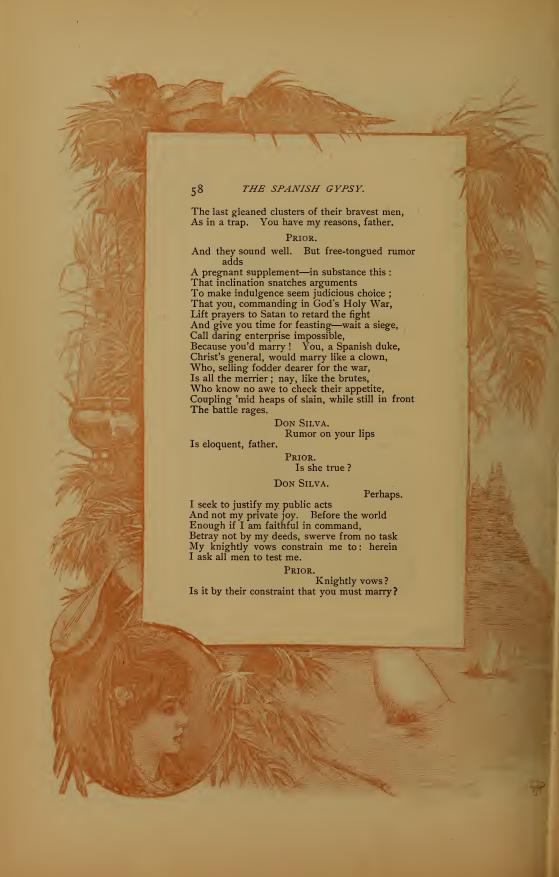


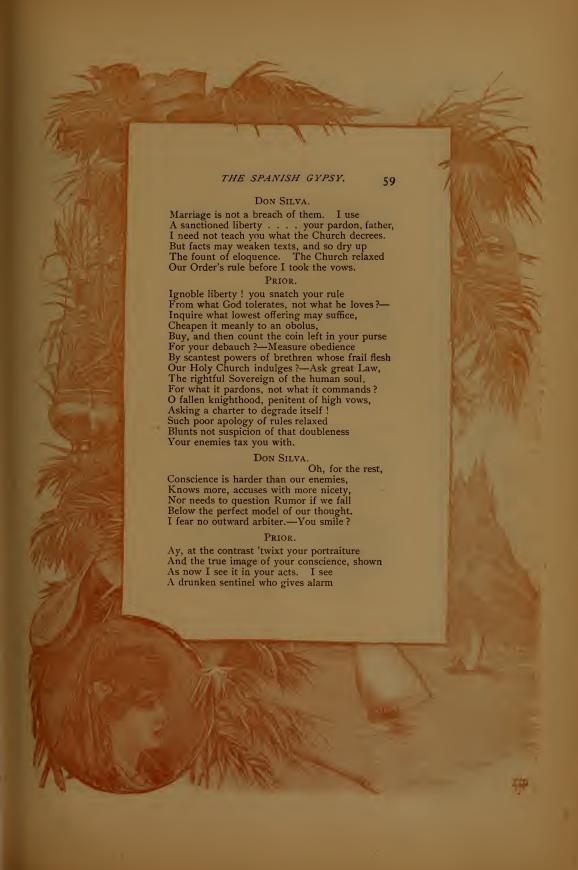


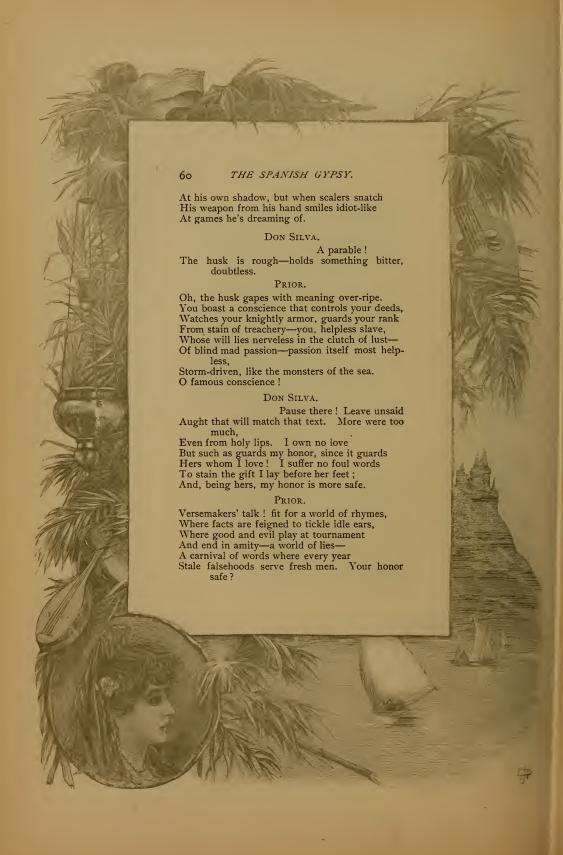


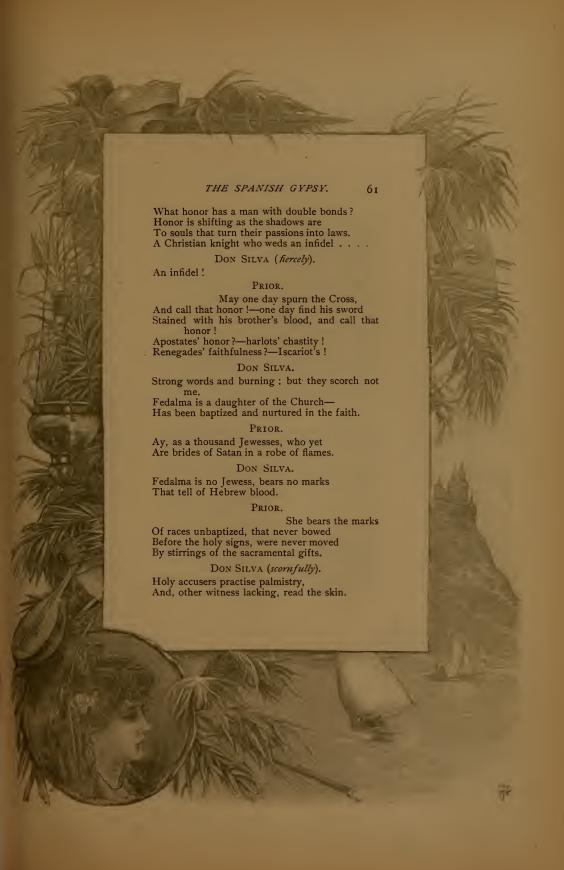


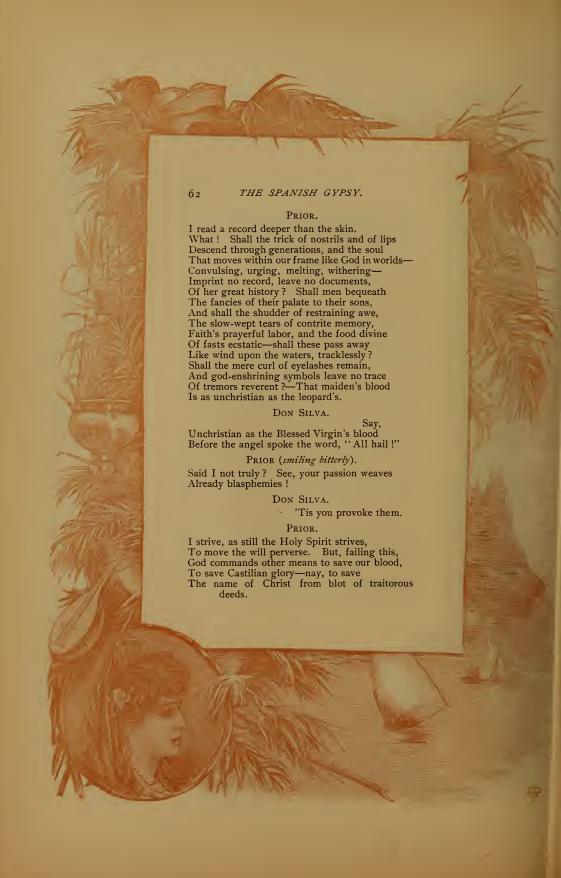


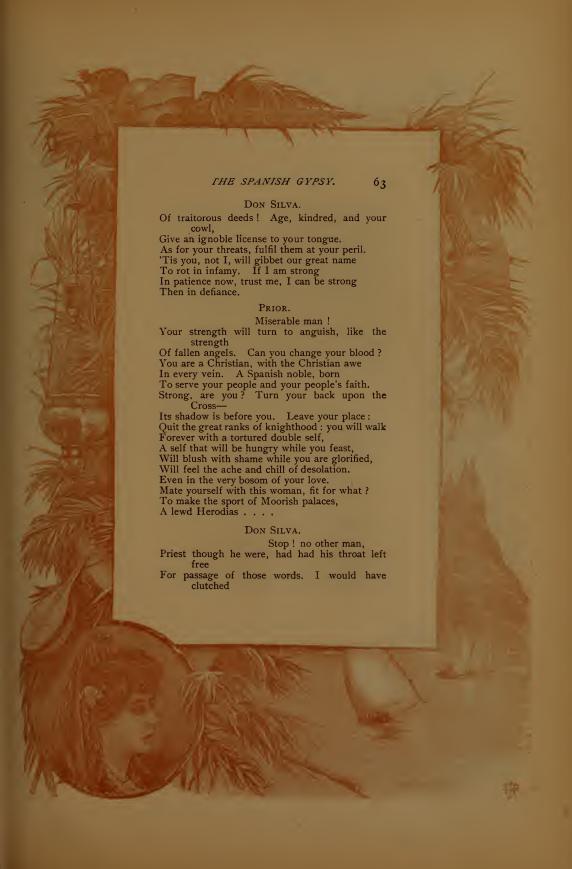


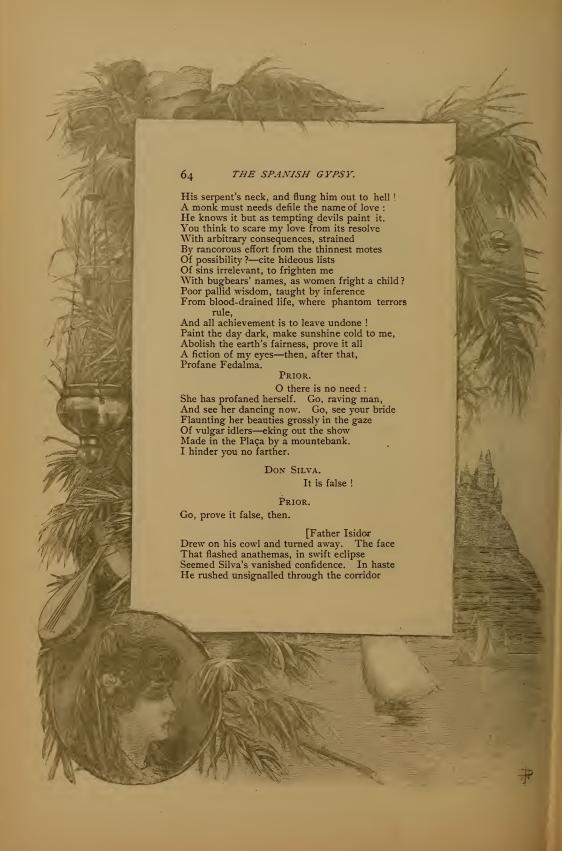


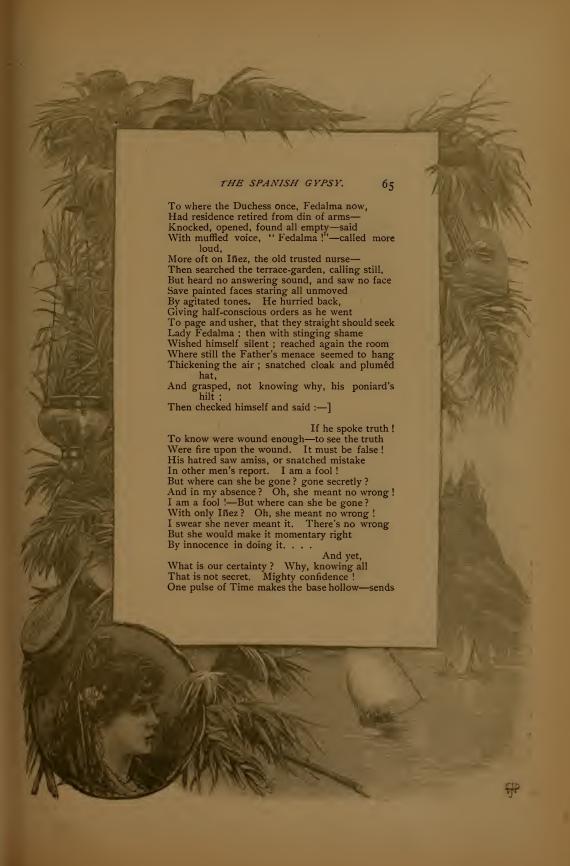


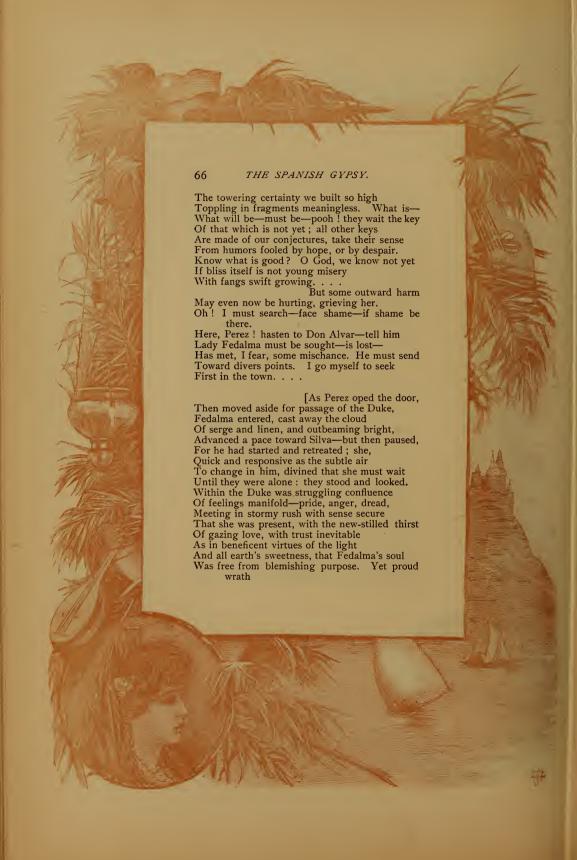


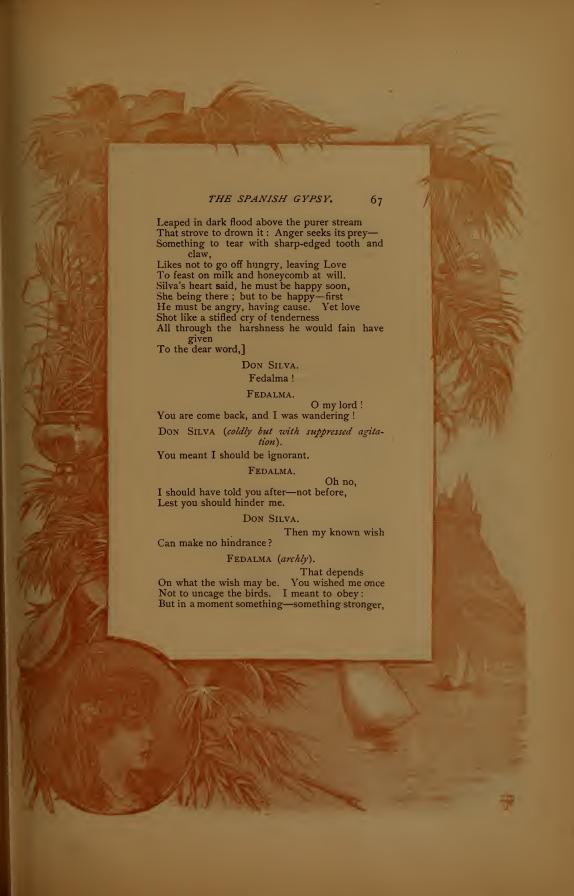


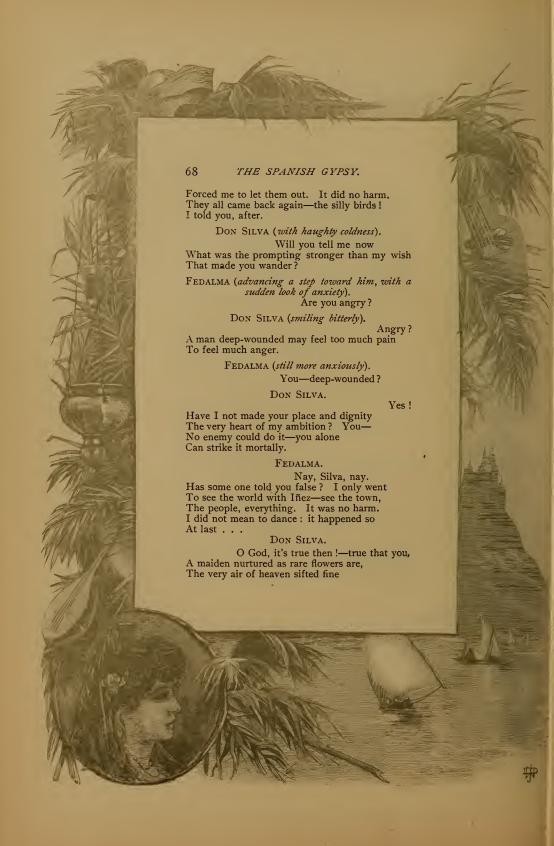


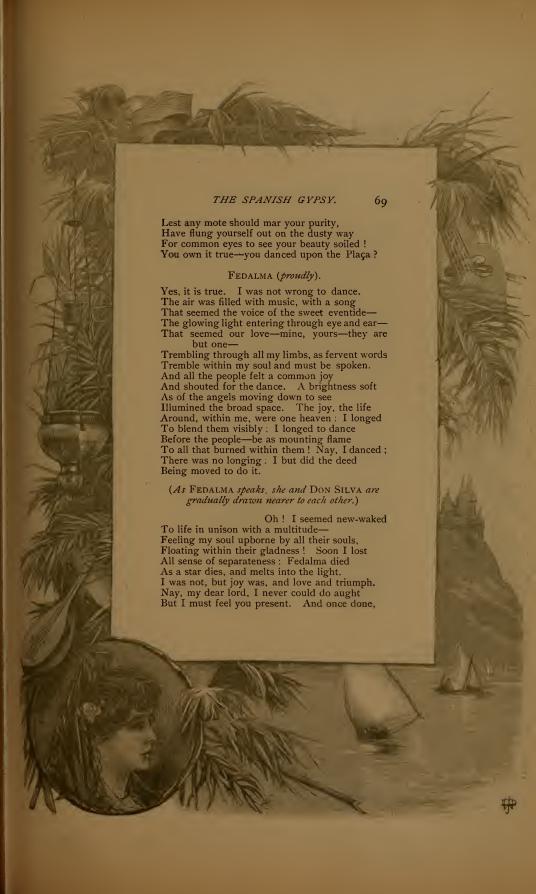


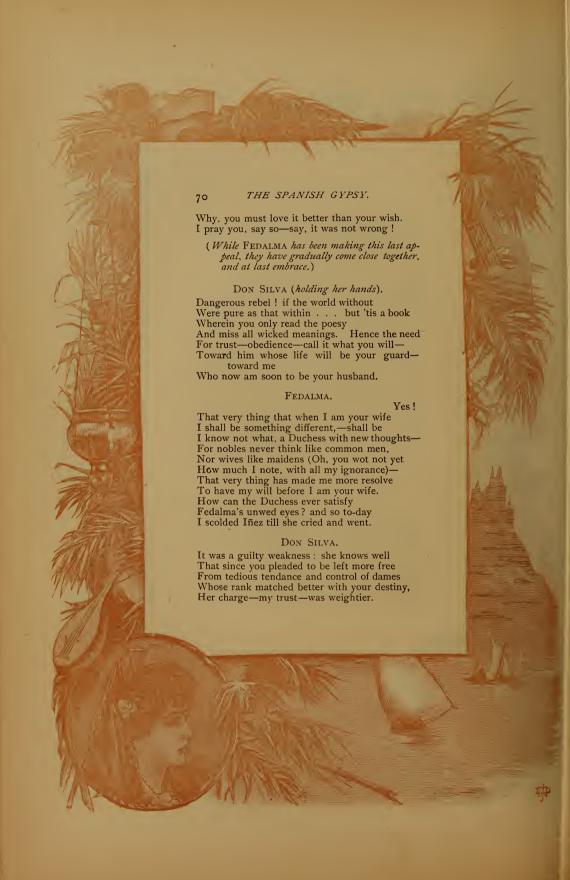


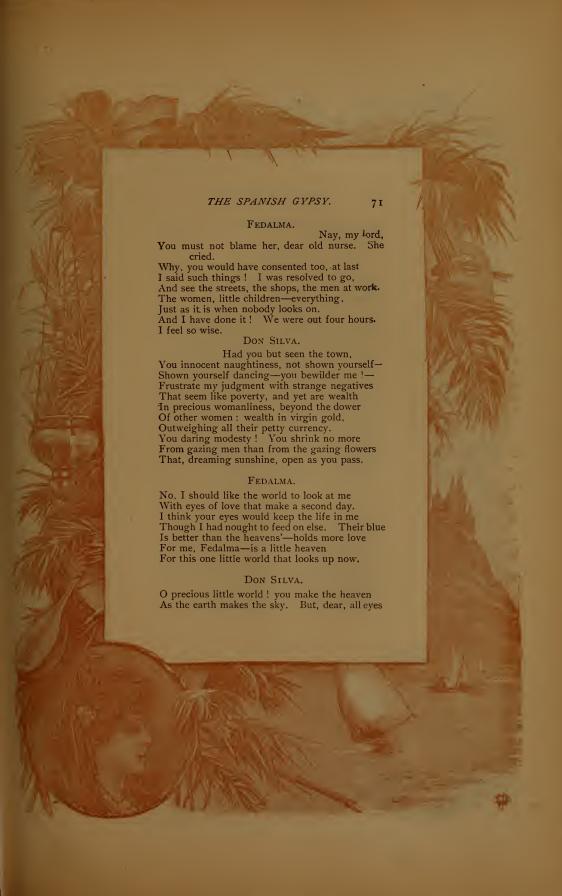


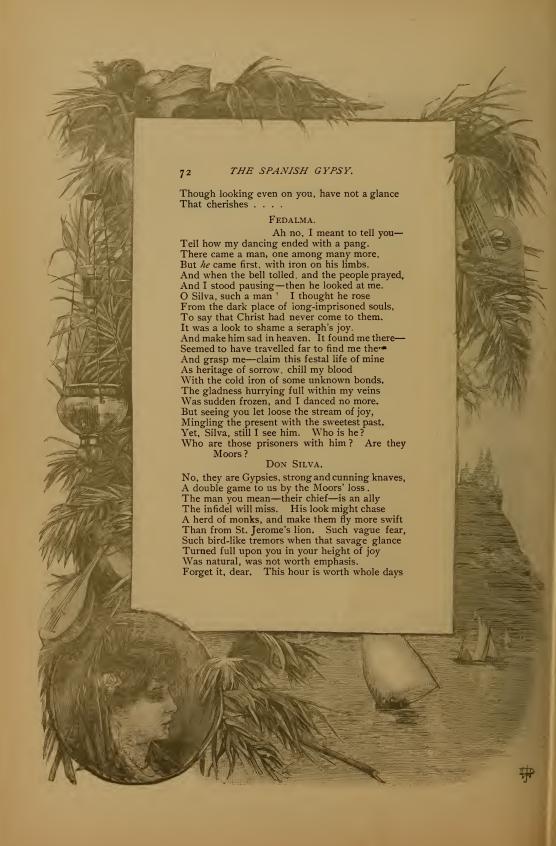


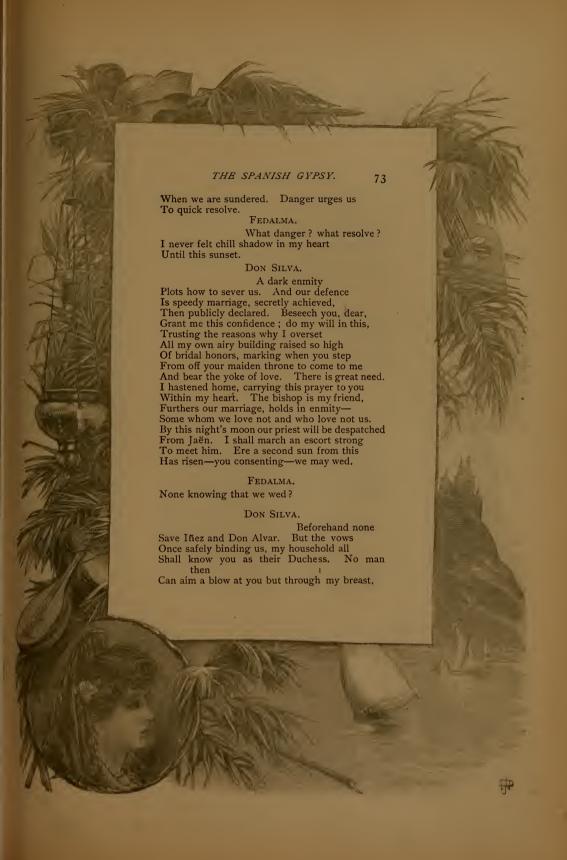


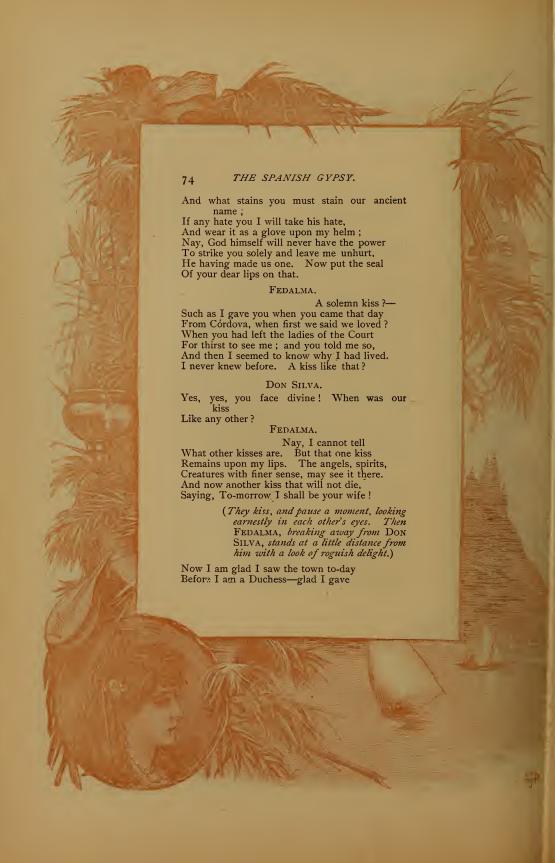


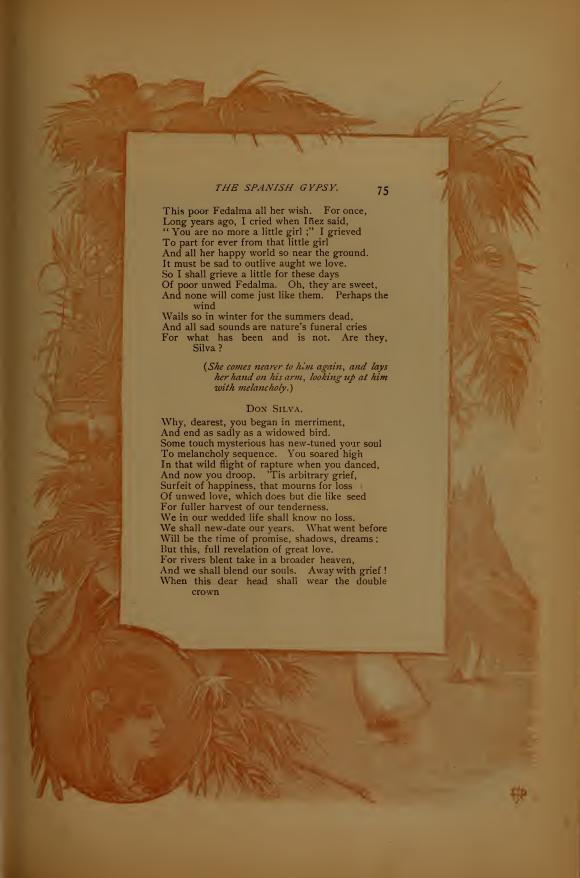


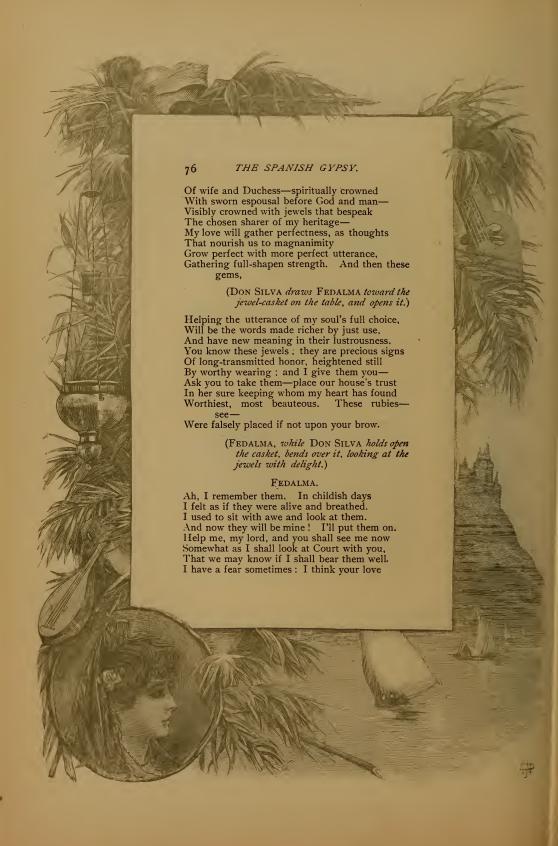












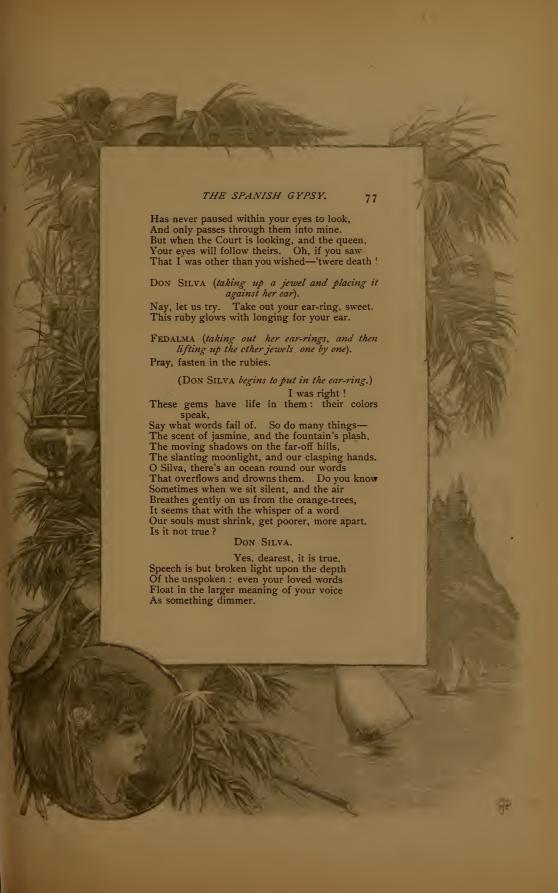


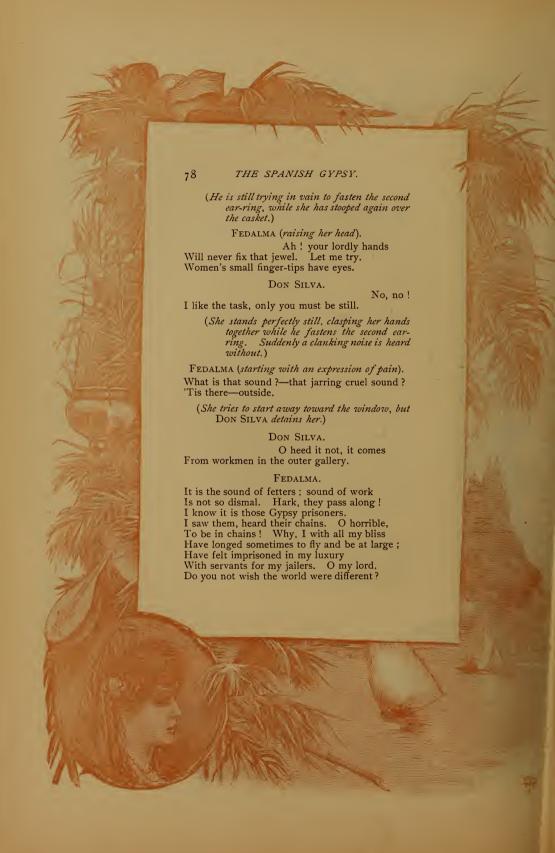
"l'll put them on,

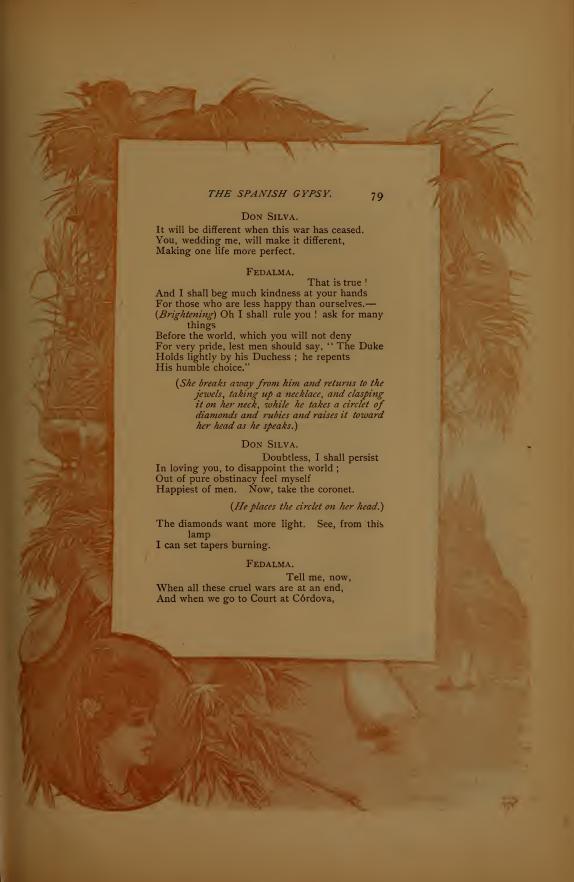
Help me, my lord, and you shall see me now

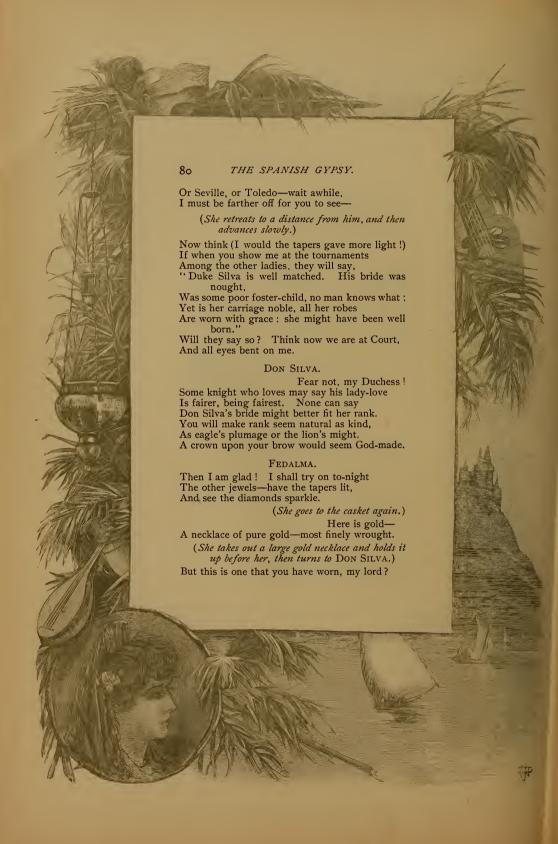
Somewhat as I shall look at Court with you."—Page 76.

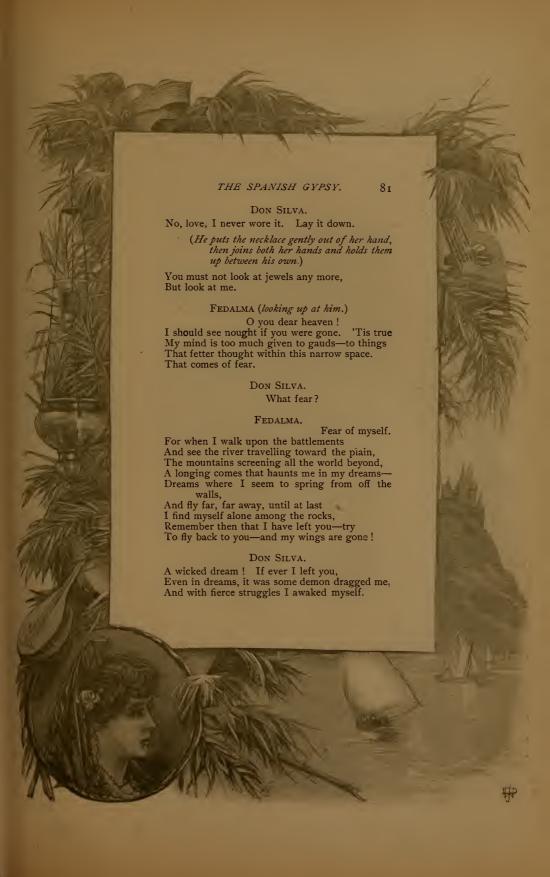


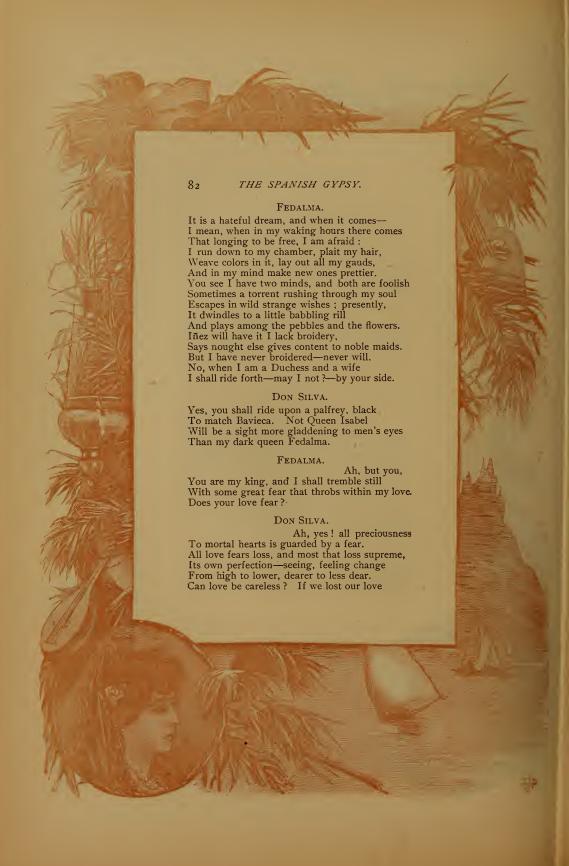


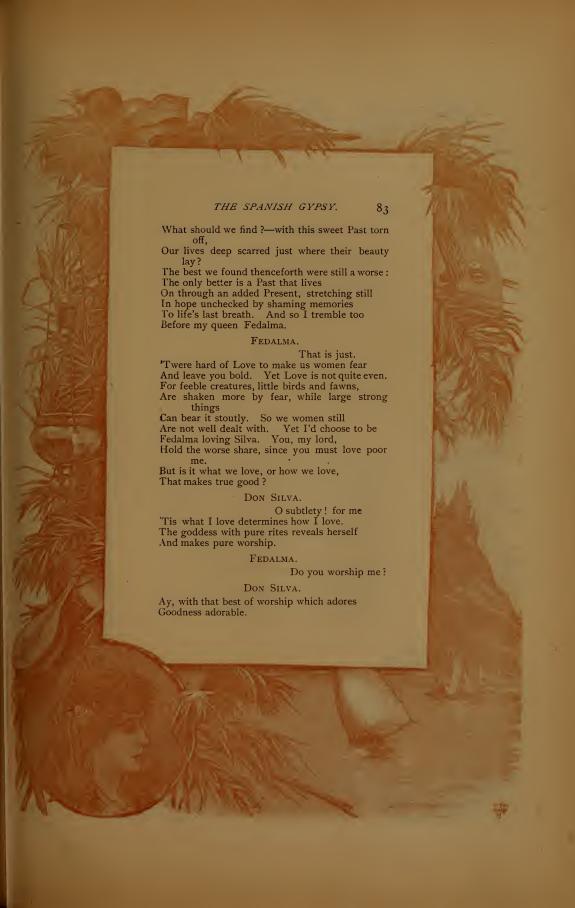


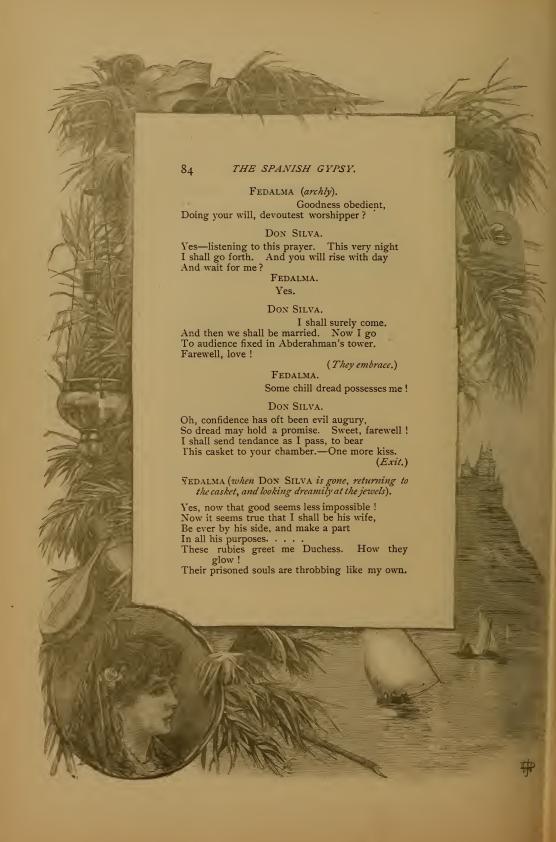


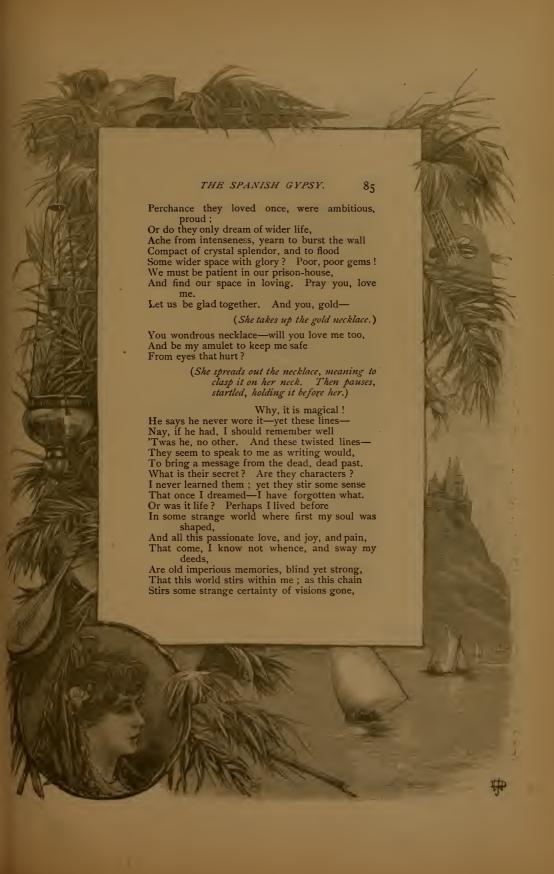


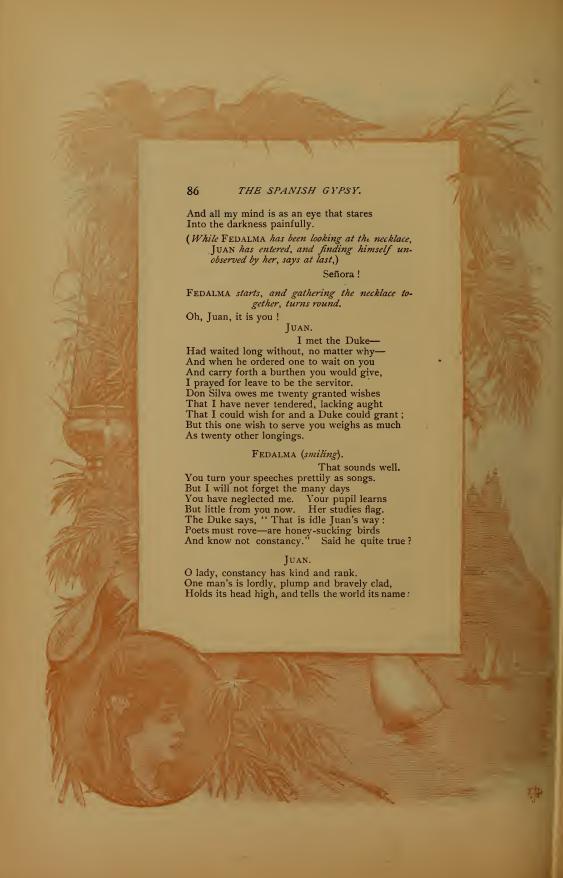


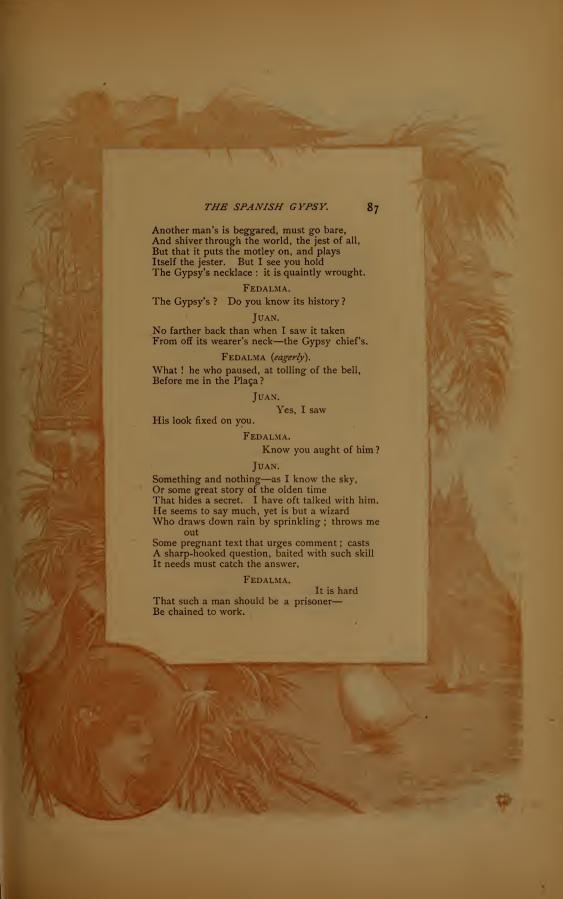


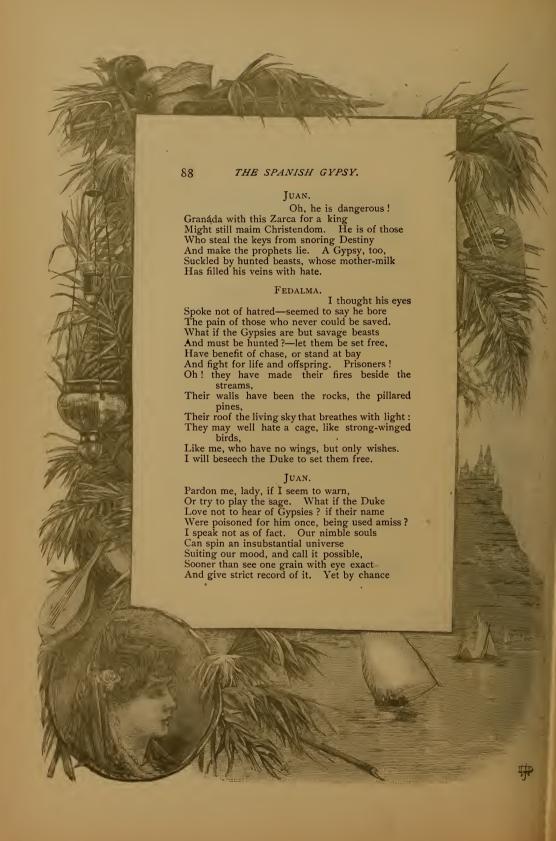


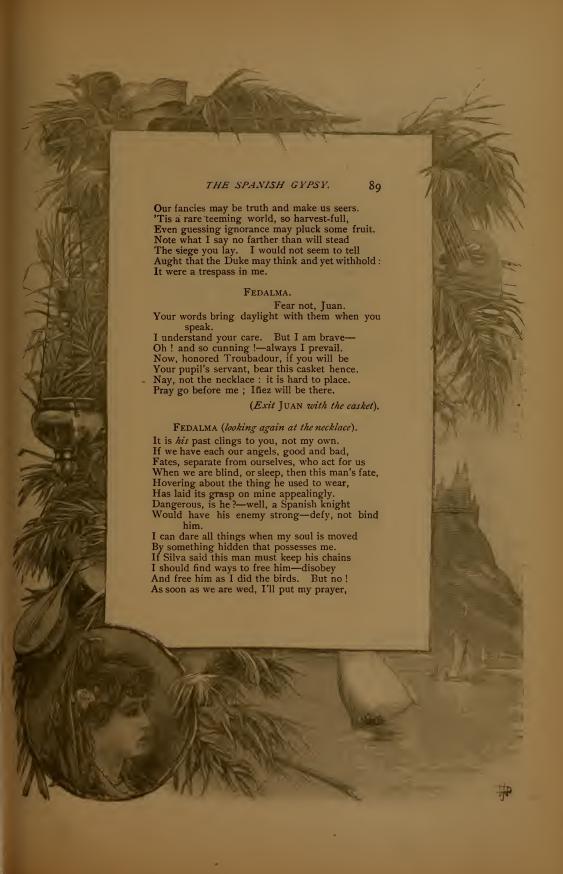


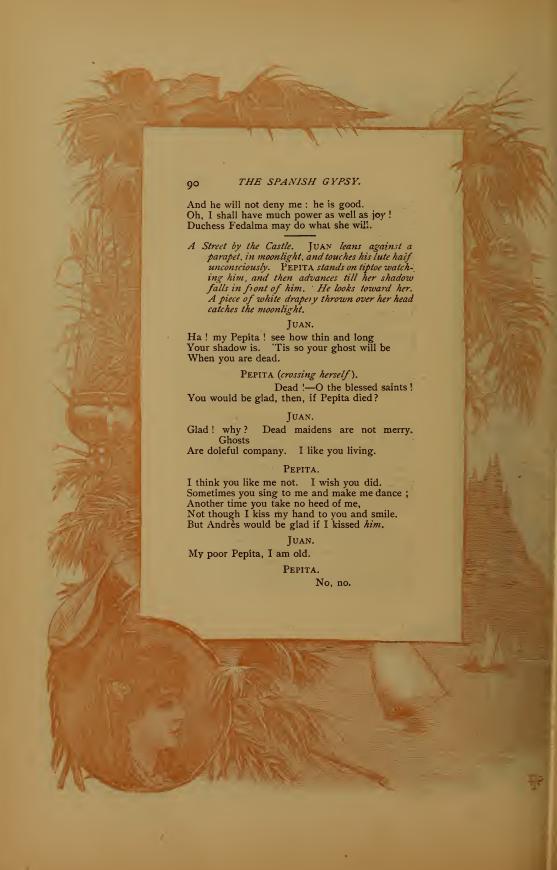


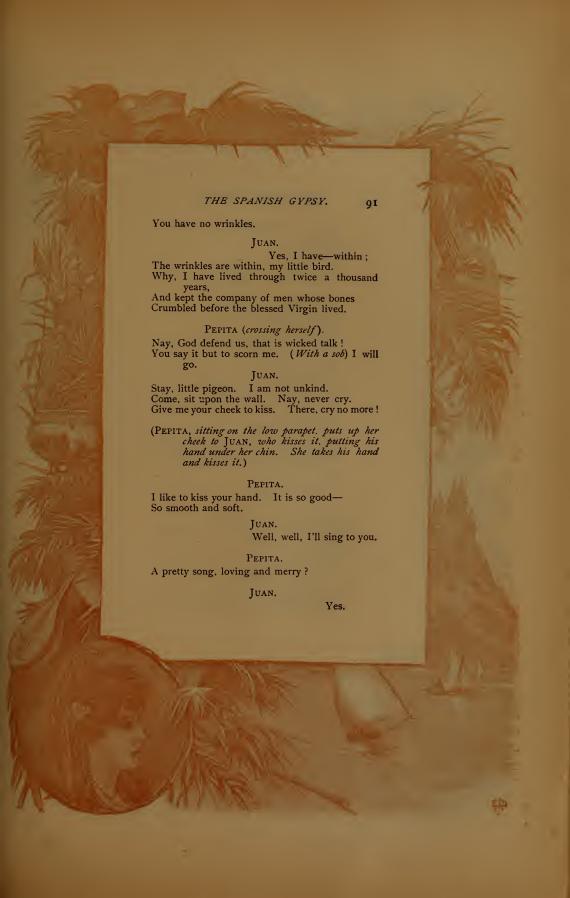


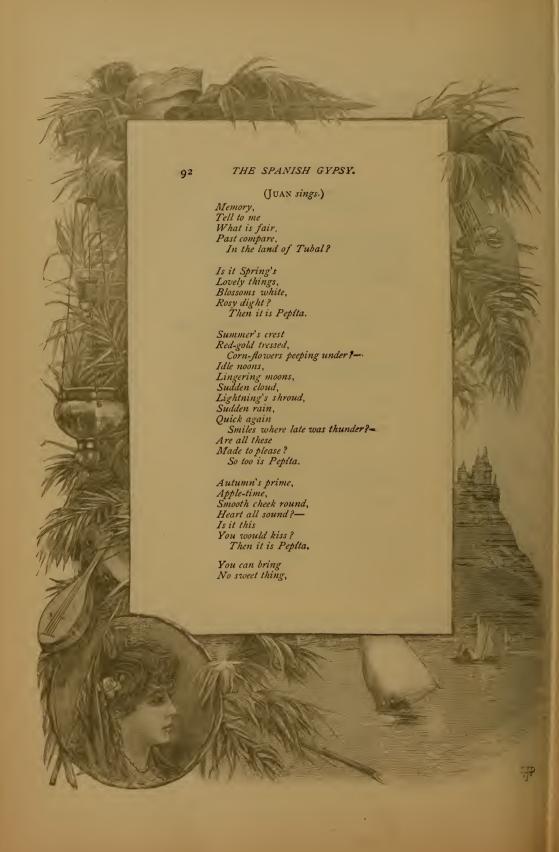


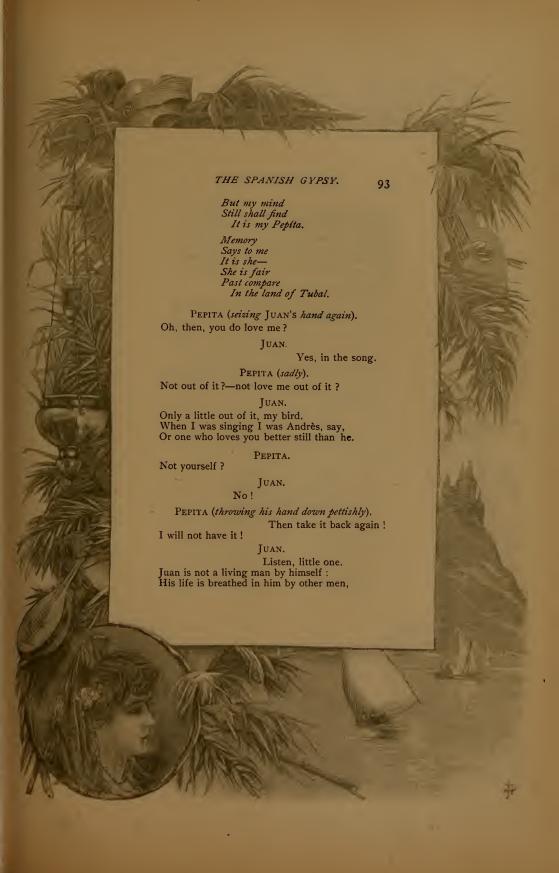


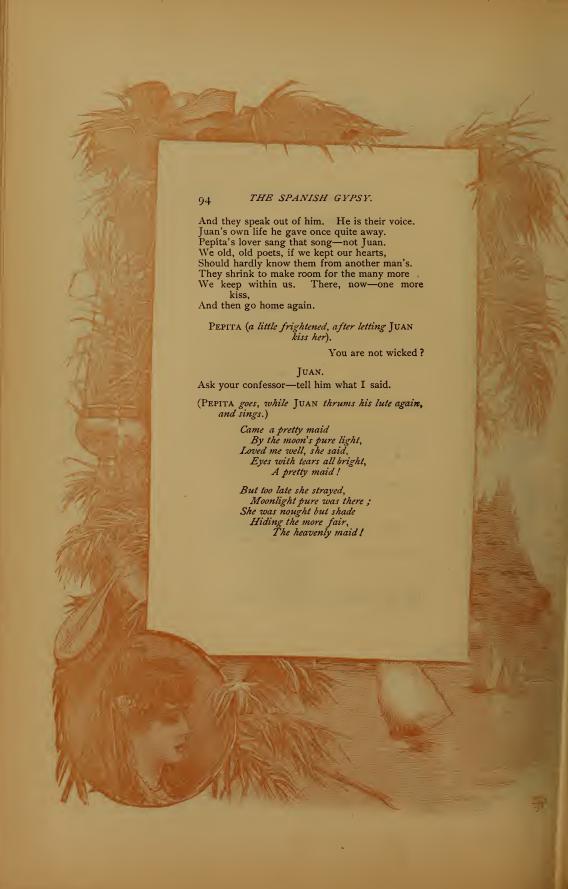


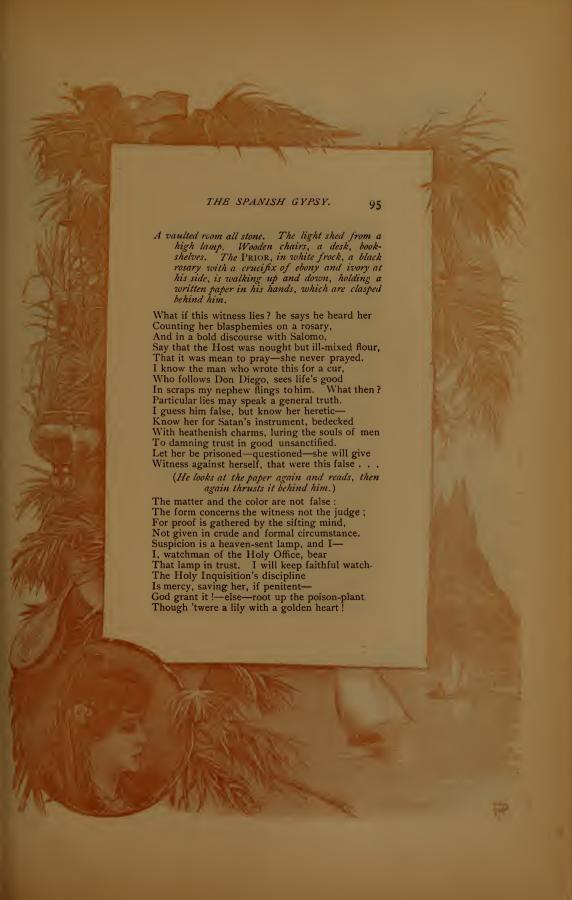


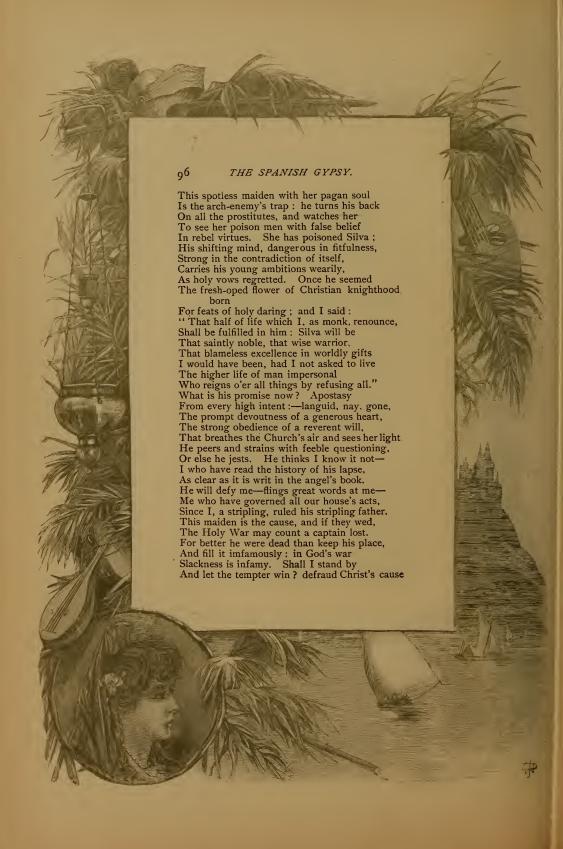


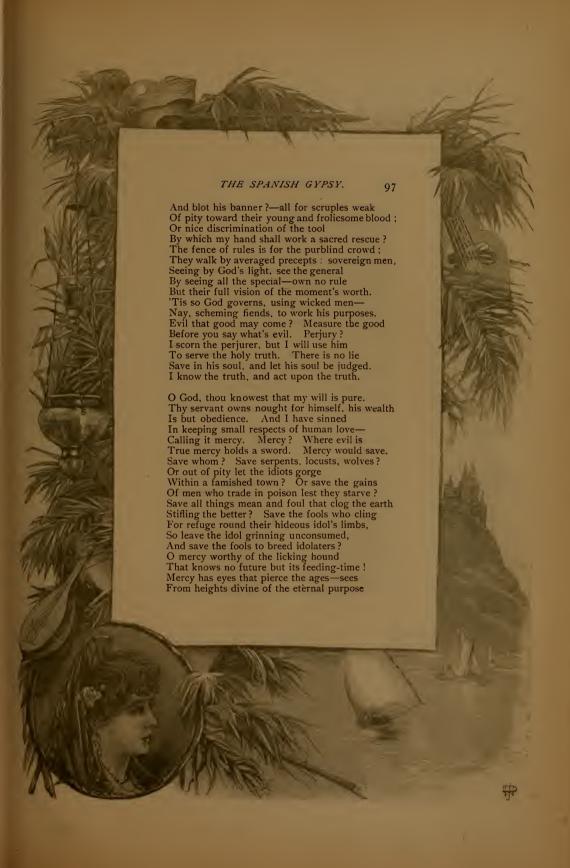


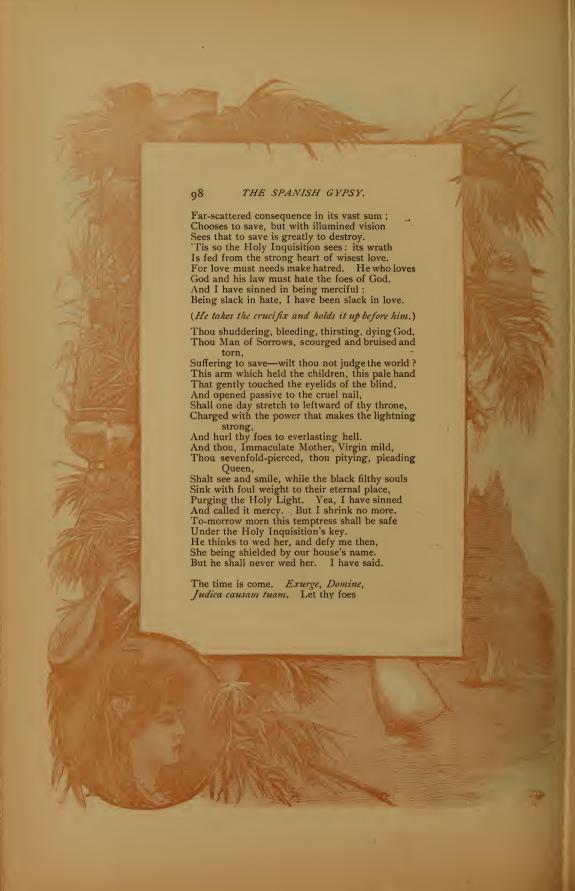


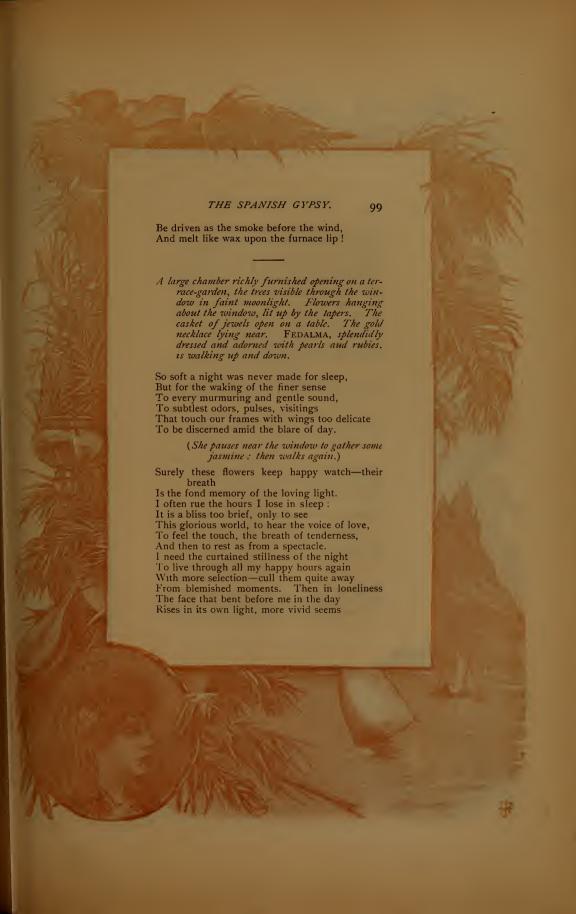


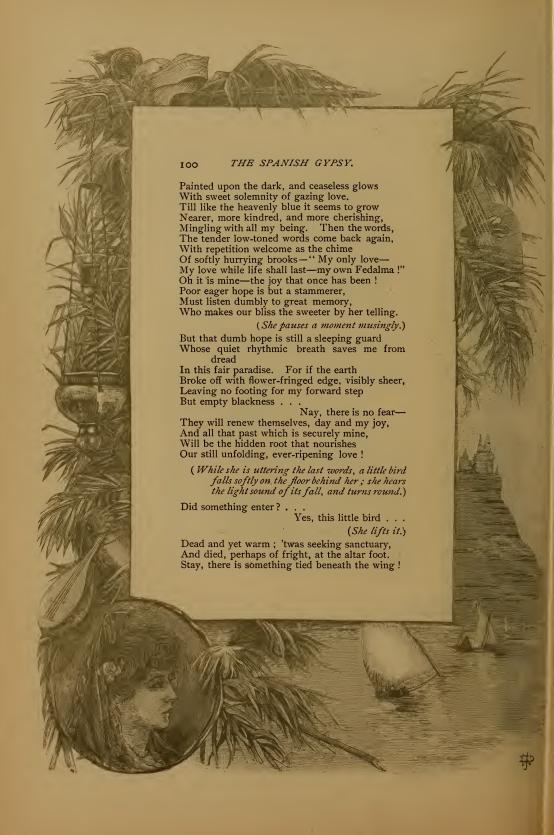


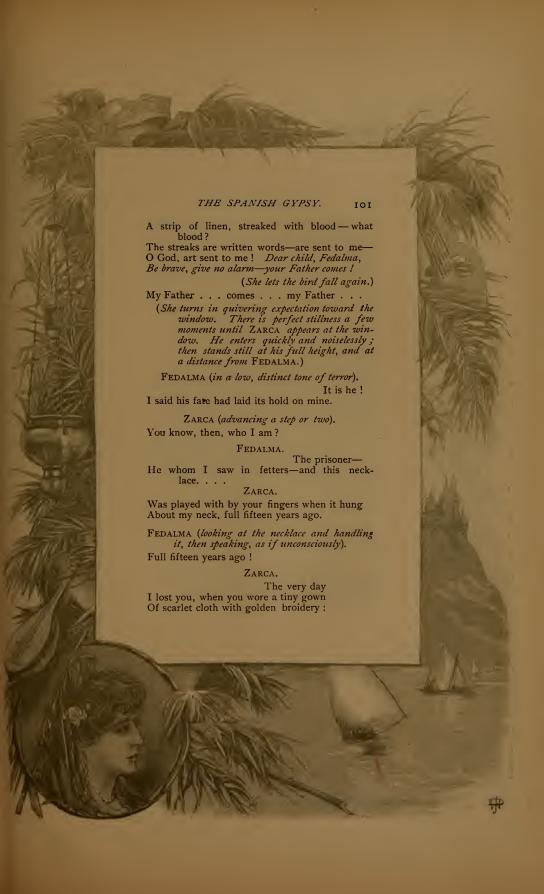


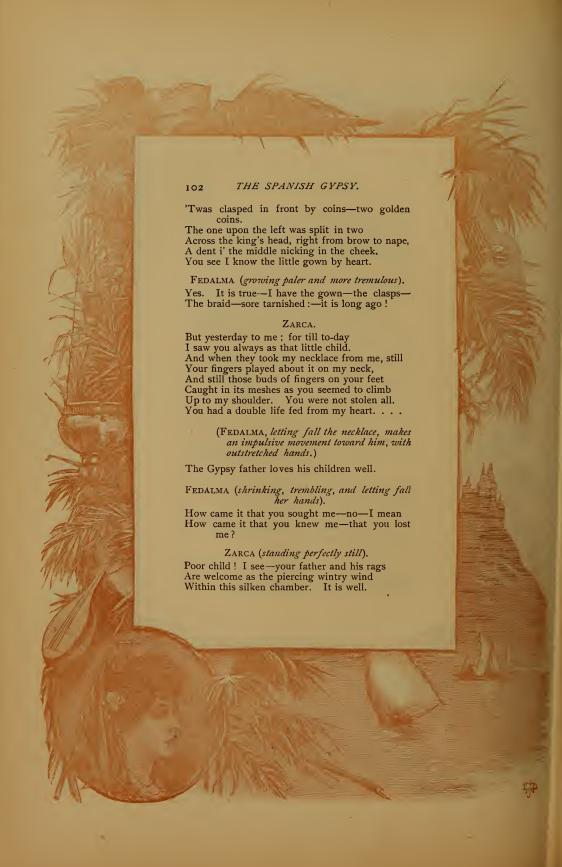


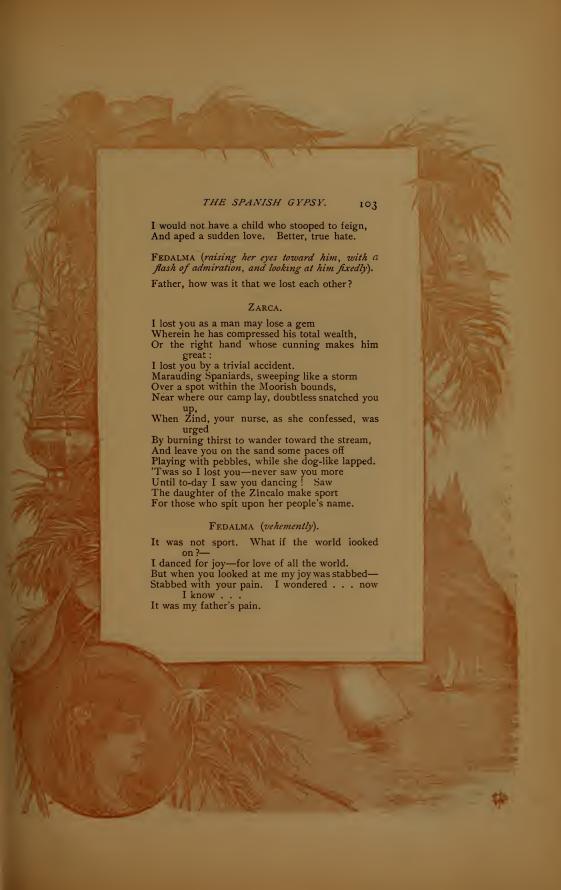


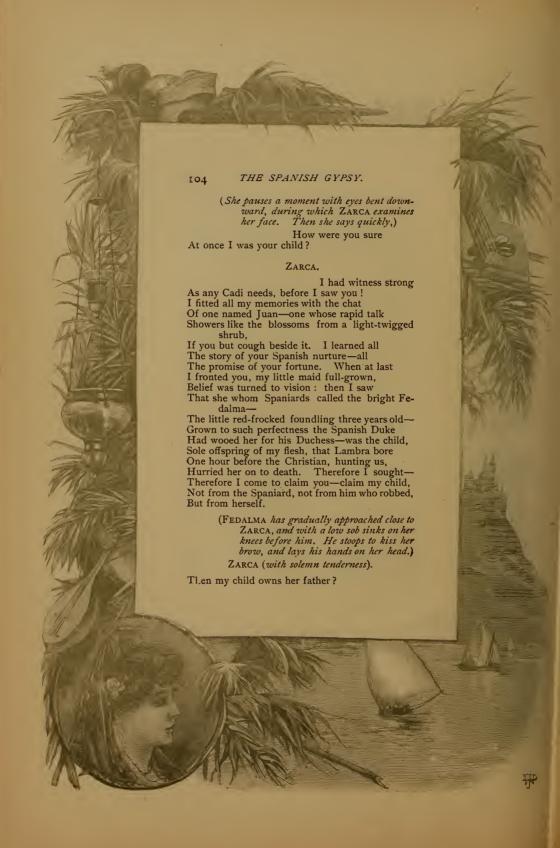


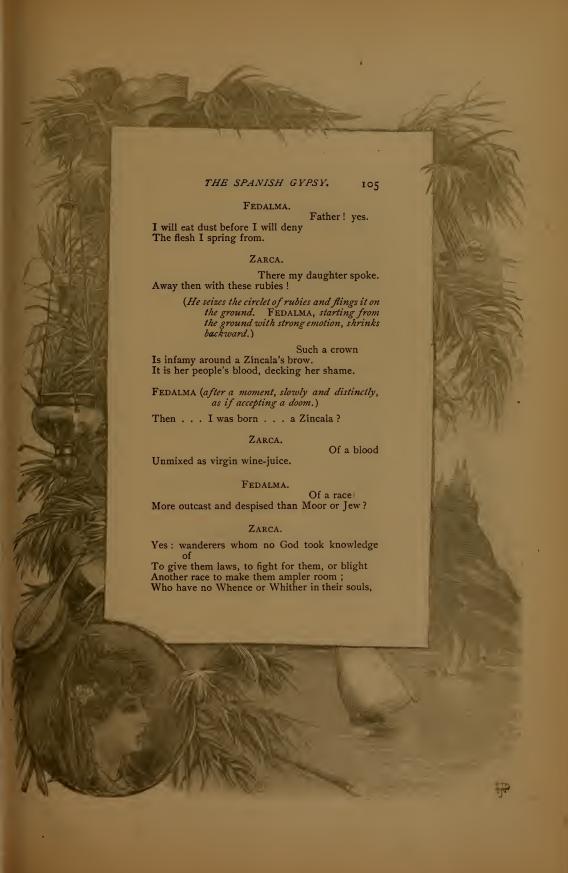


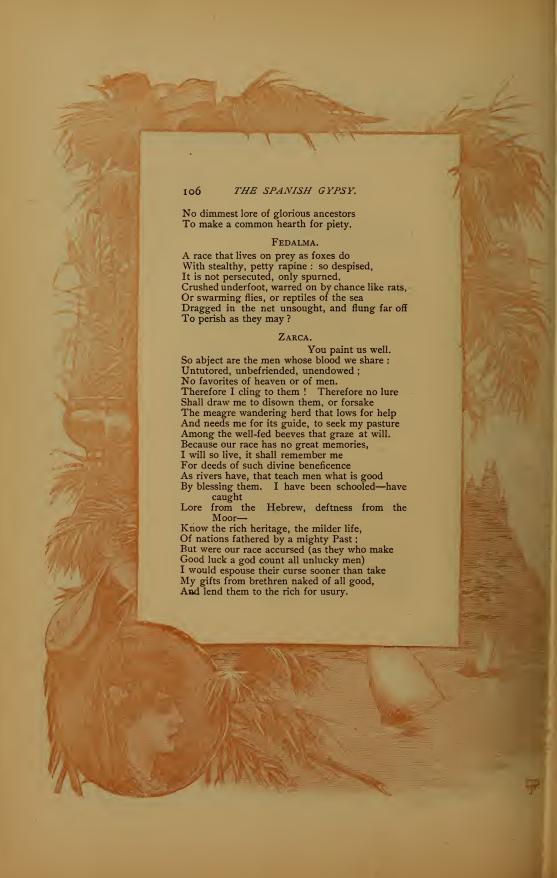


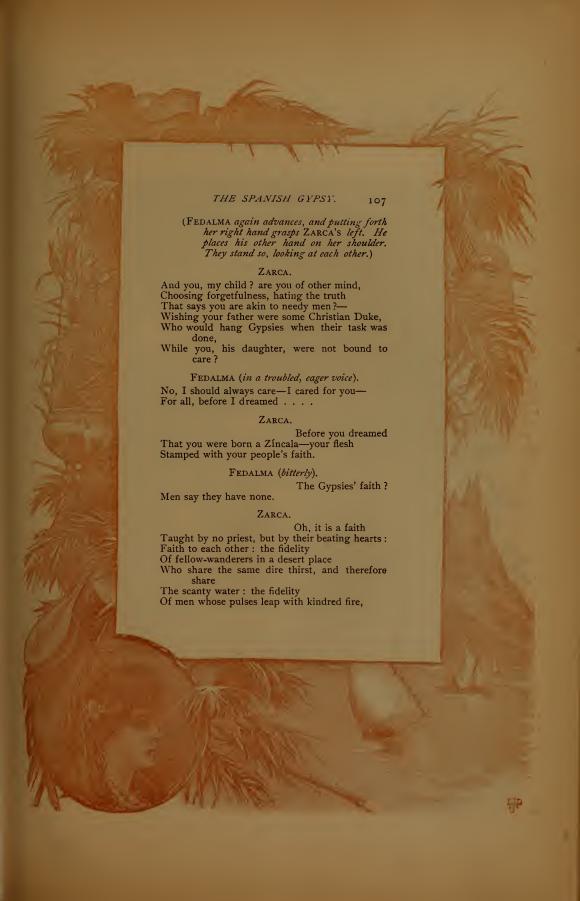


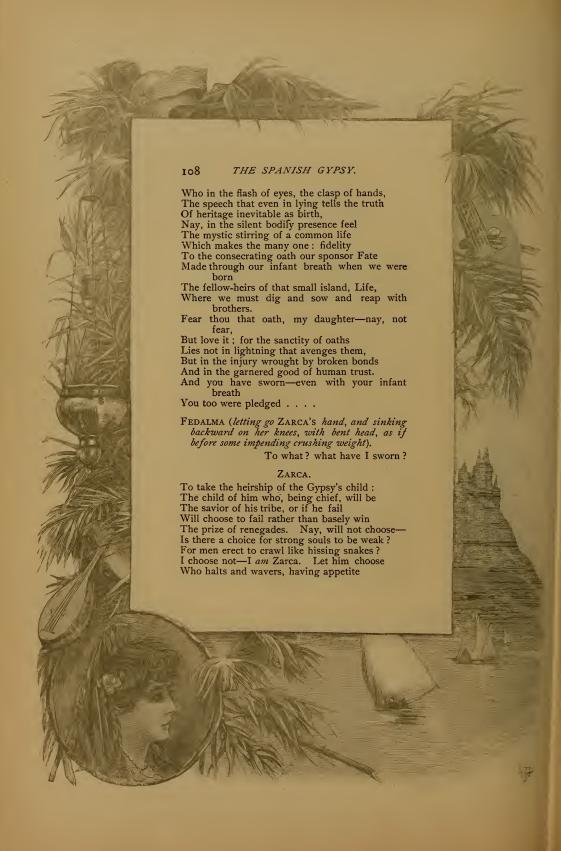








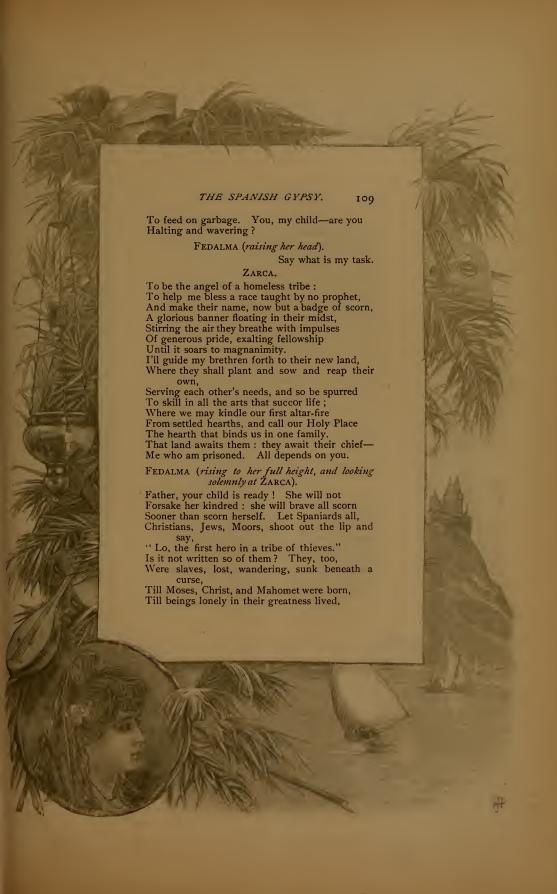


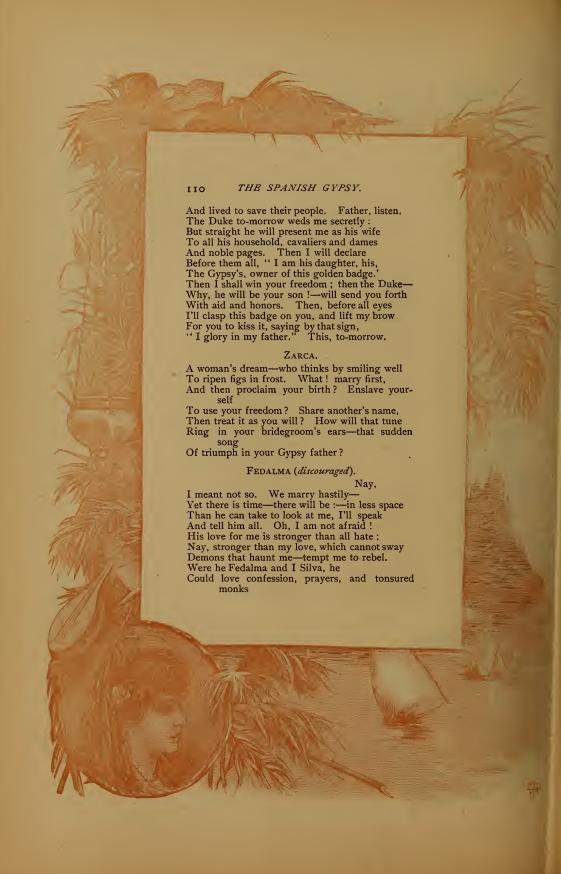


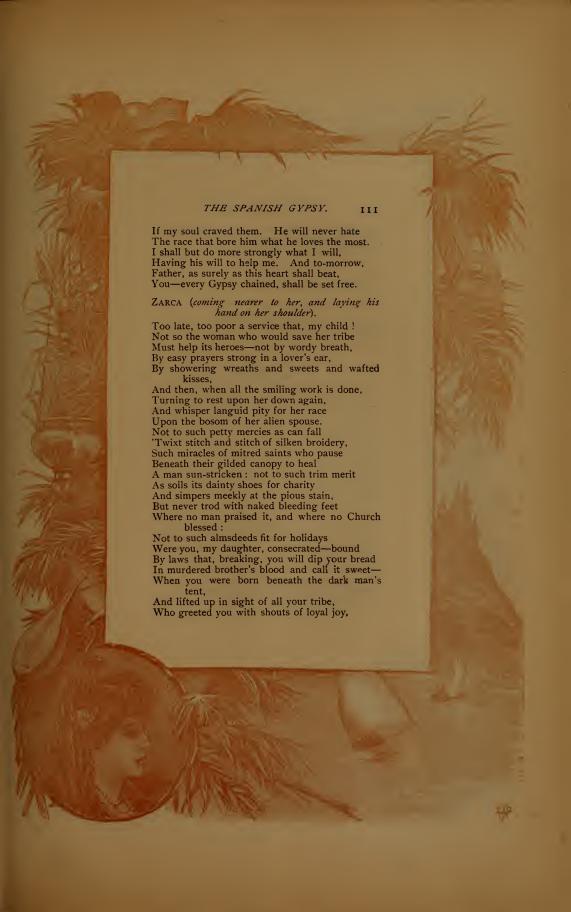


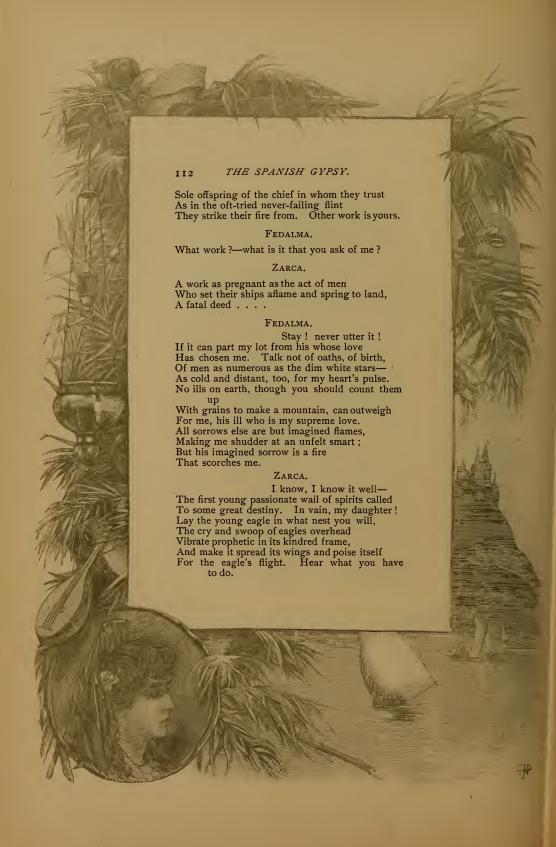
"You, my child—are you Halting and wavering?"—Page 109.

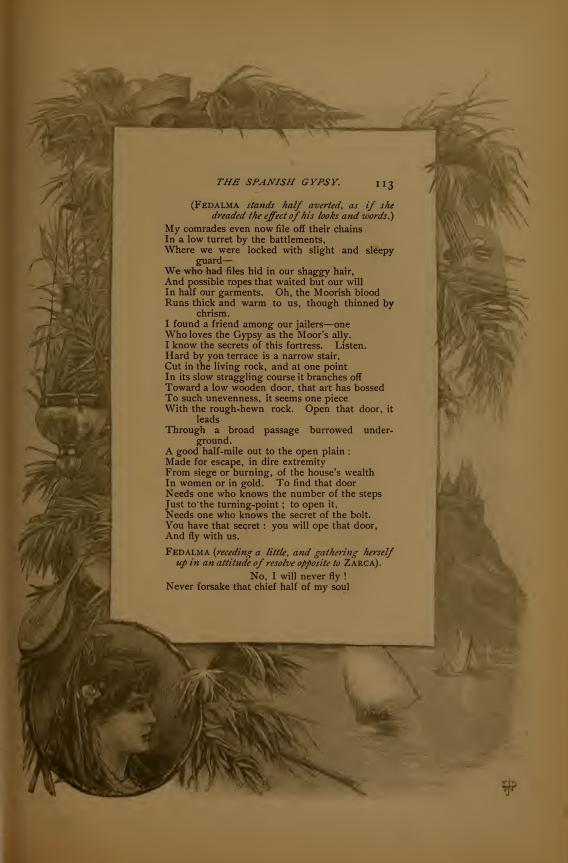


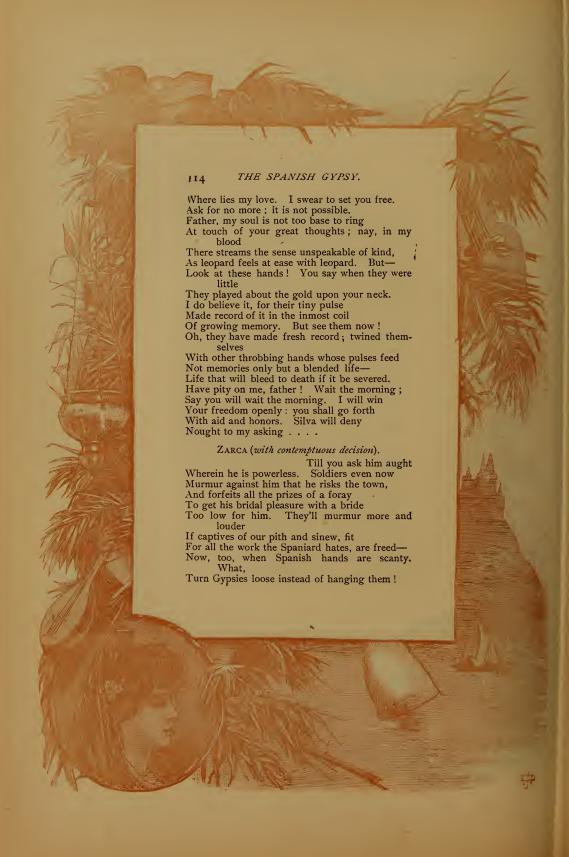


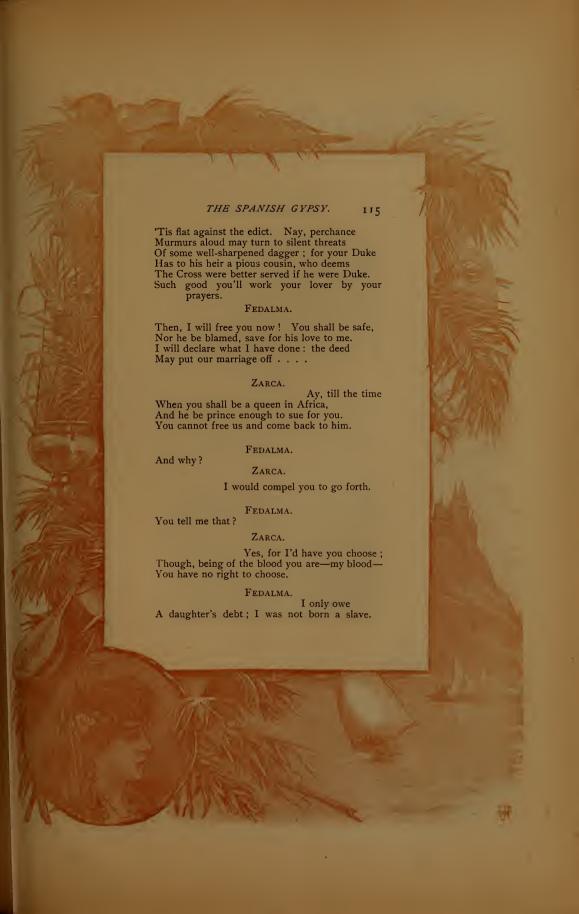


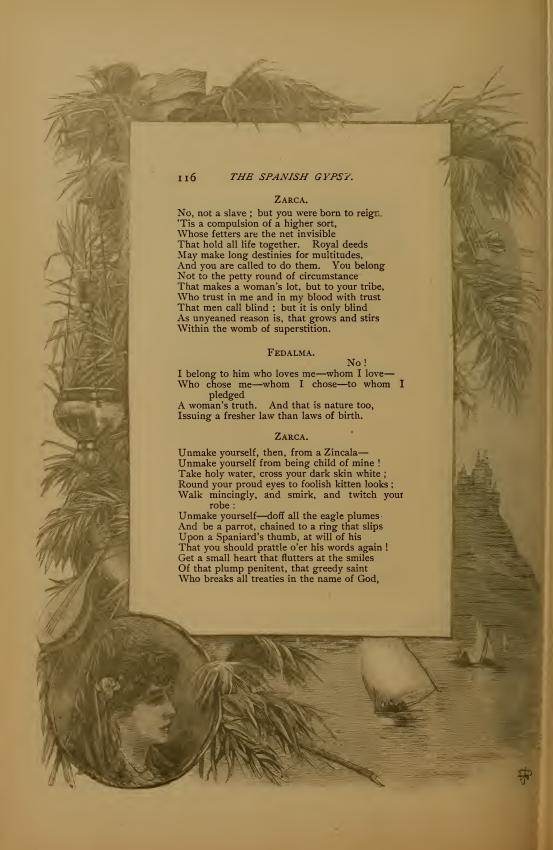


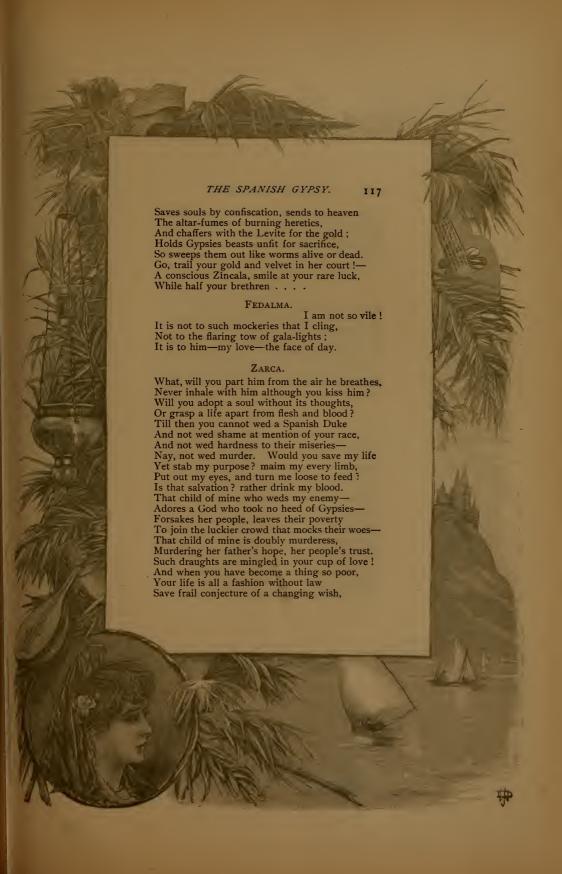


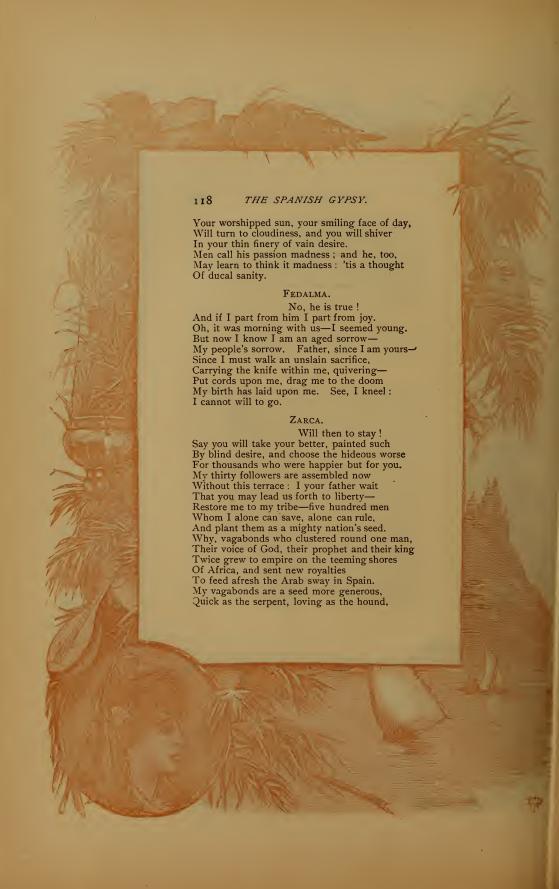


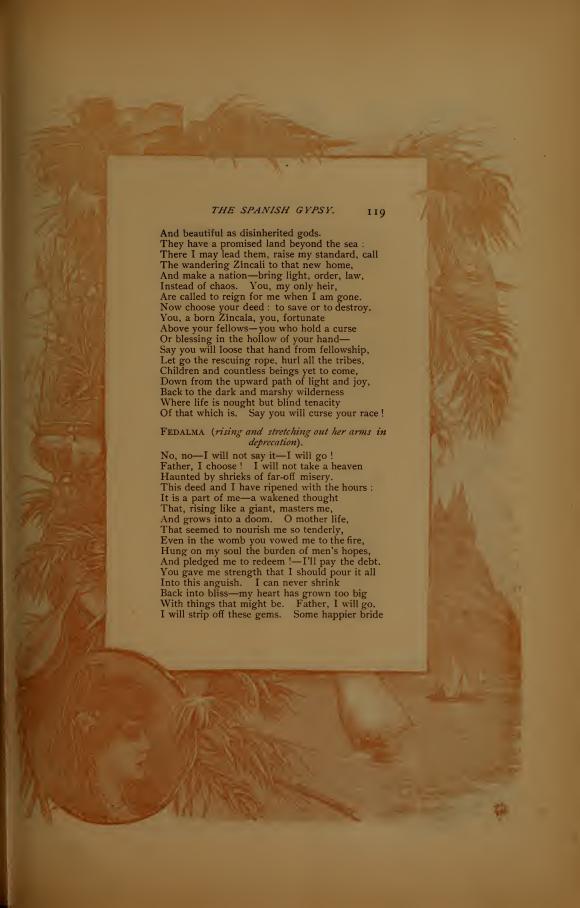


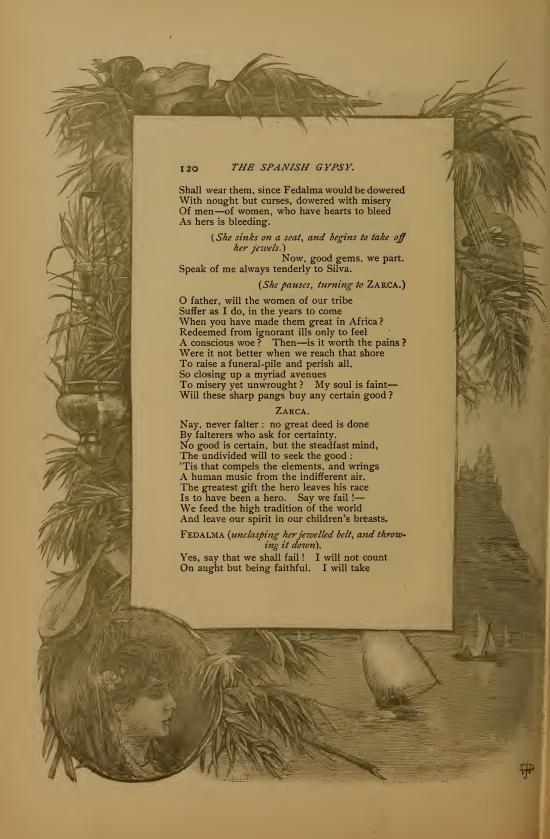


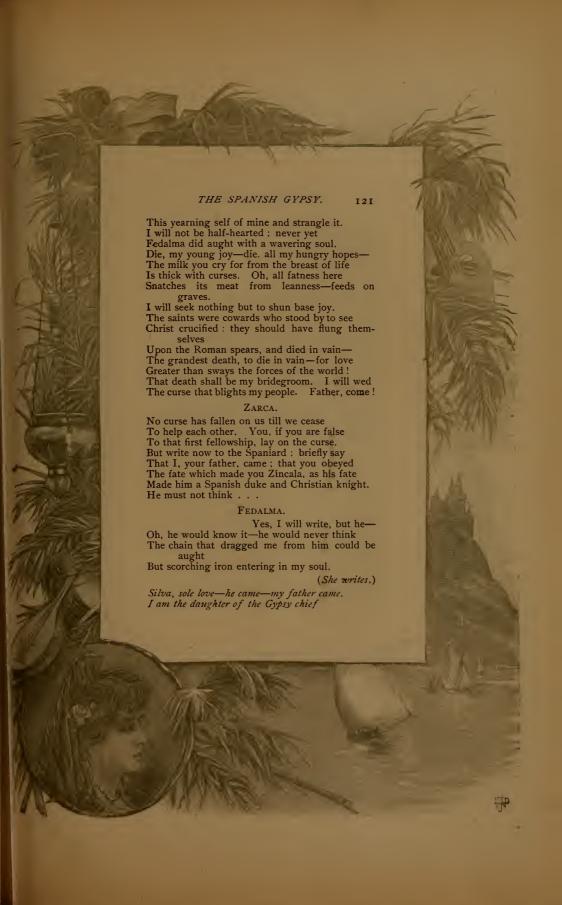


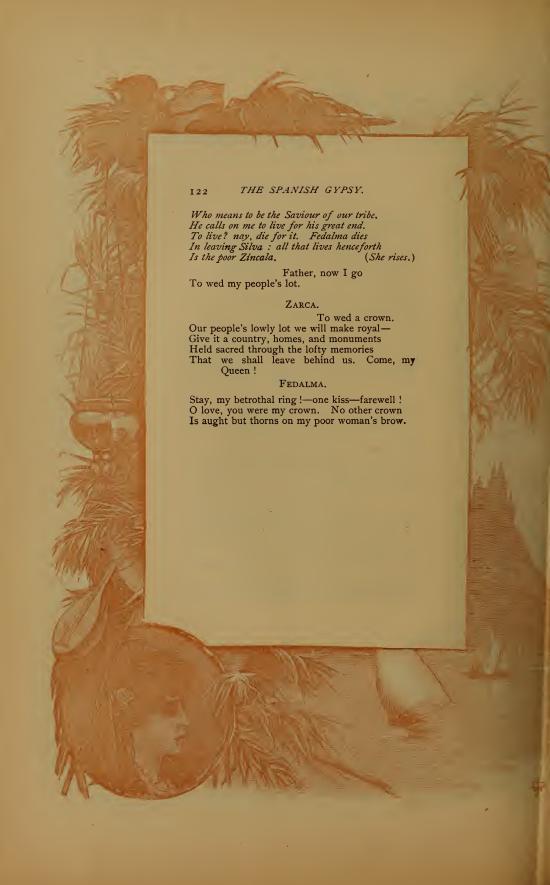


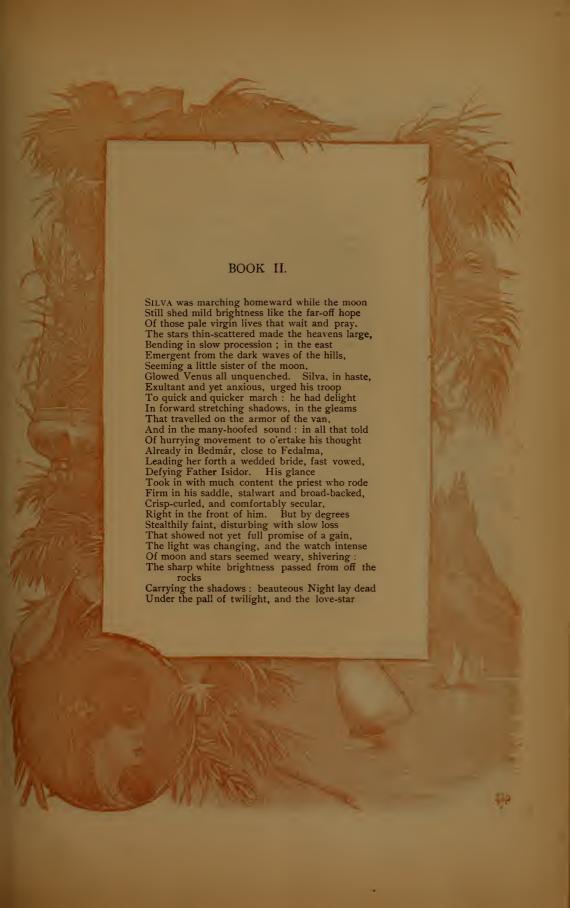


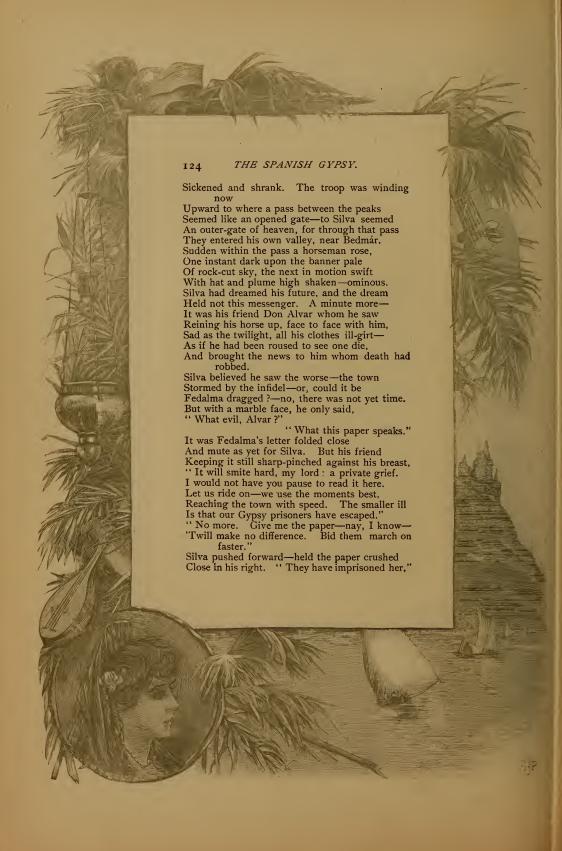


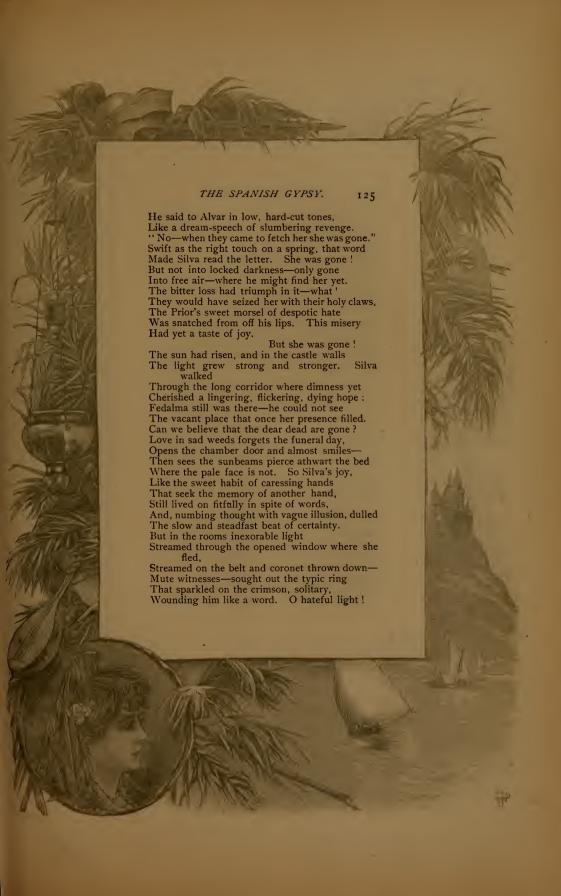


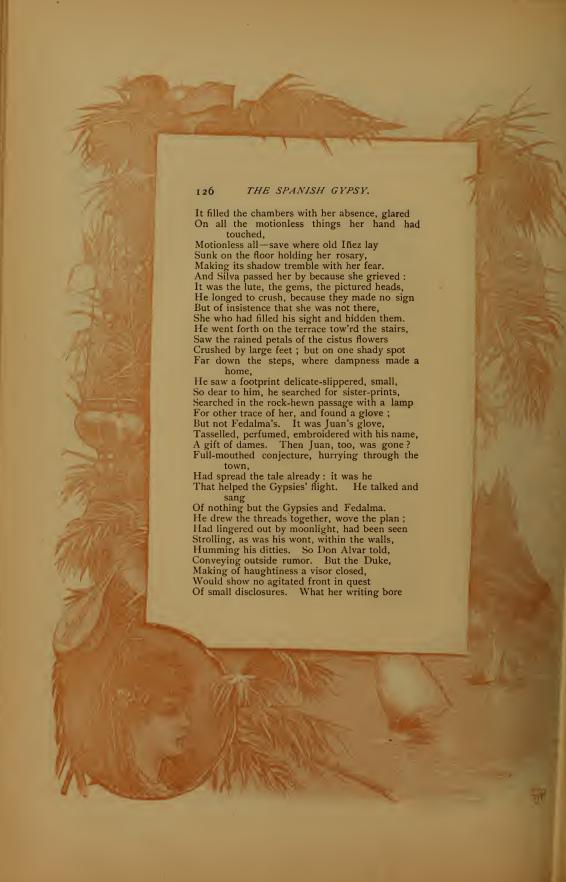


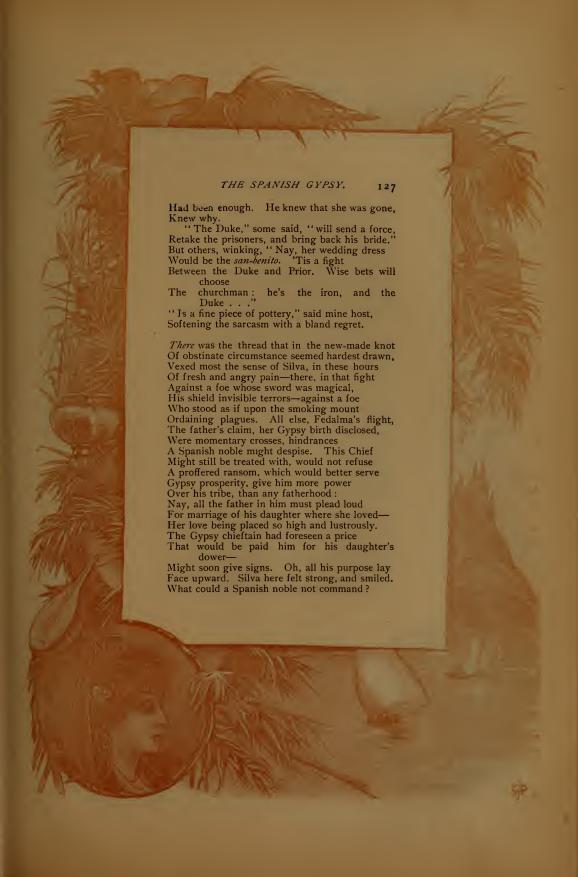


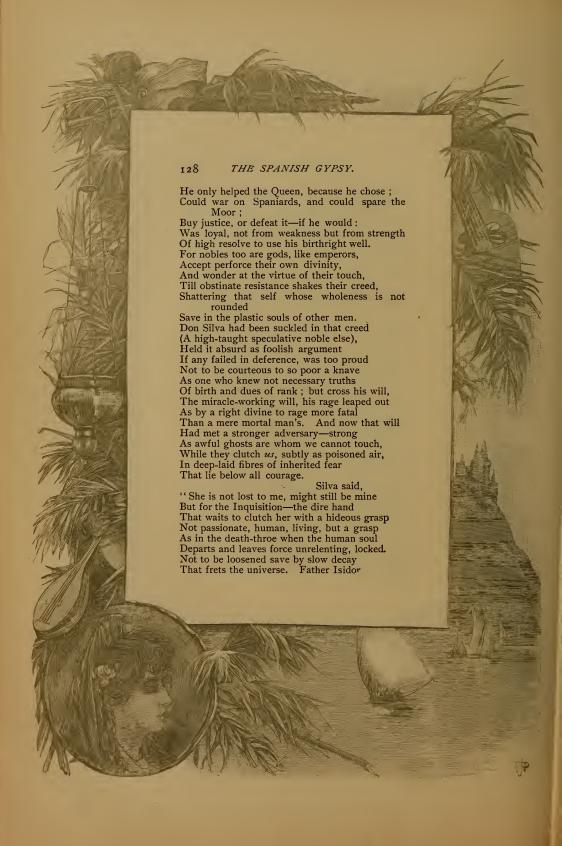


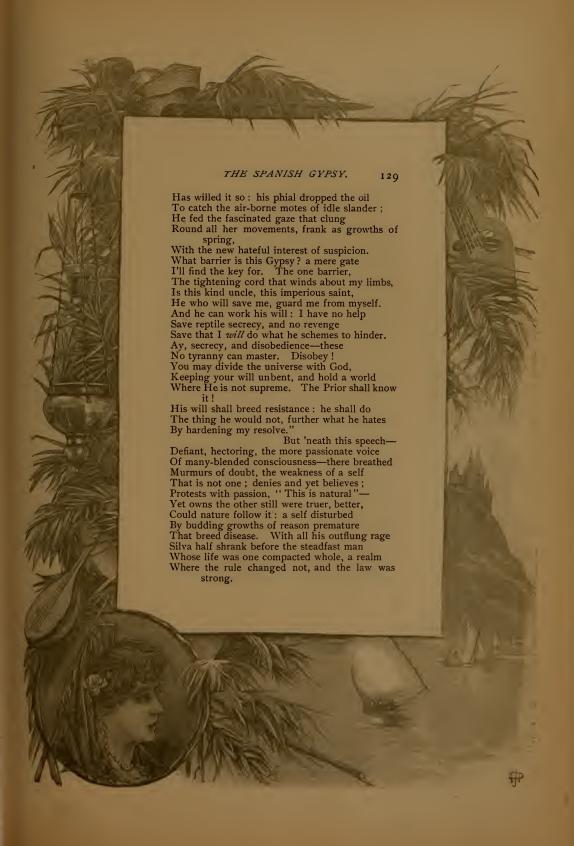


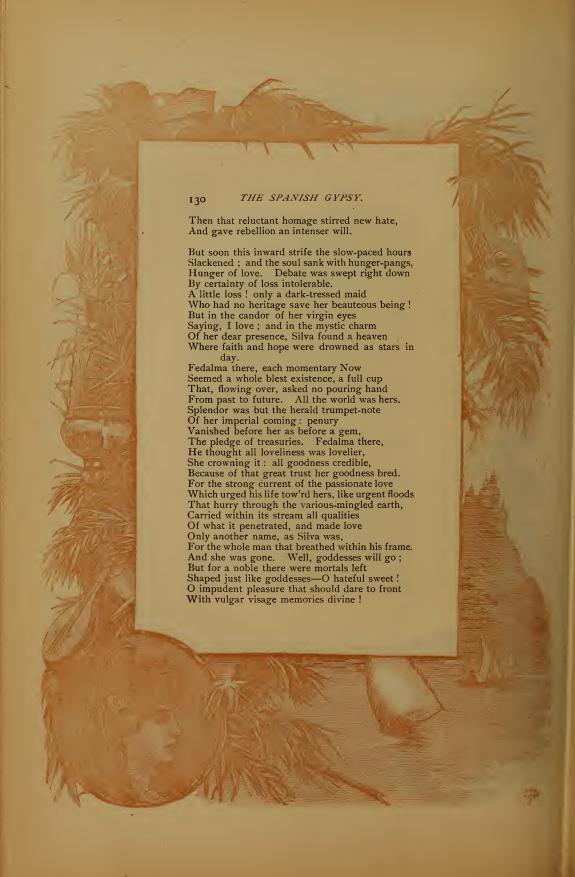


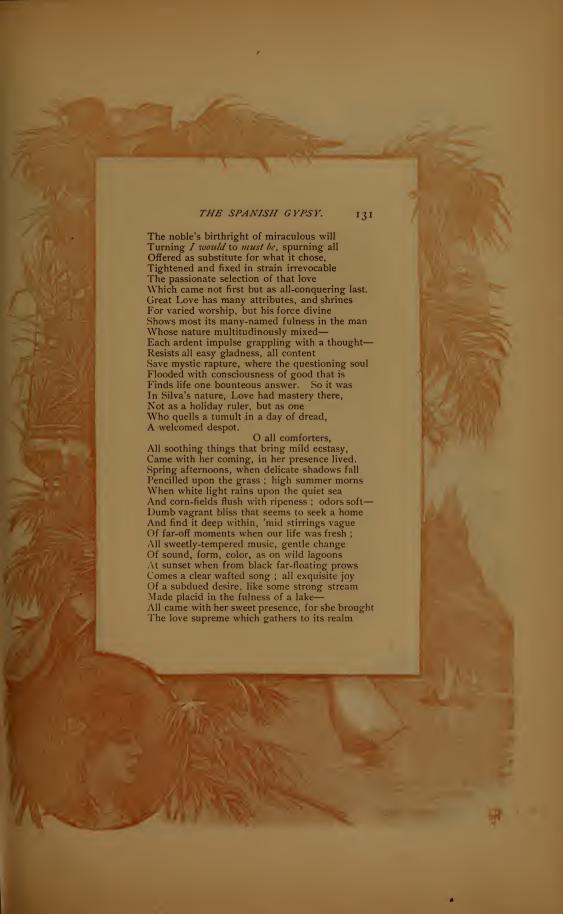


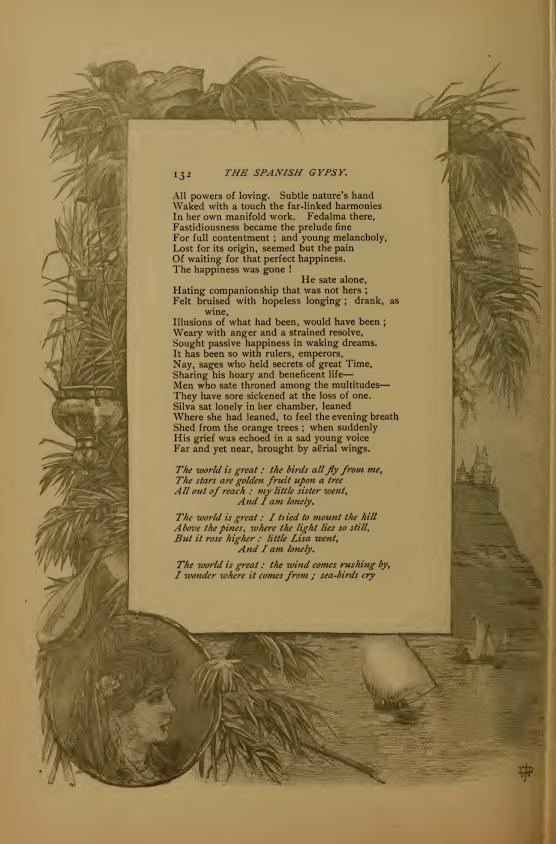


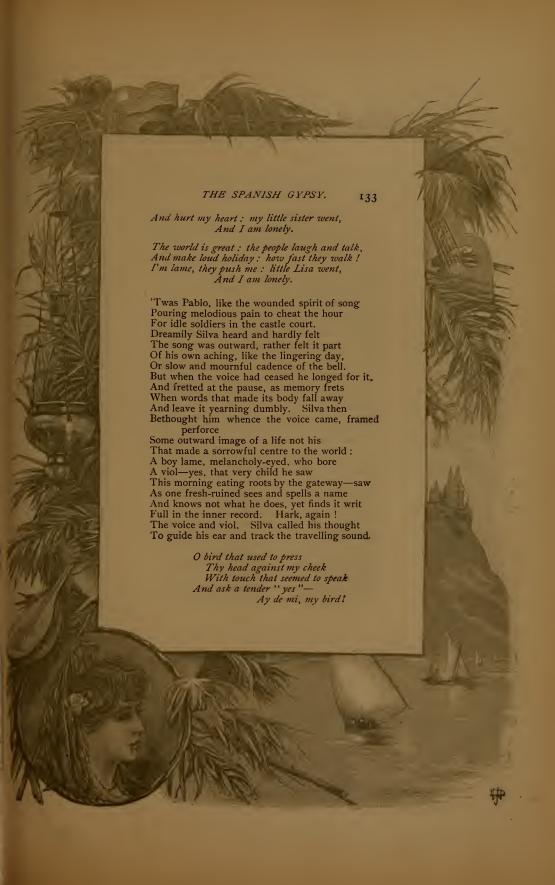


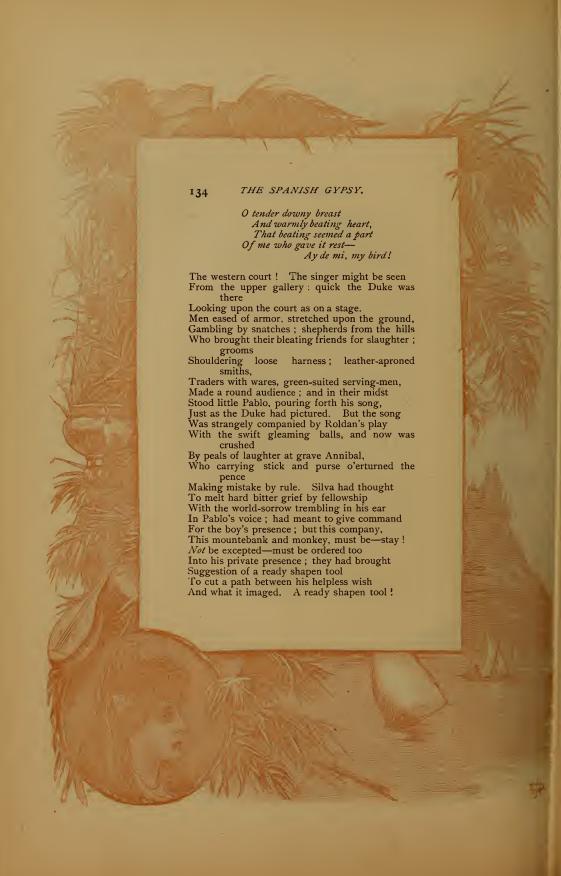


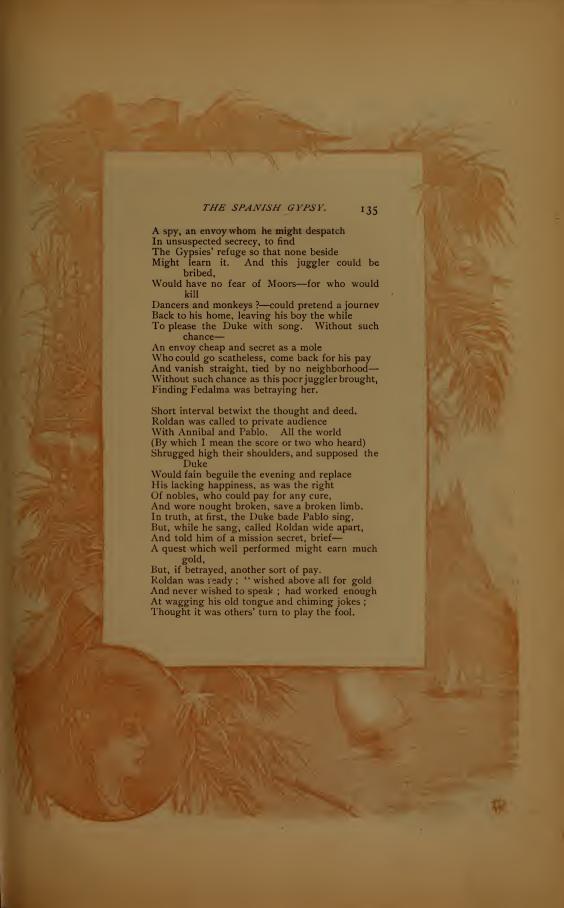


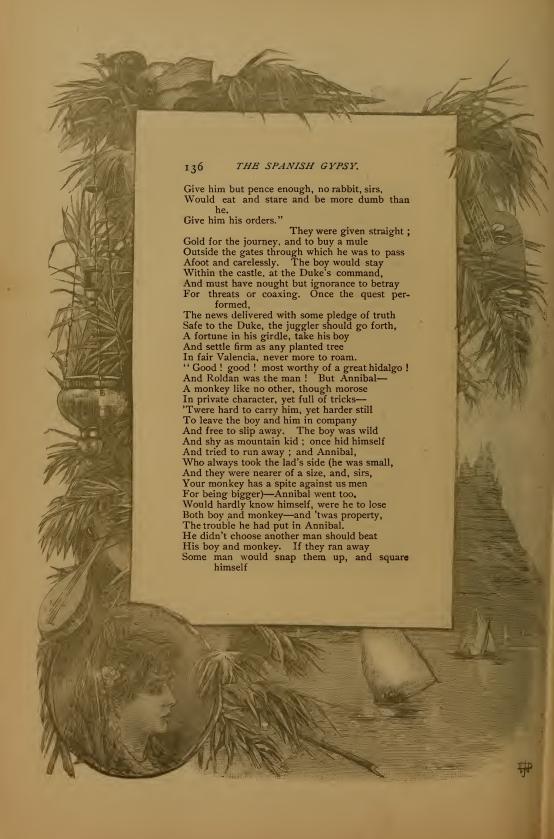








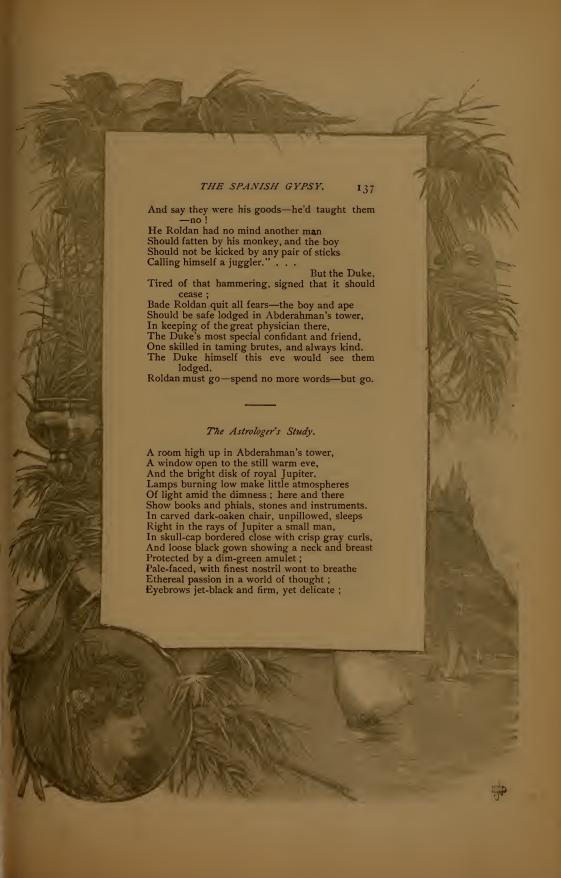


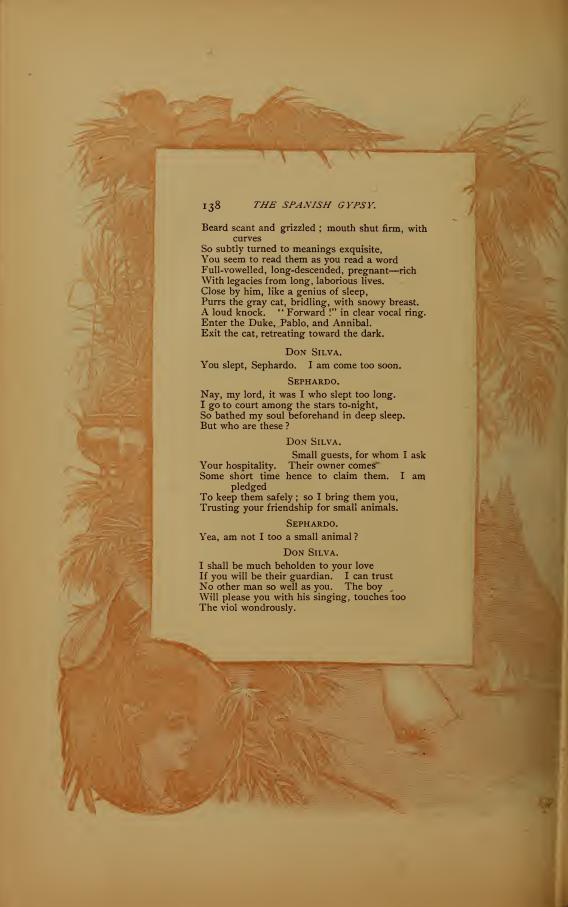


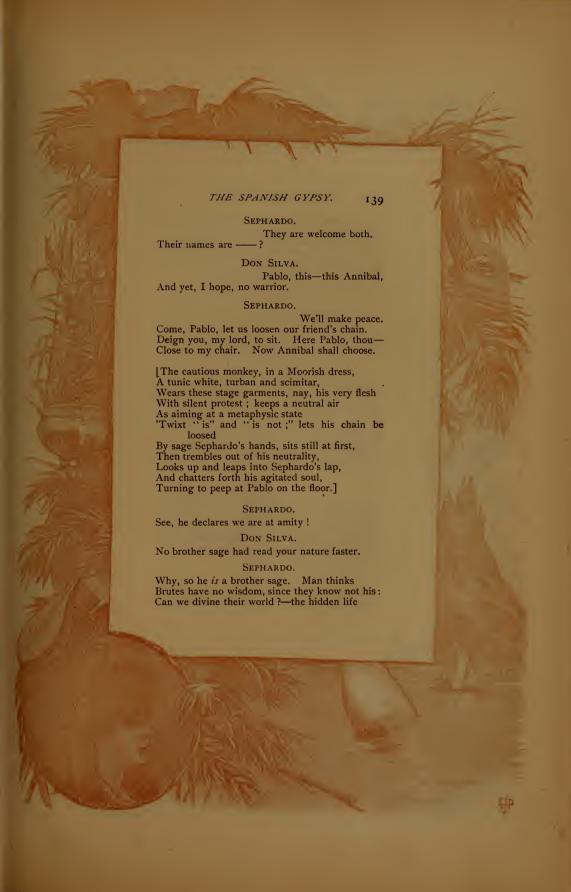


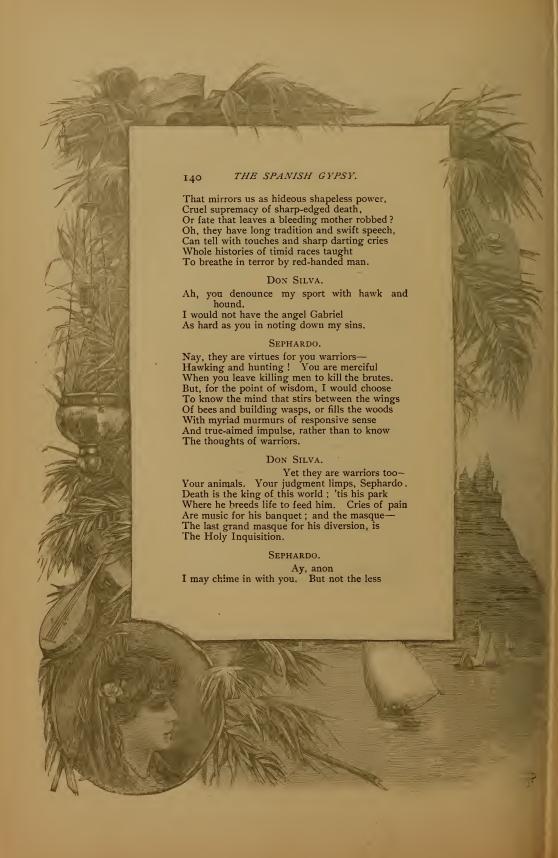
"Lamps burning low make little atmospheres
Of light amid the dimness." - Page 137.

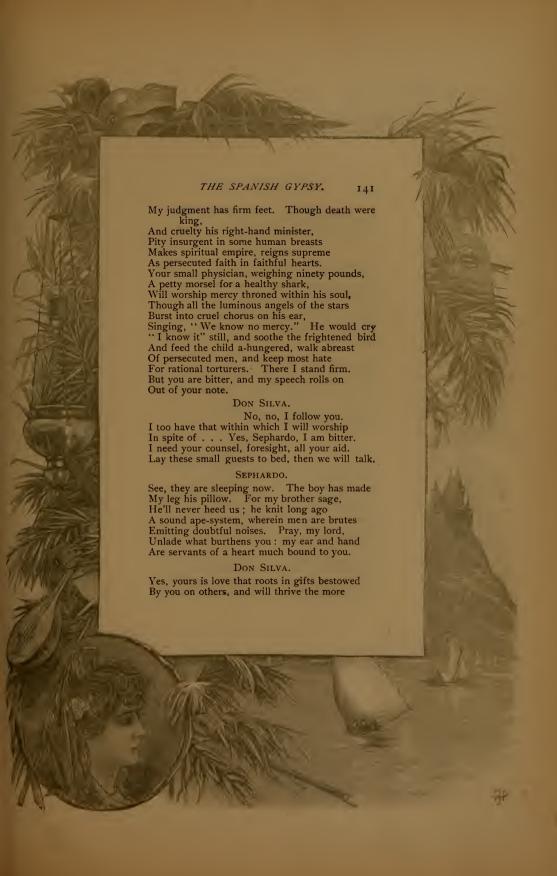


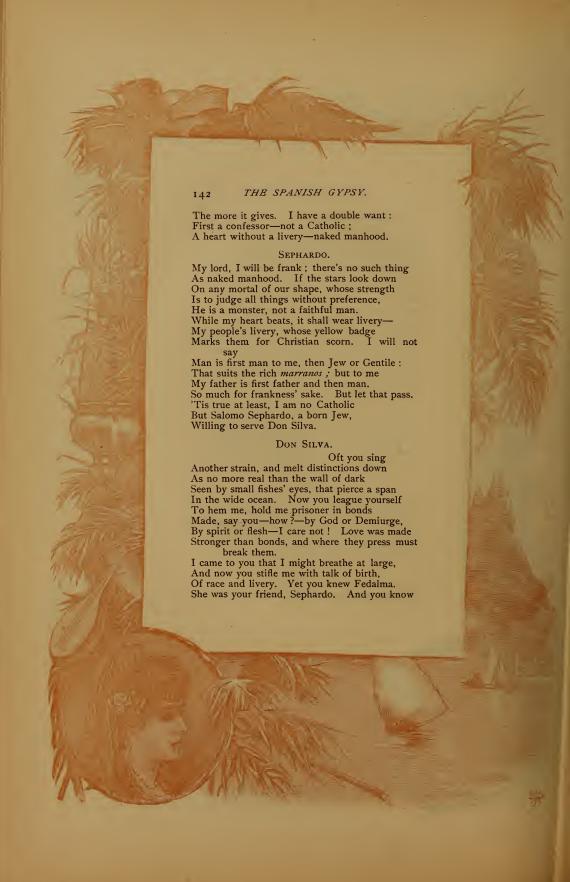


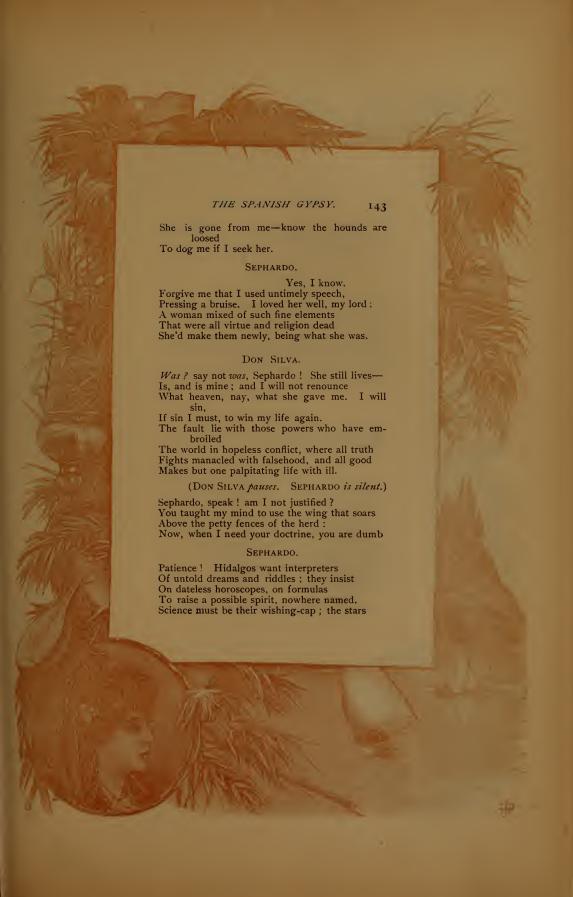


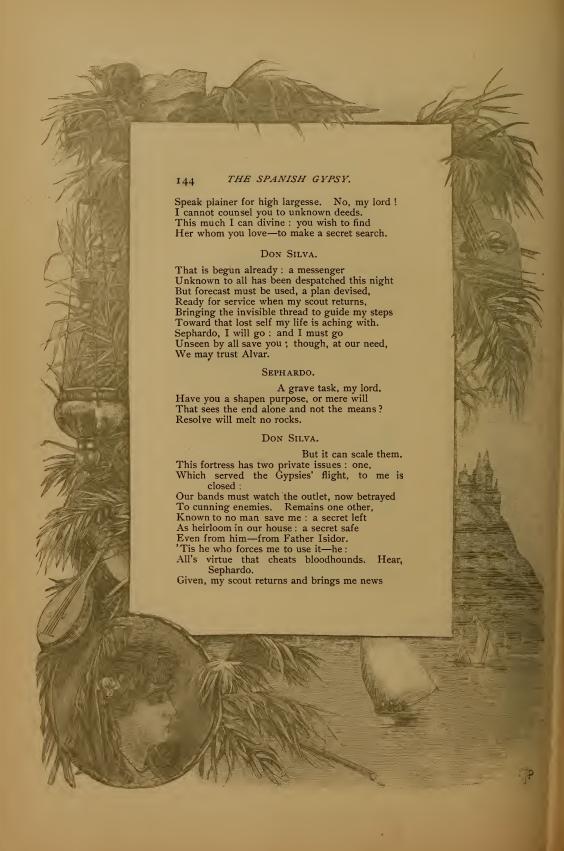


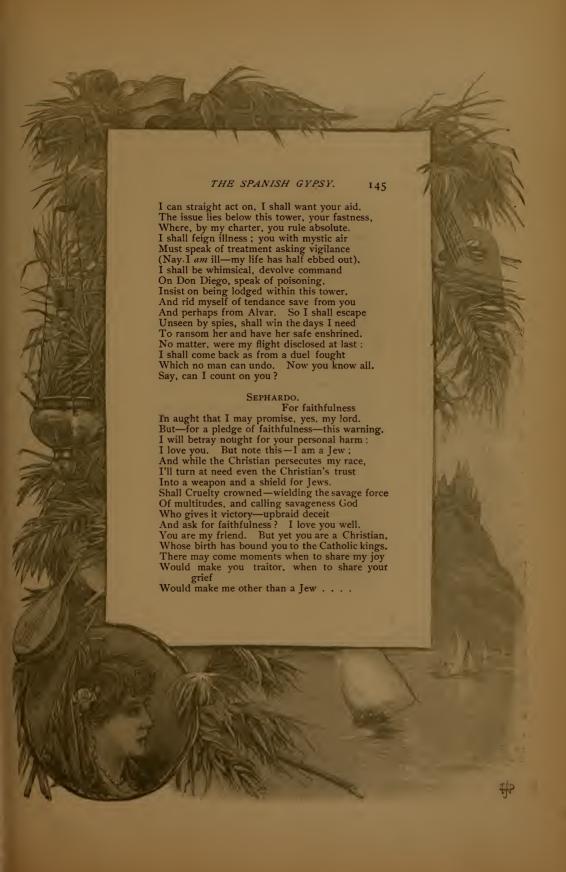


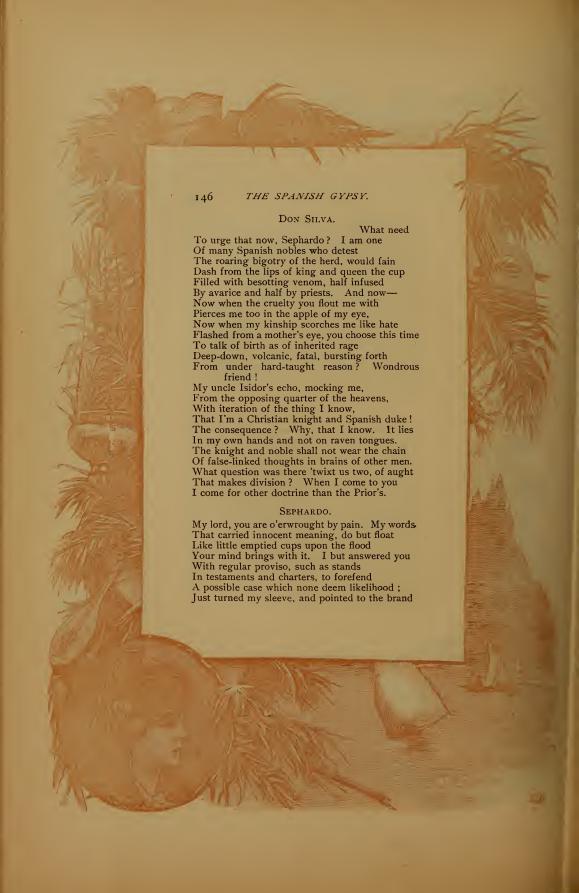


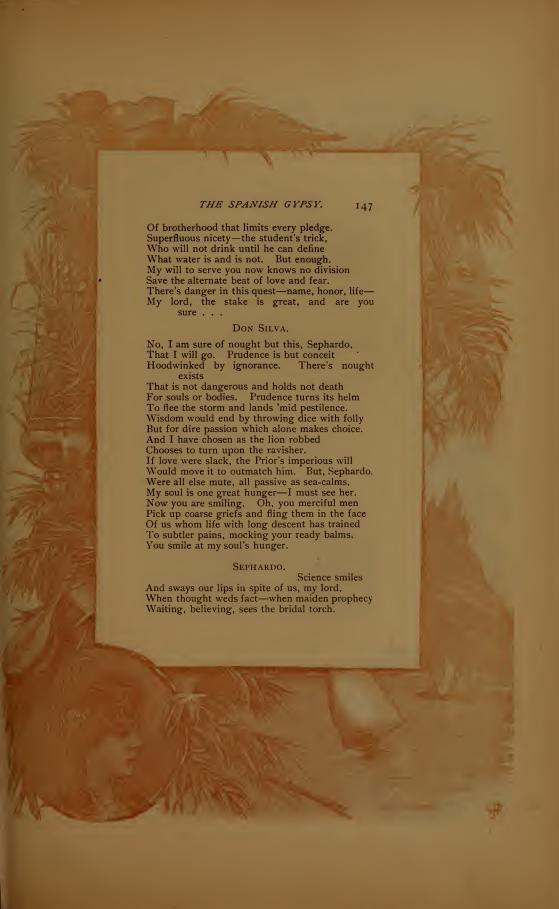


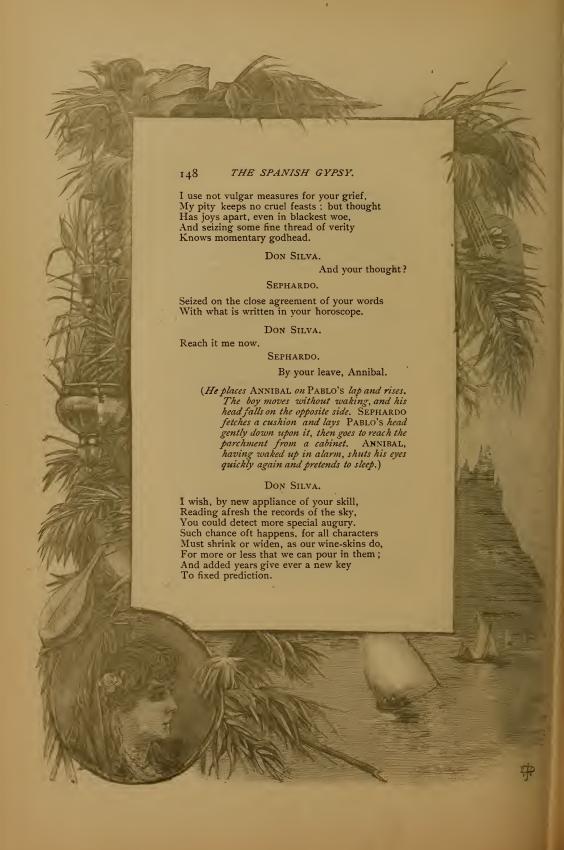


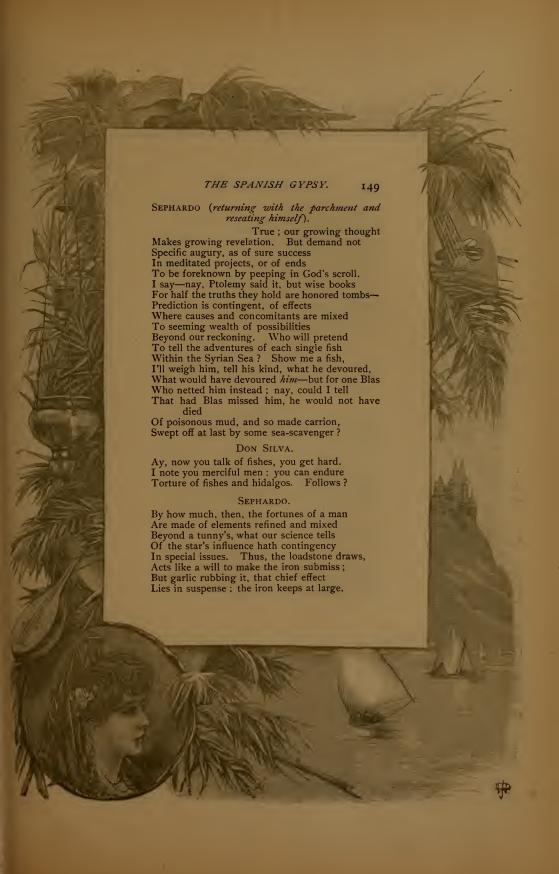


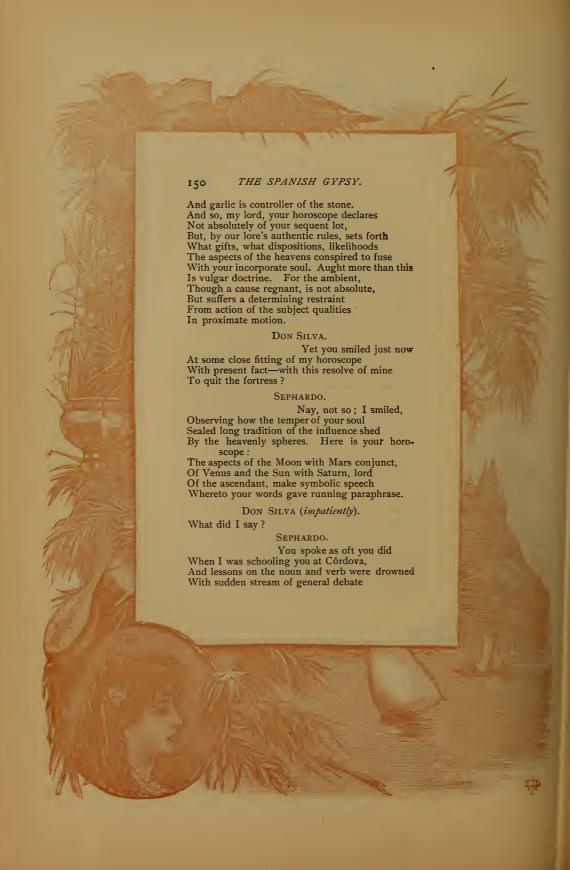


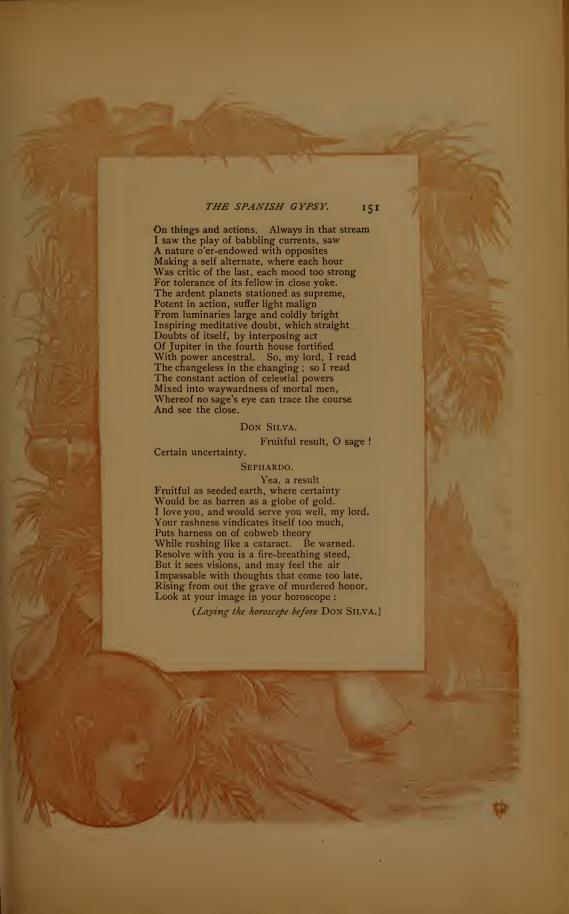


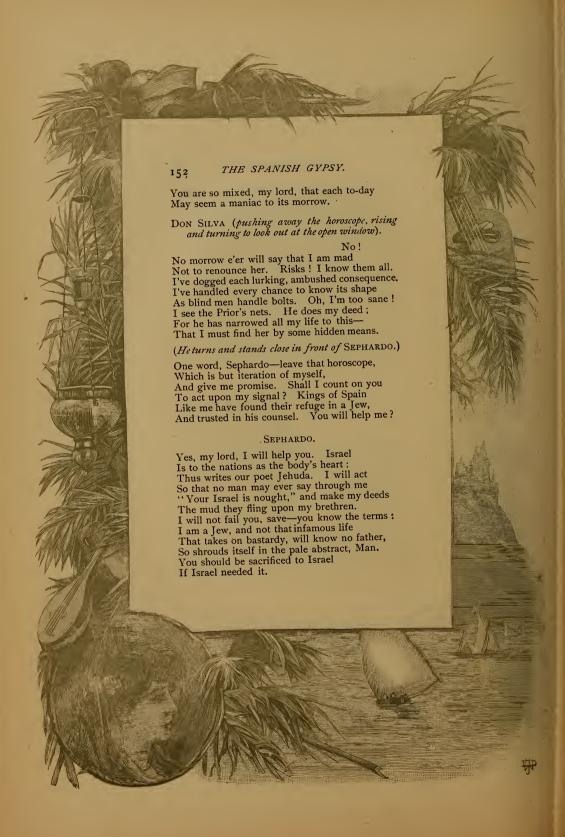


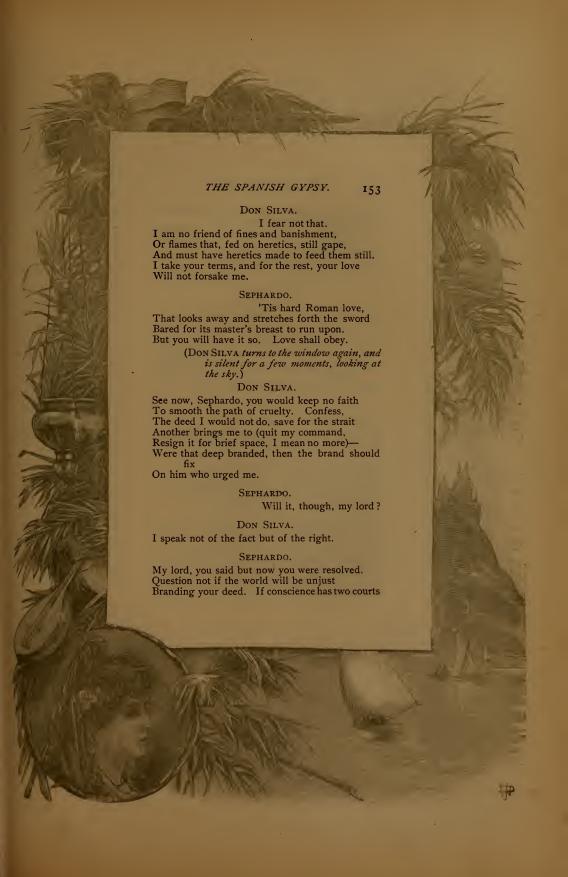


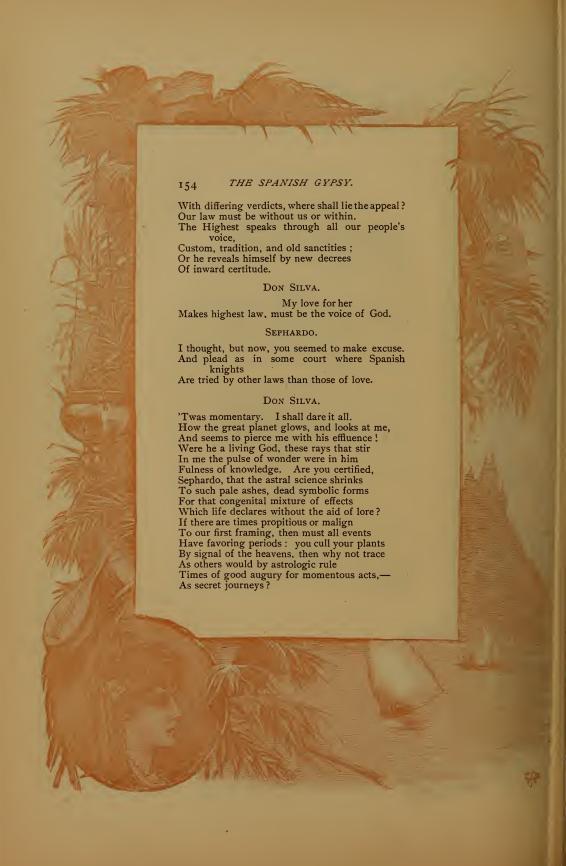


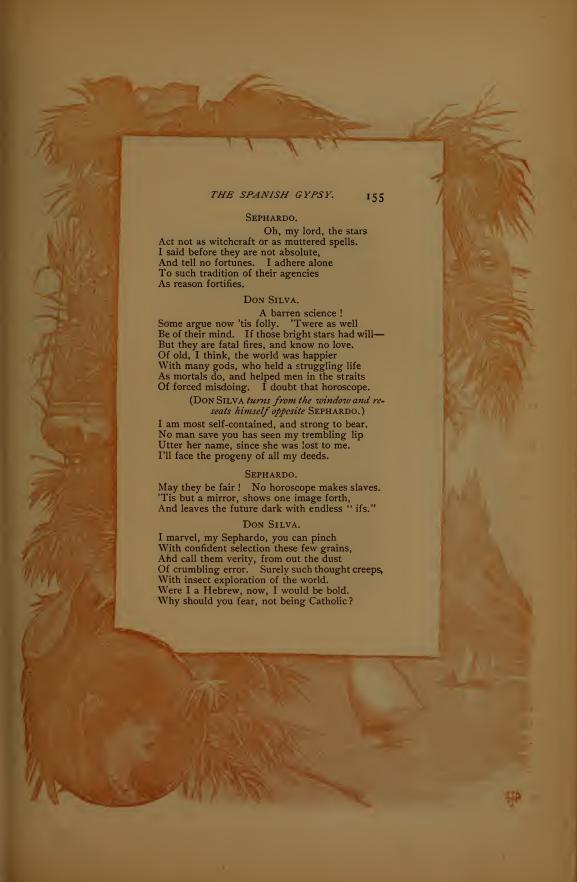


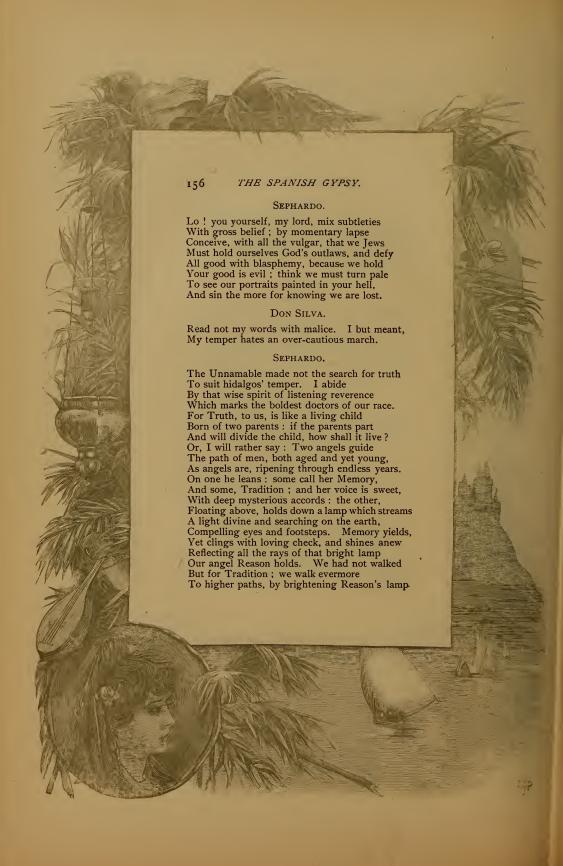


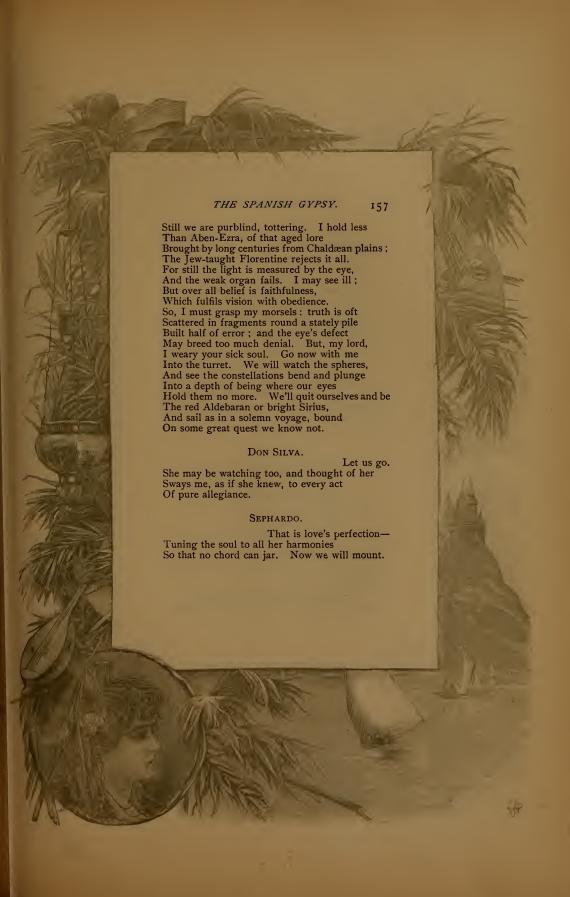


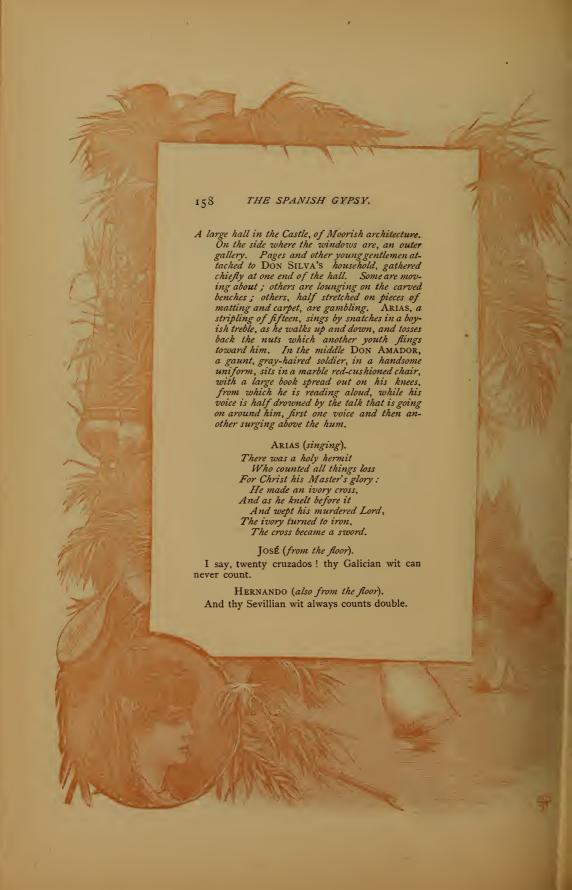


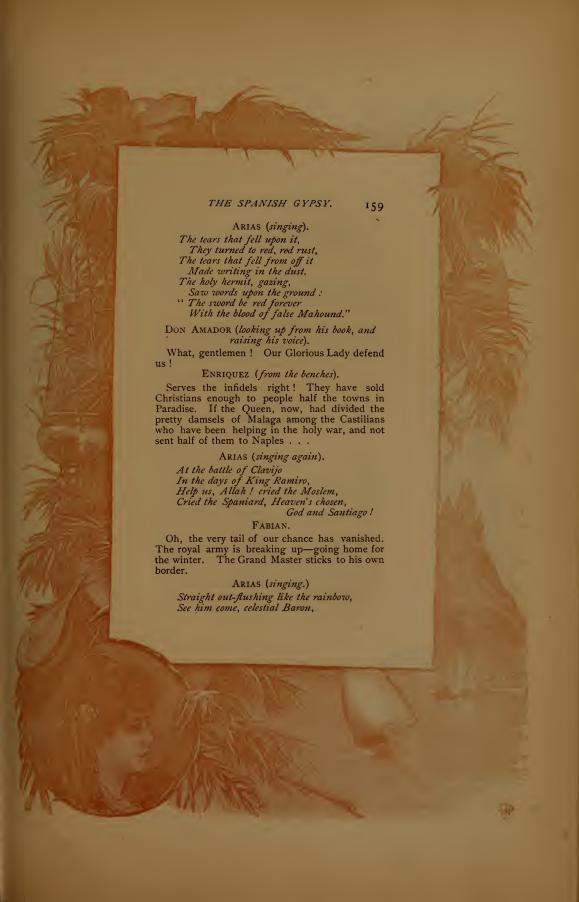


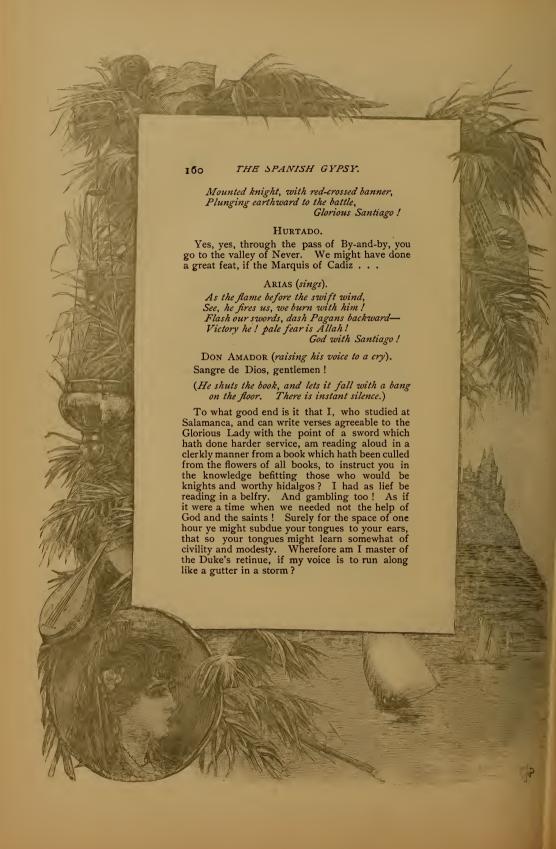


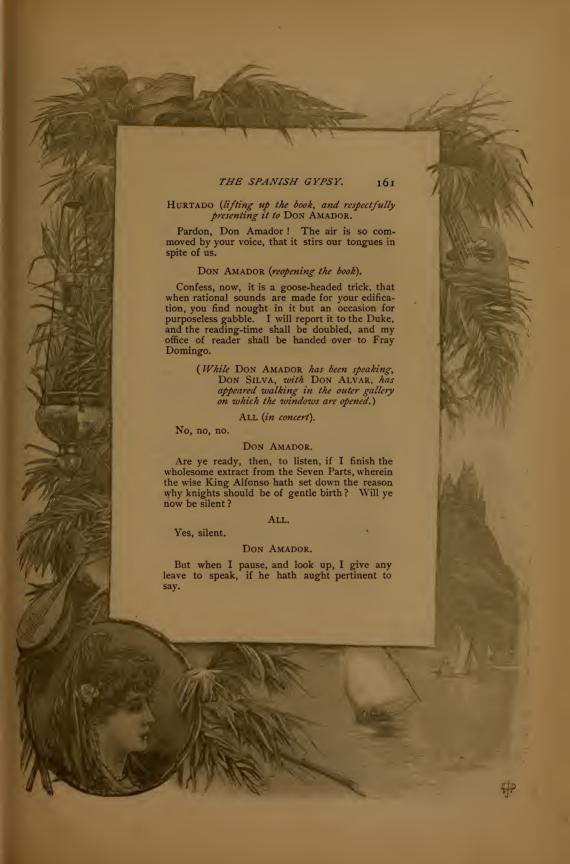


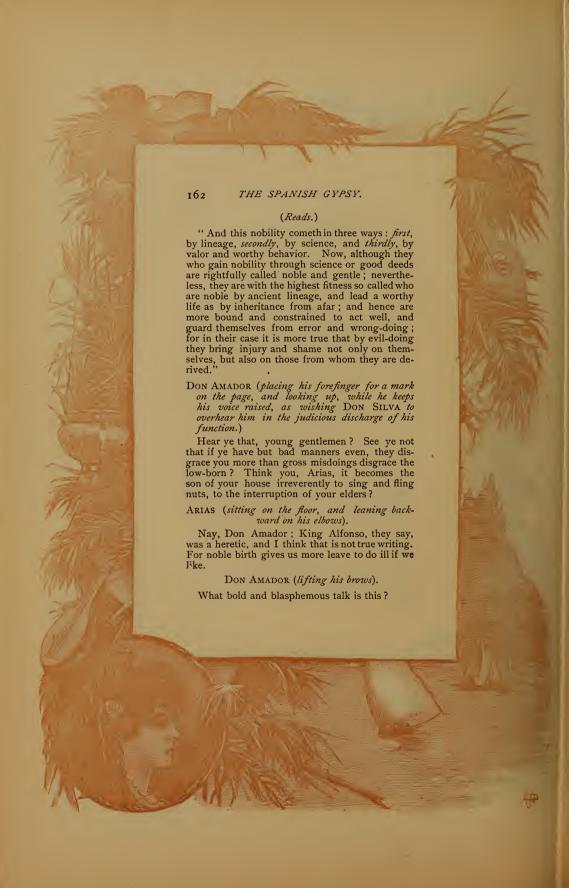


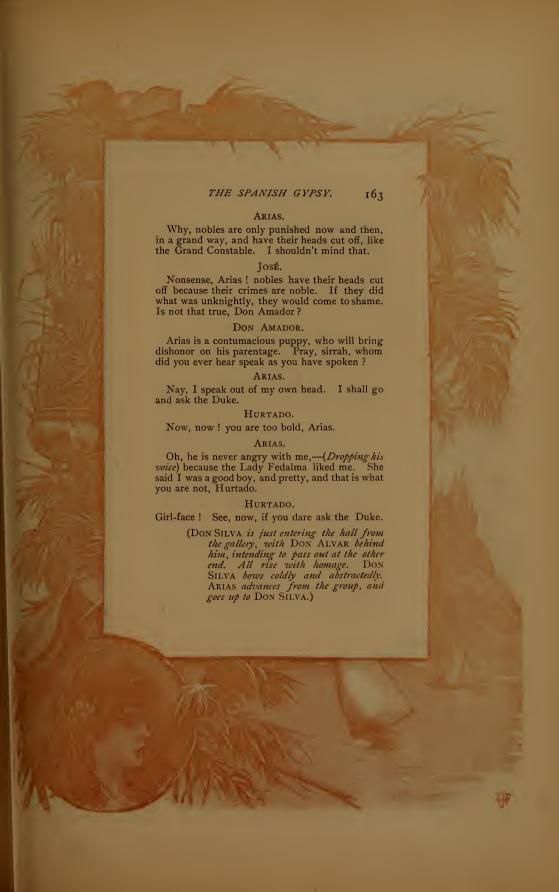


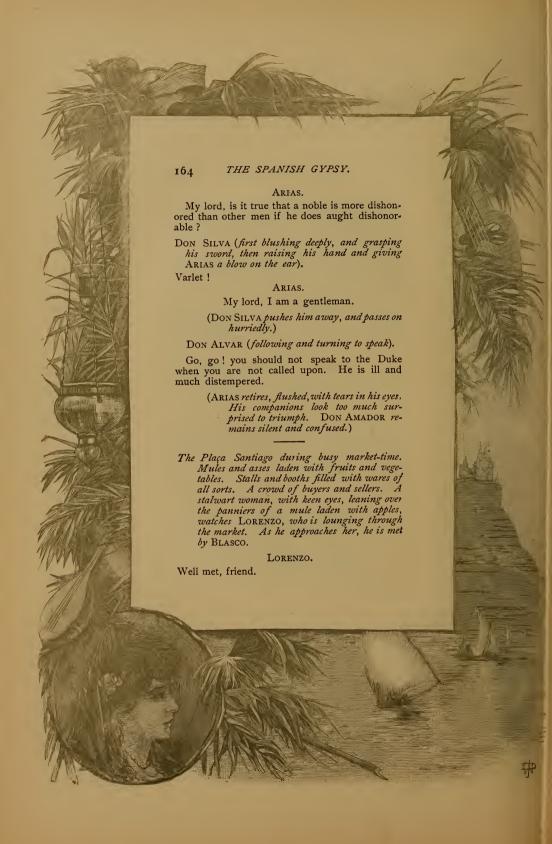


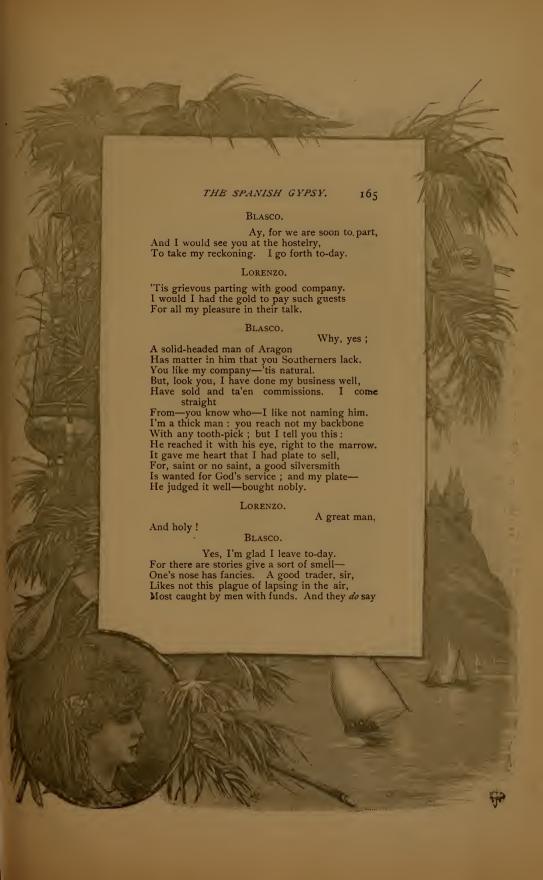




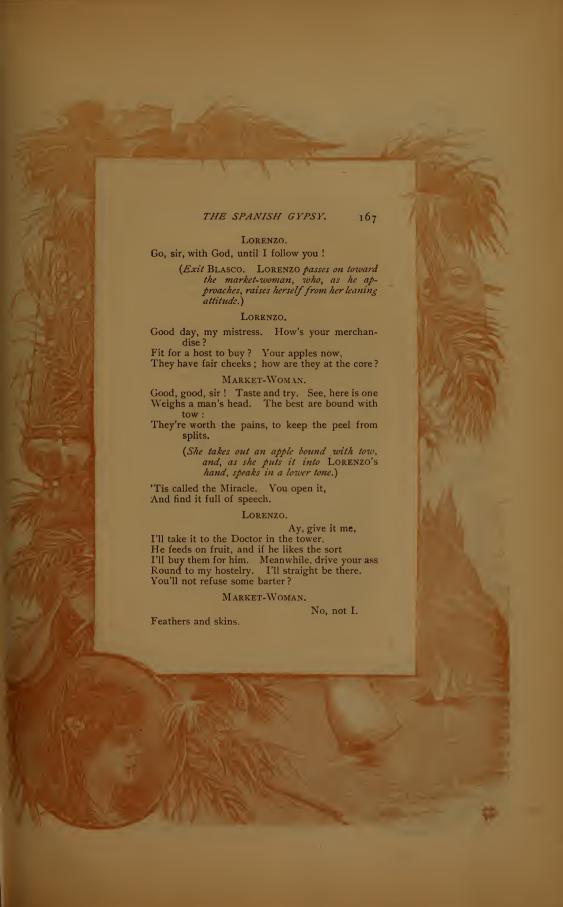


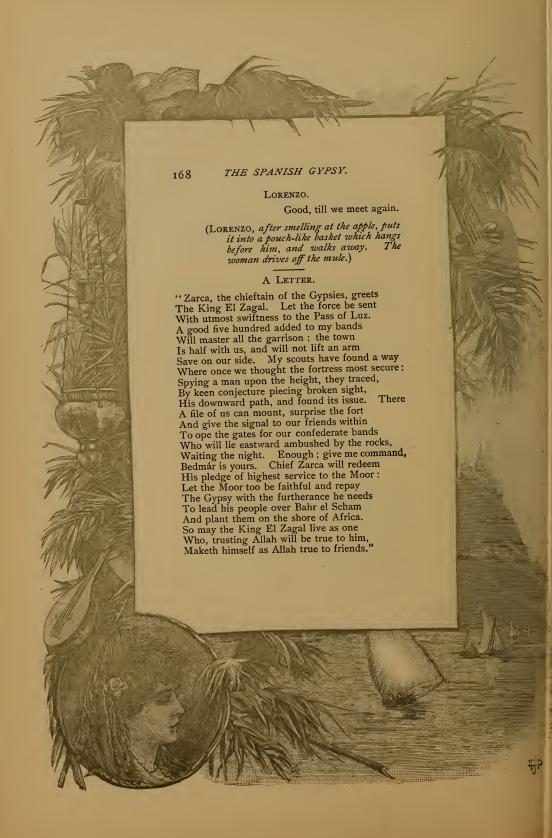


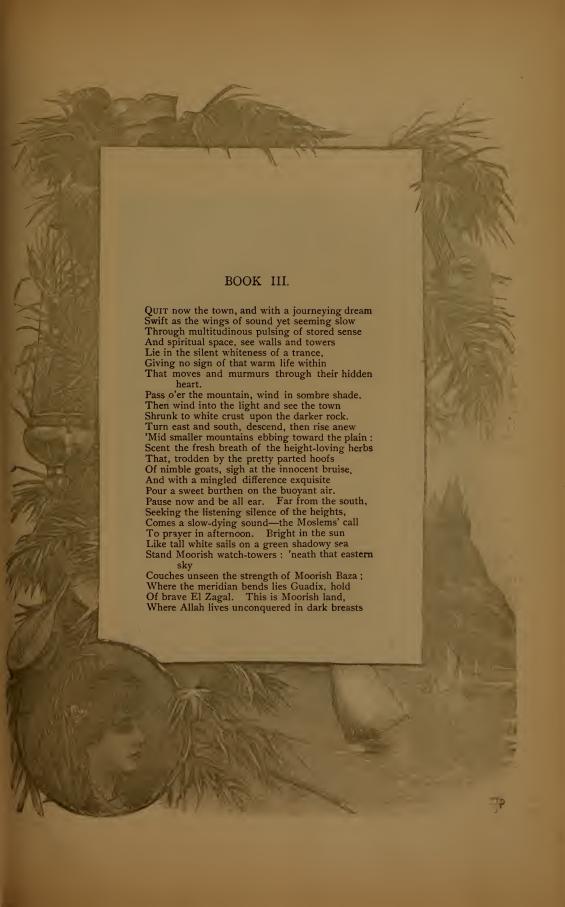


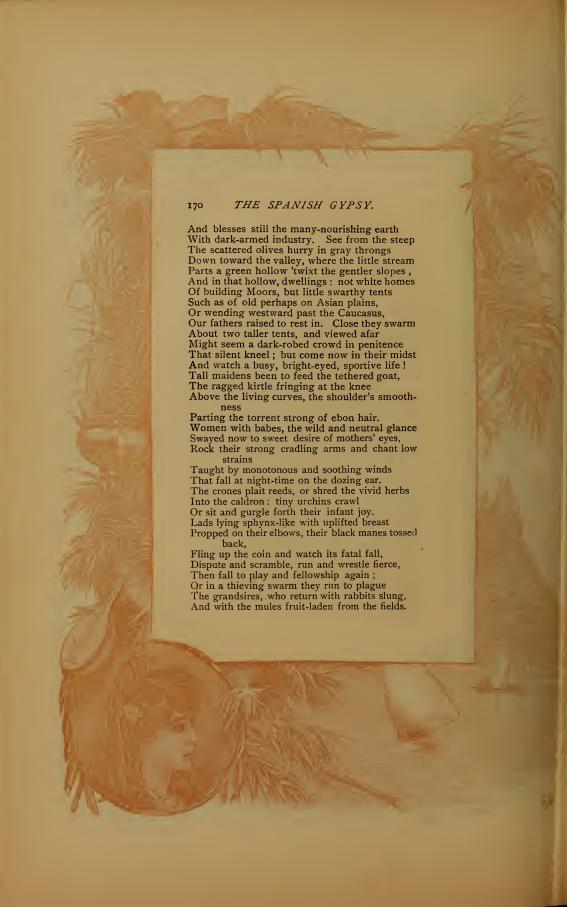








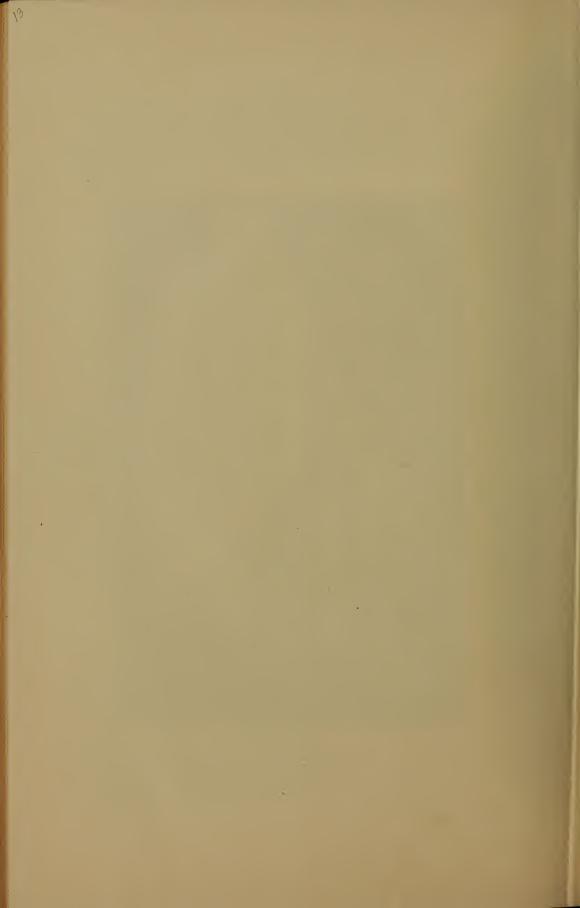


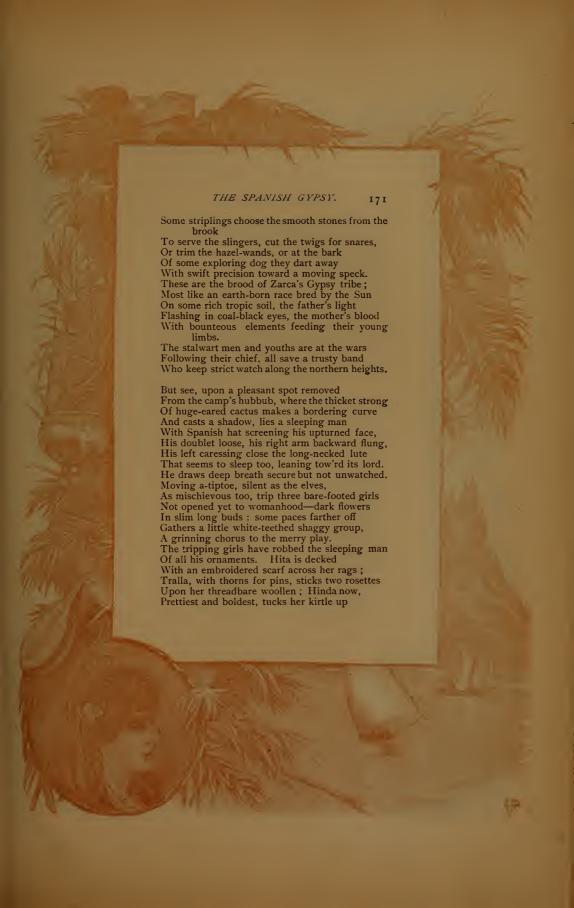


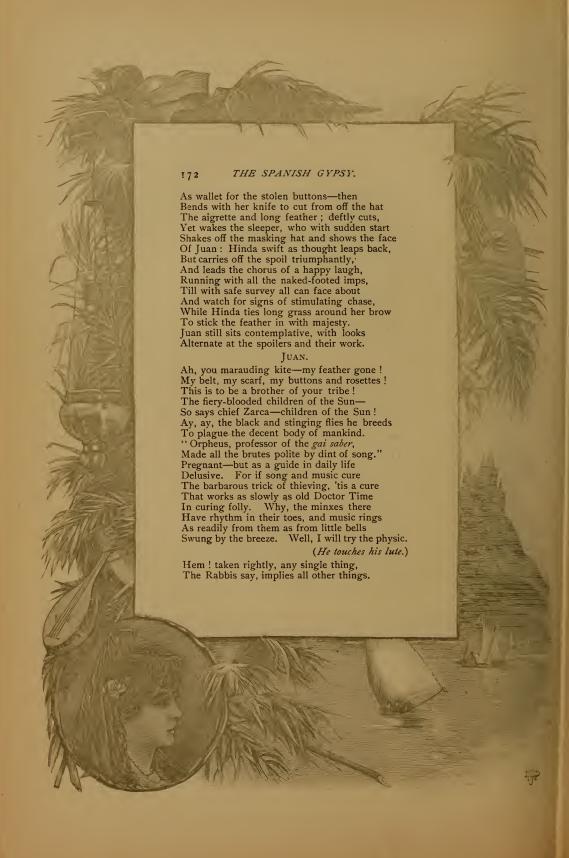


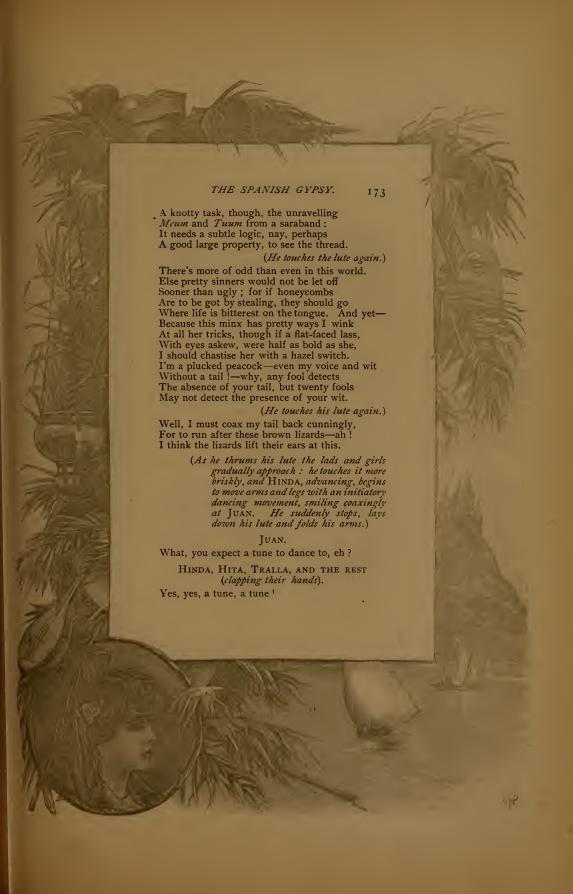
"Where the little stream

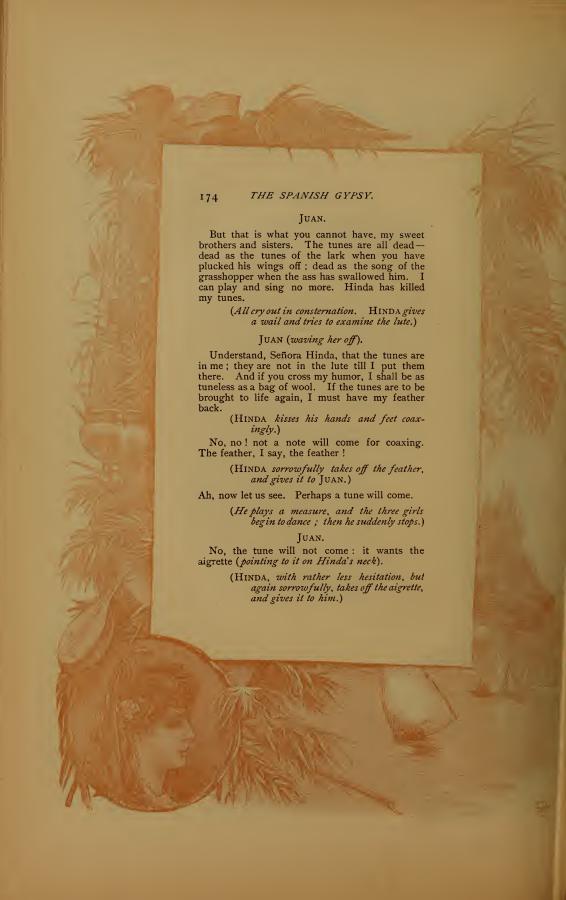
Paris a green hollow twixt the gentle slopes."—Page 170.

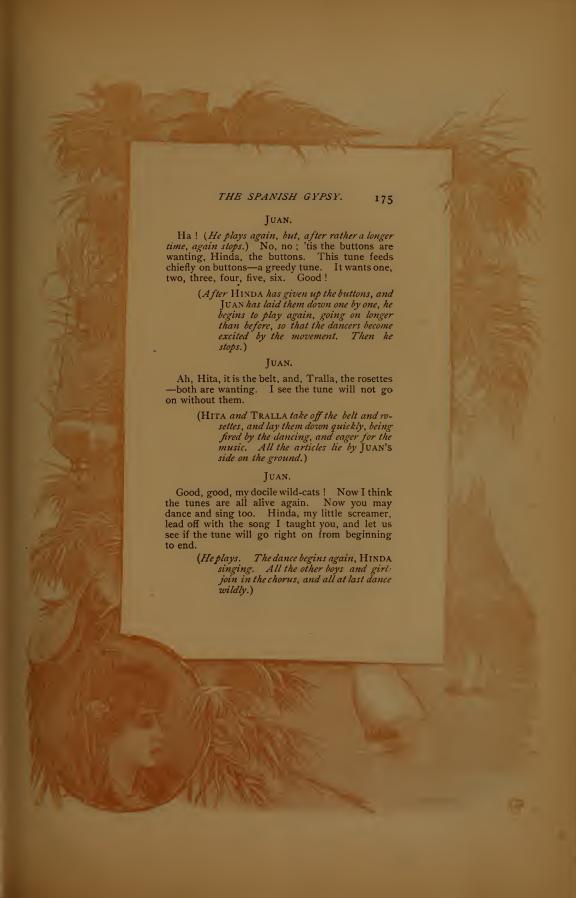


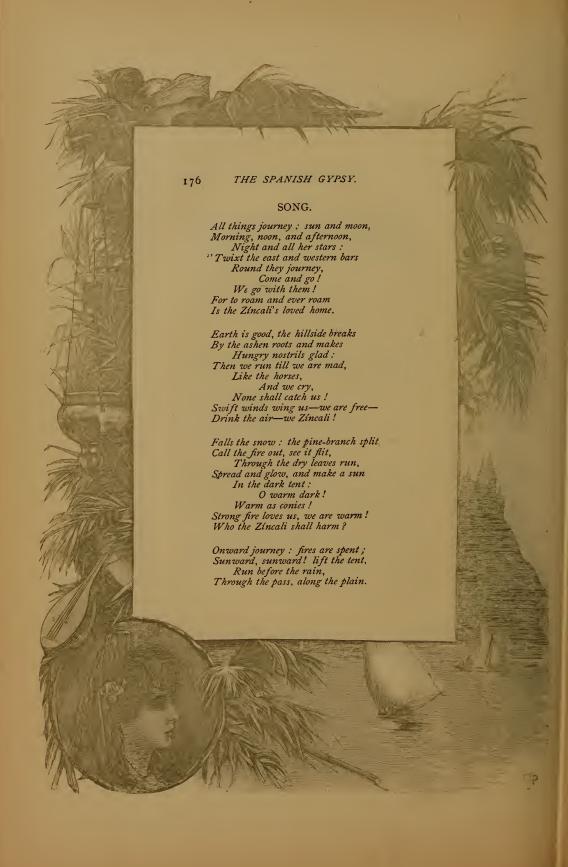


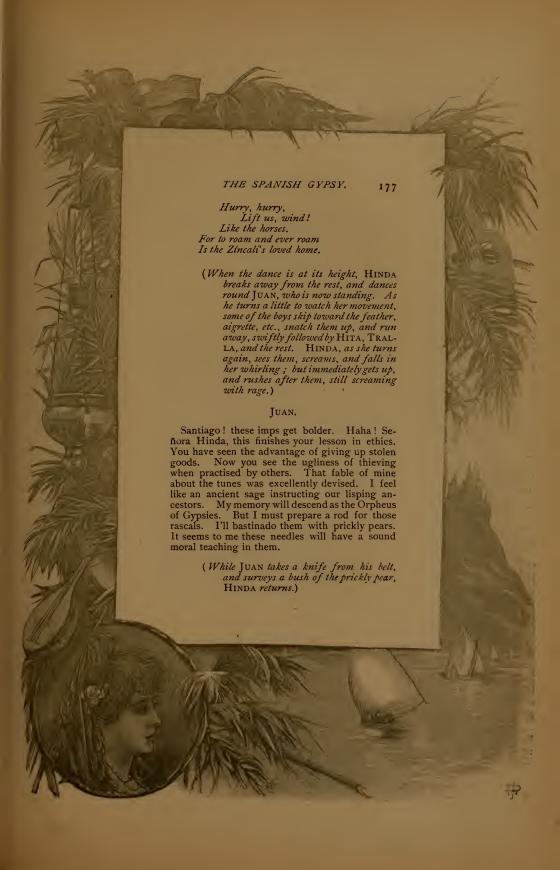


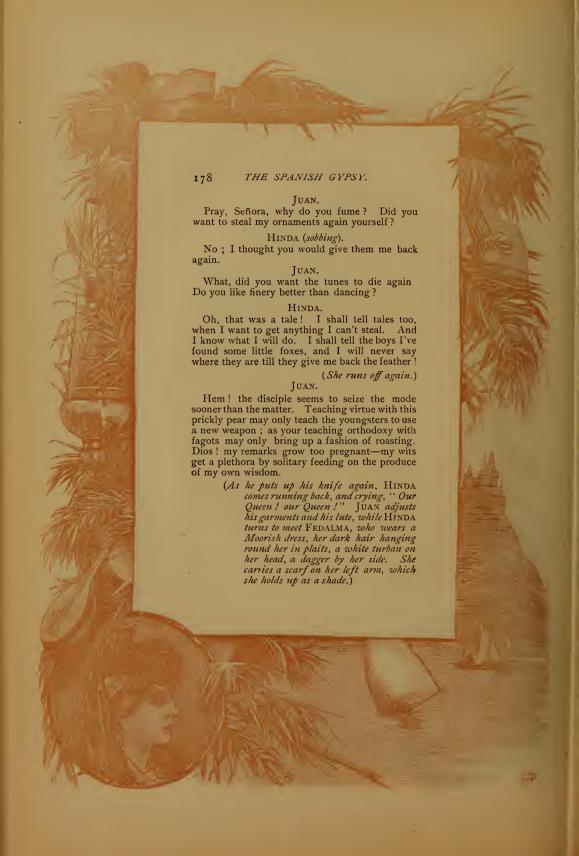


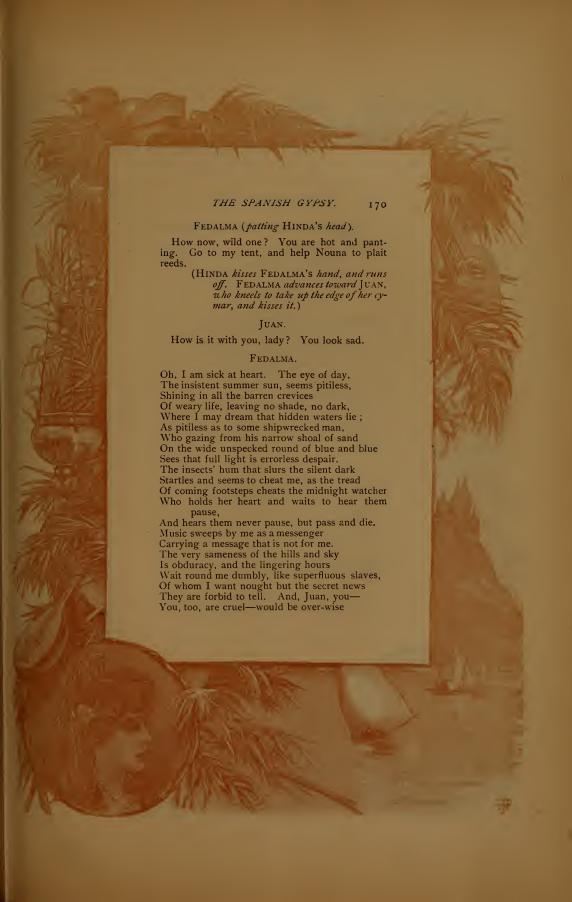


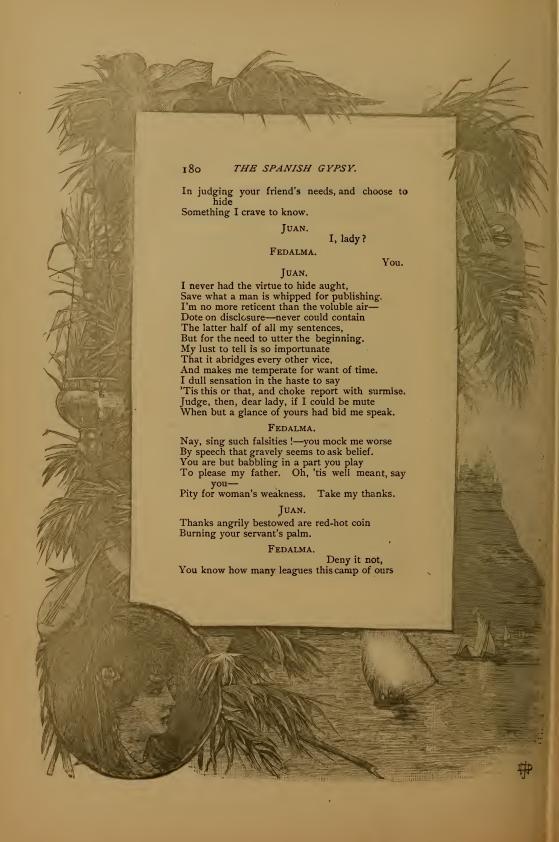


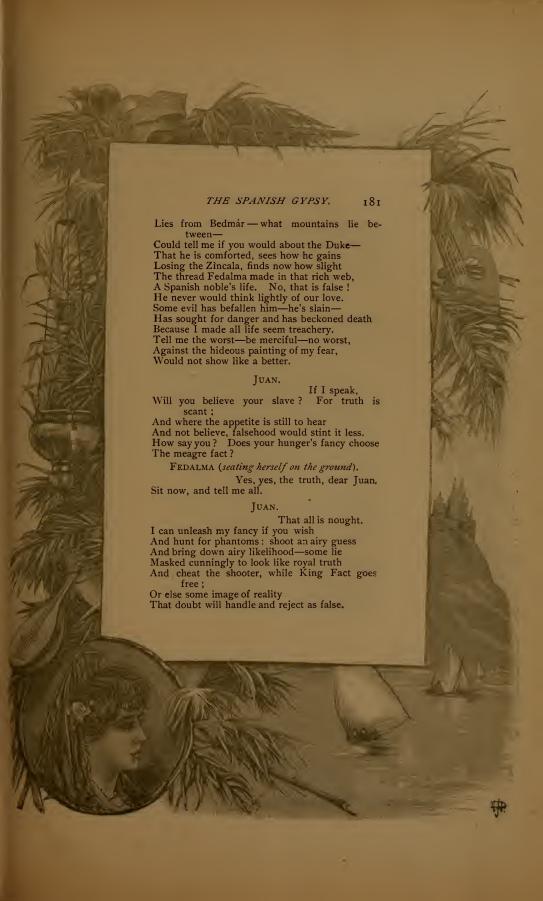


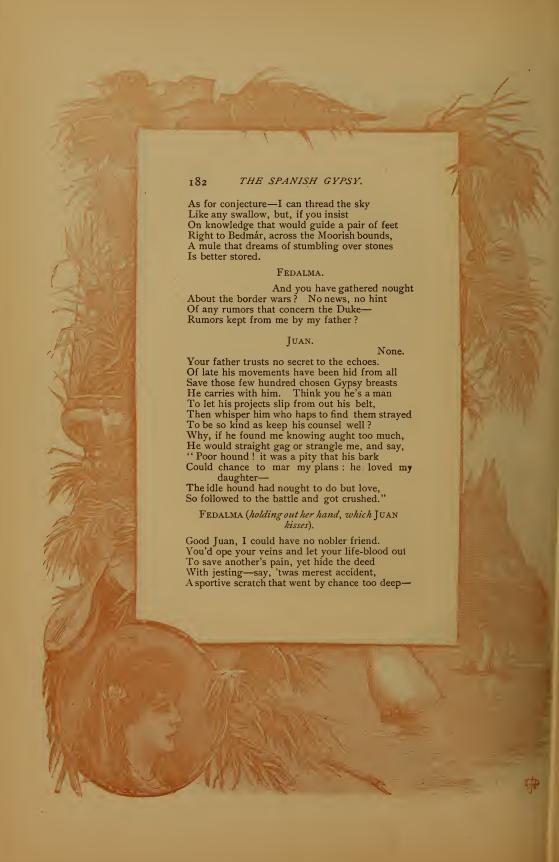


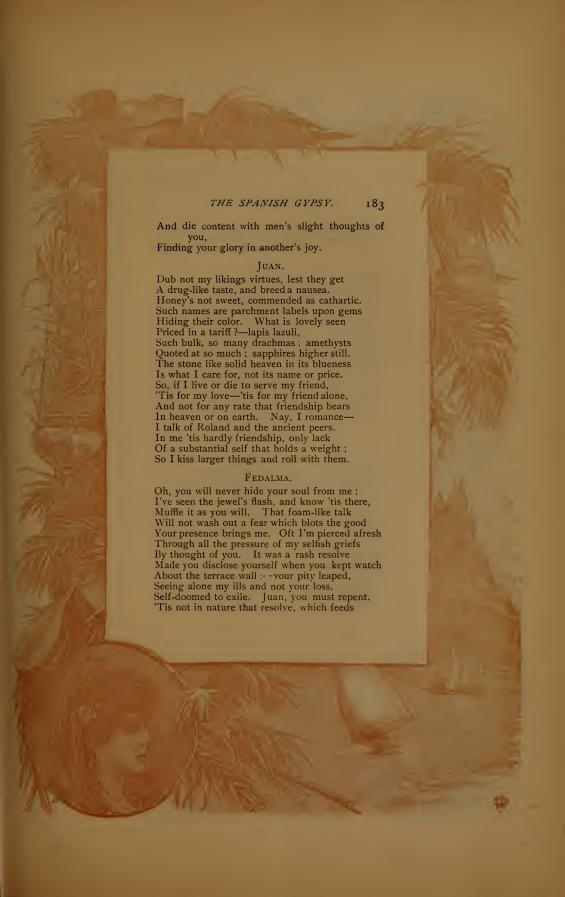


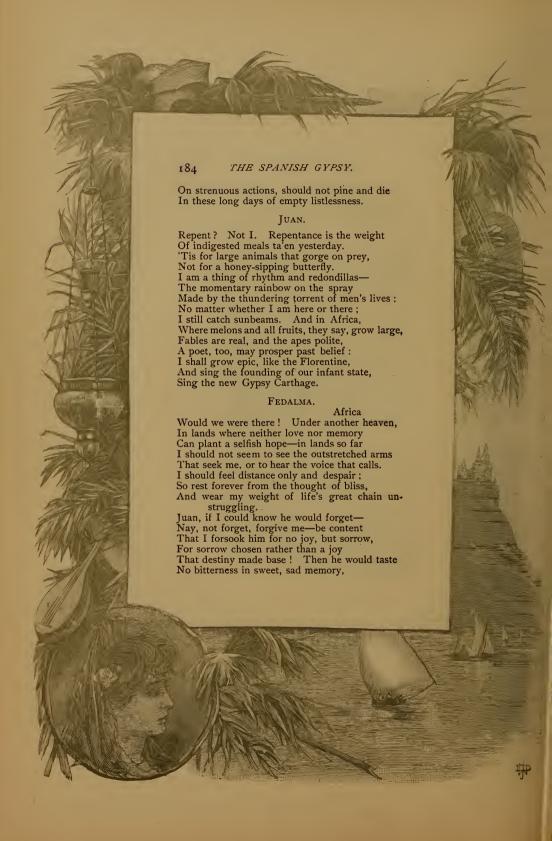


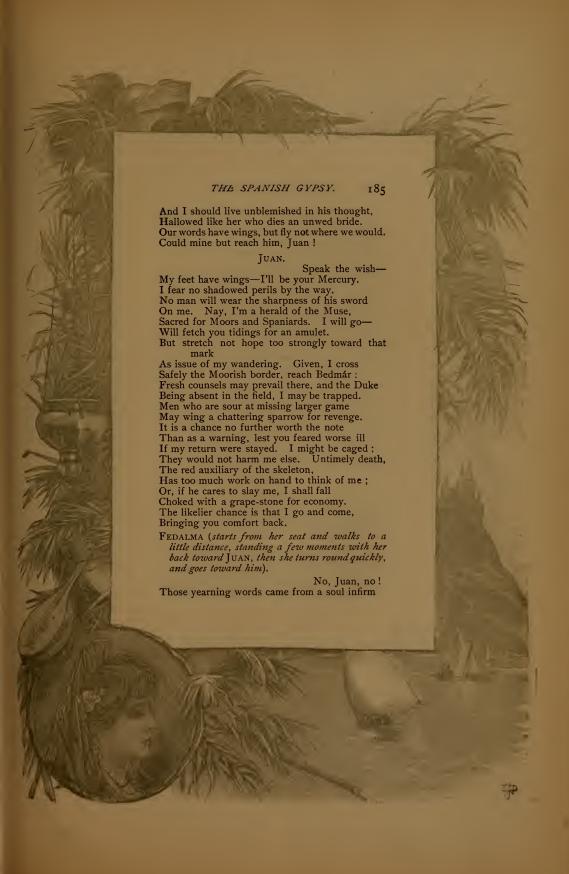


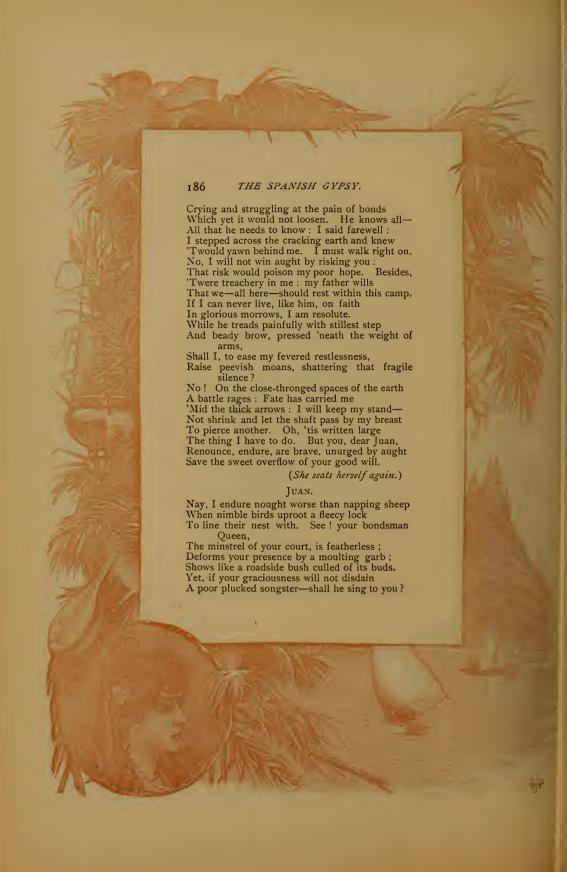


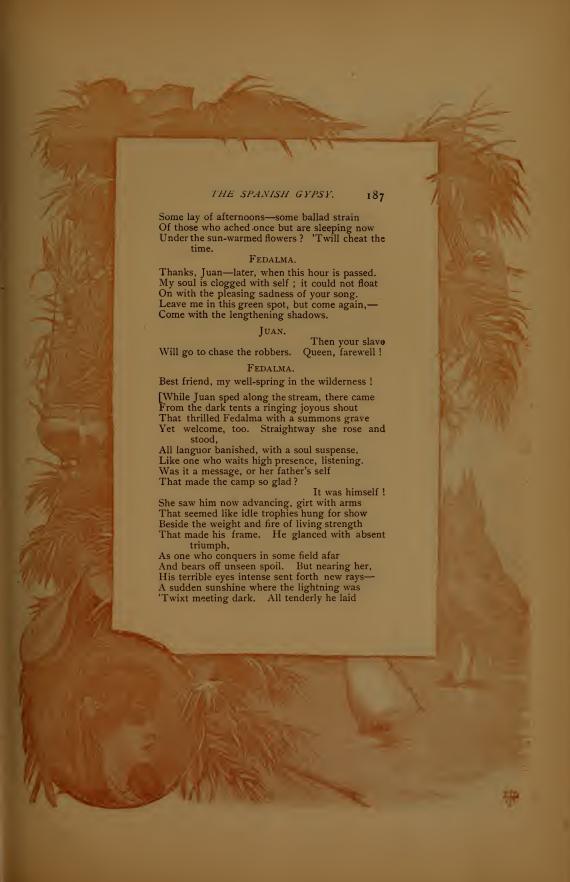


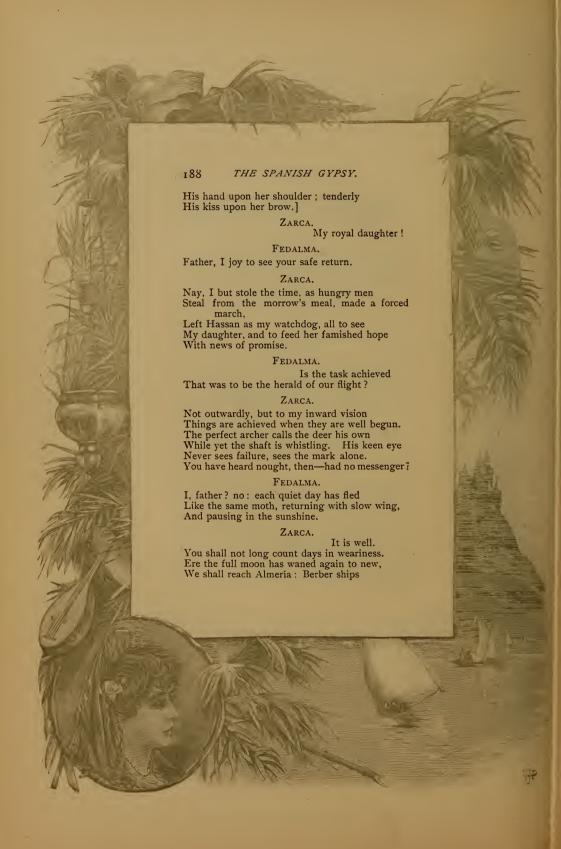


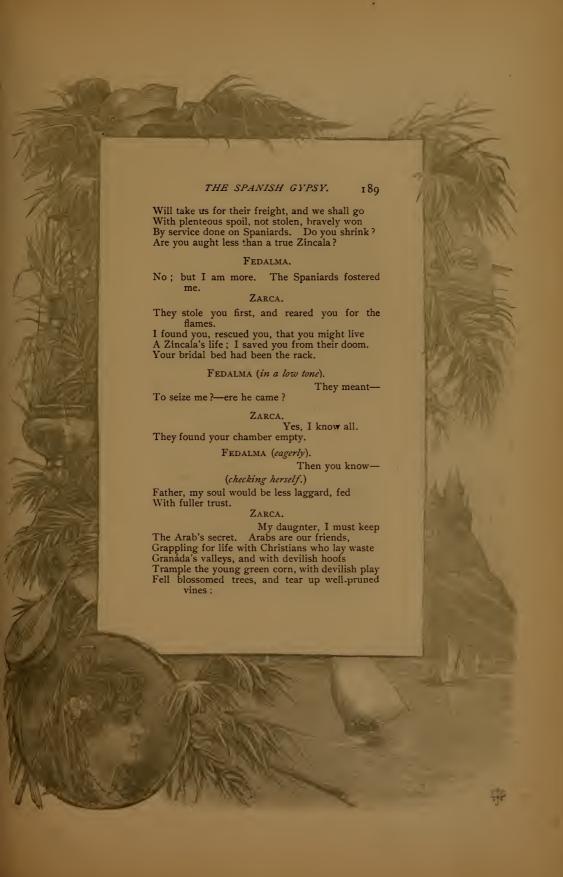


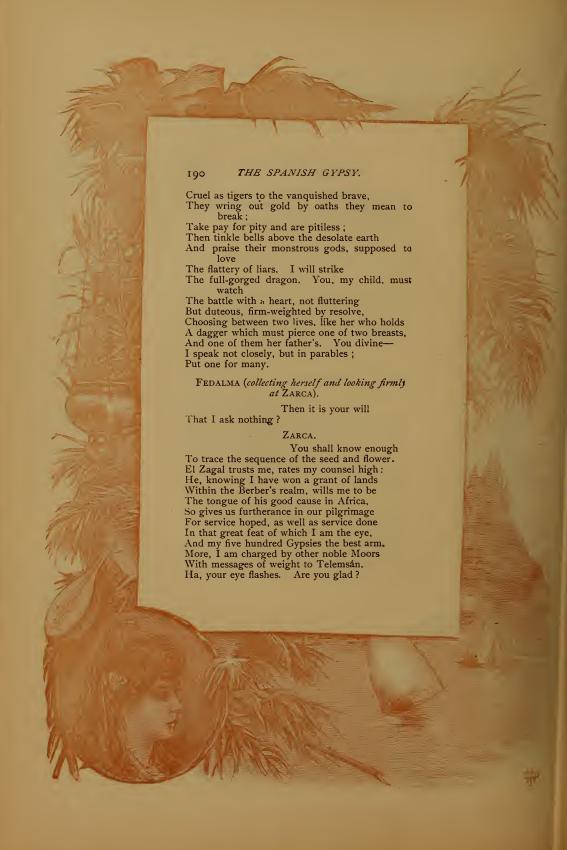


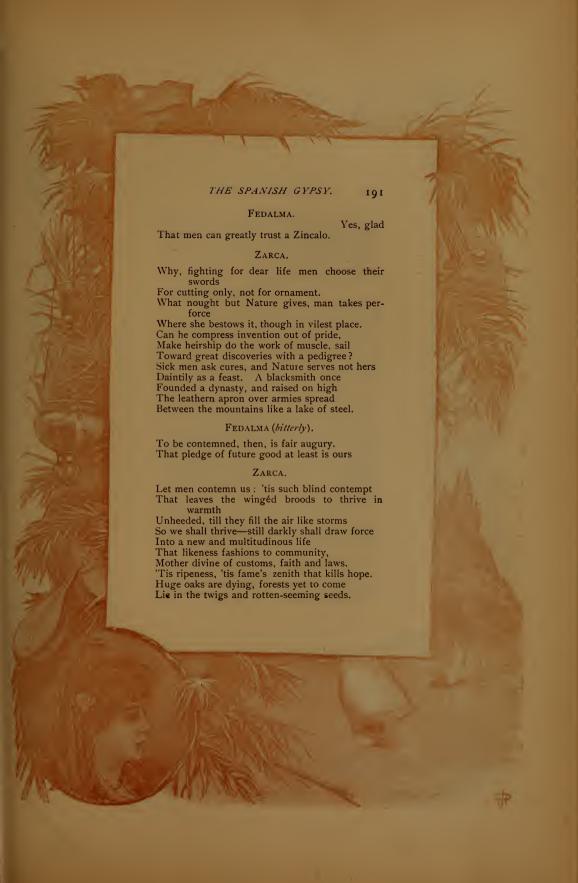


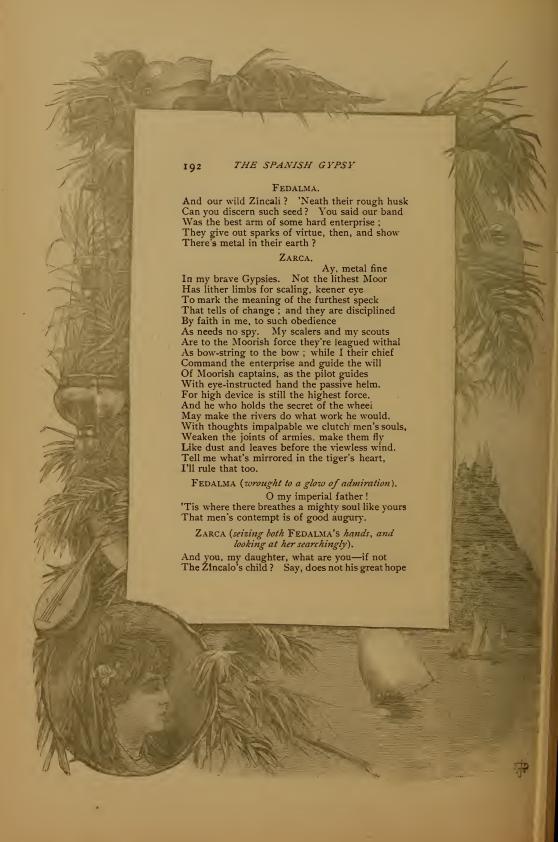


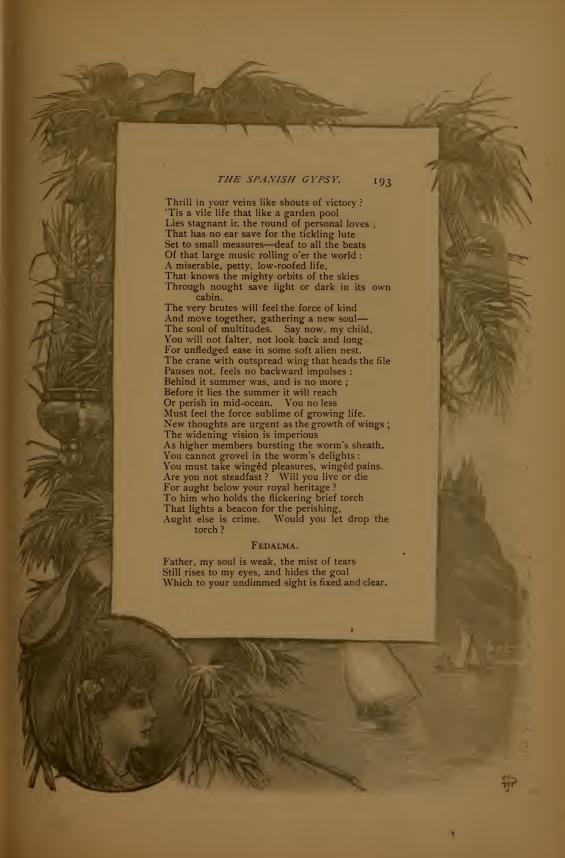


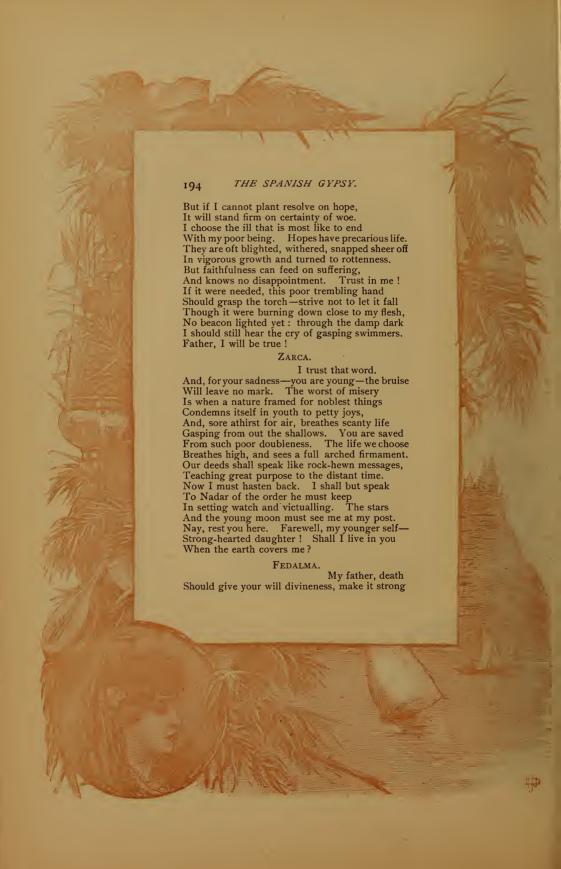


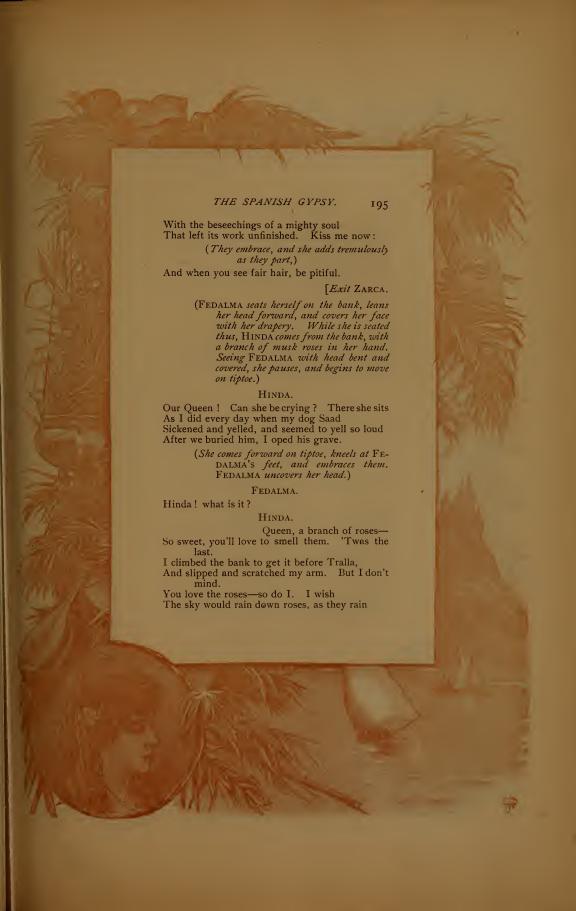


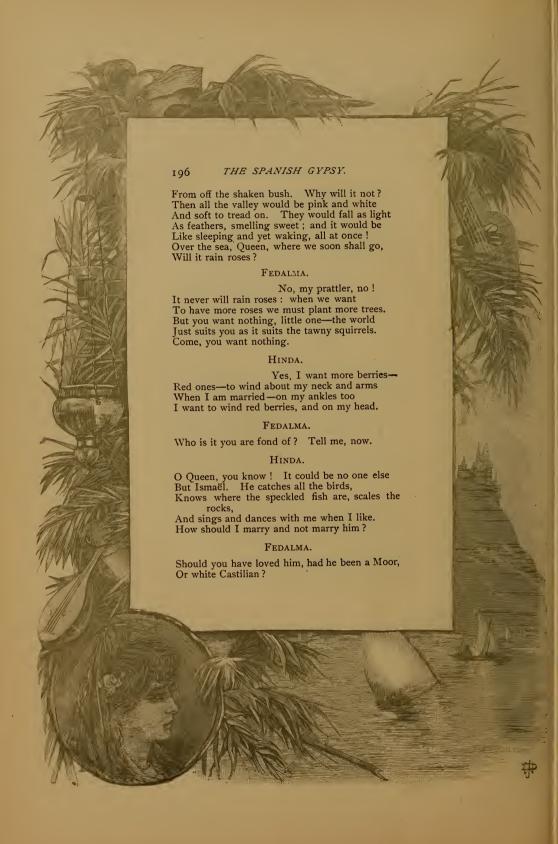


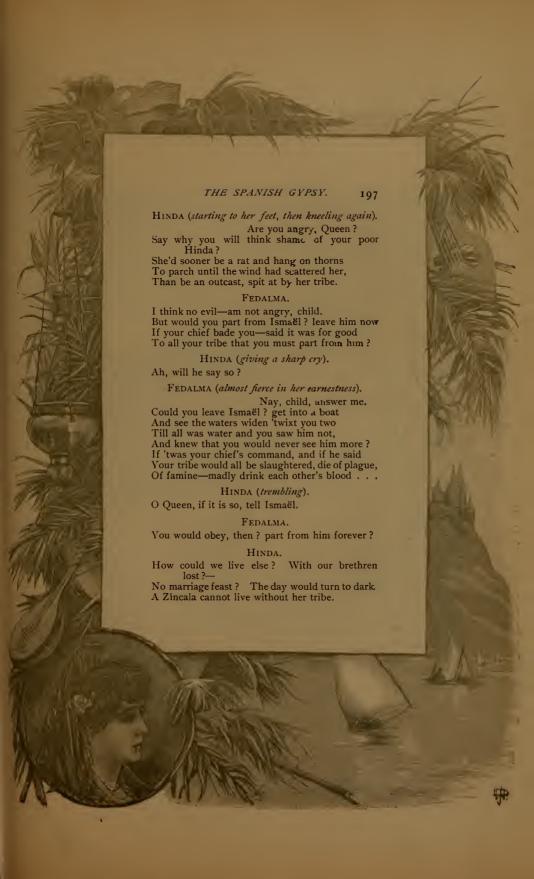


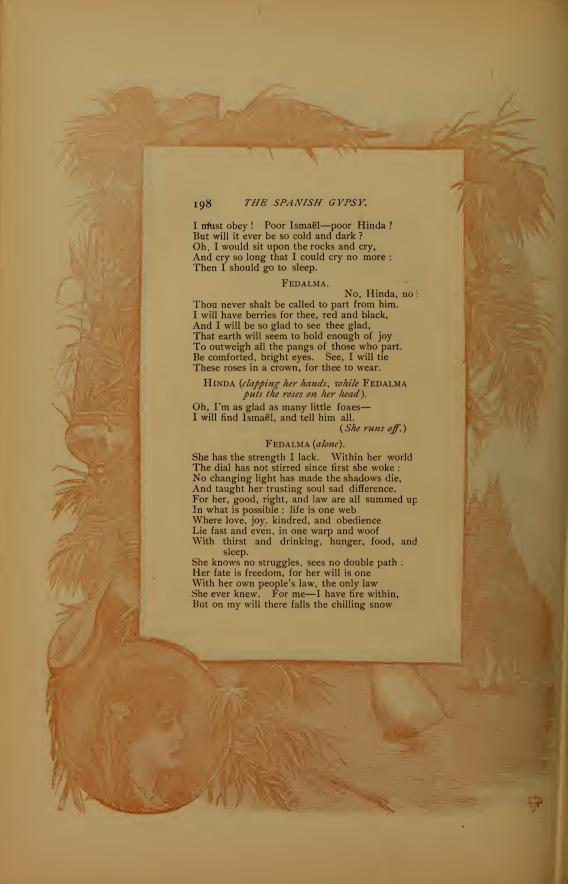


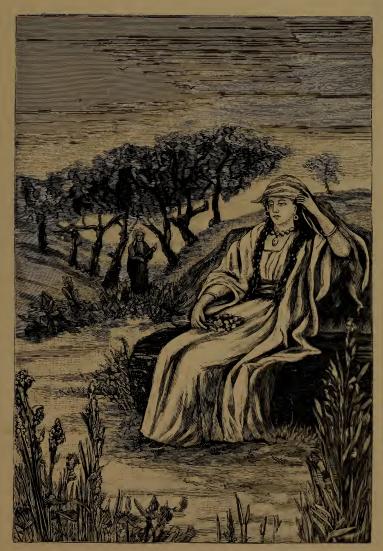






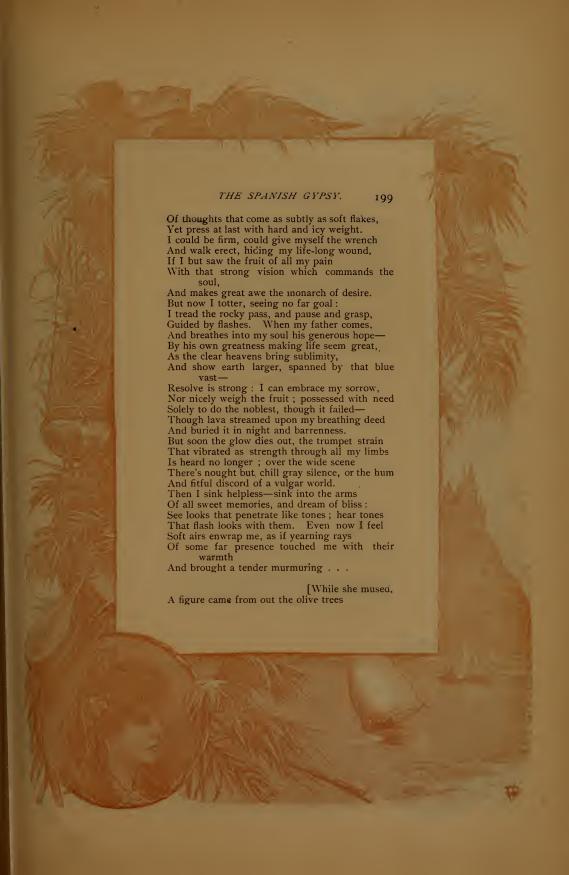


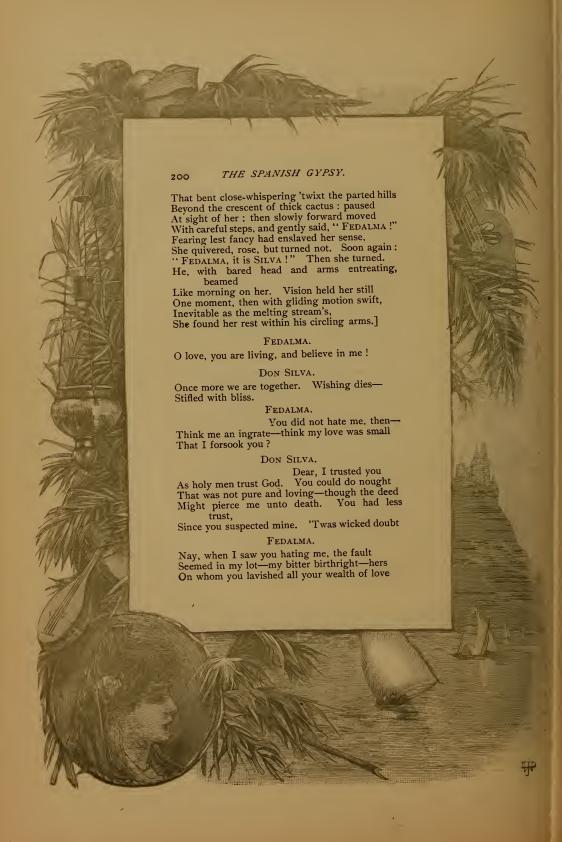


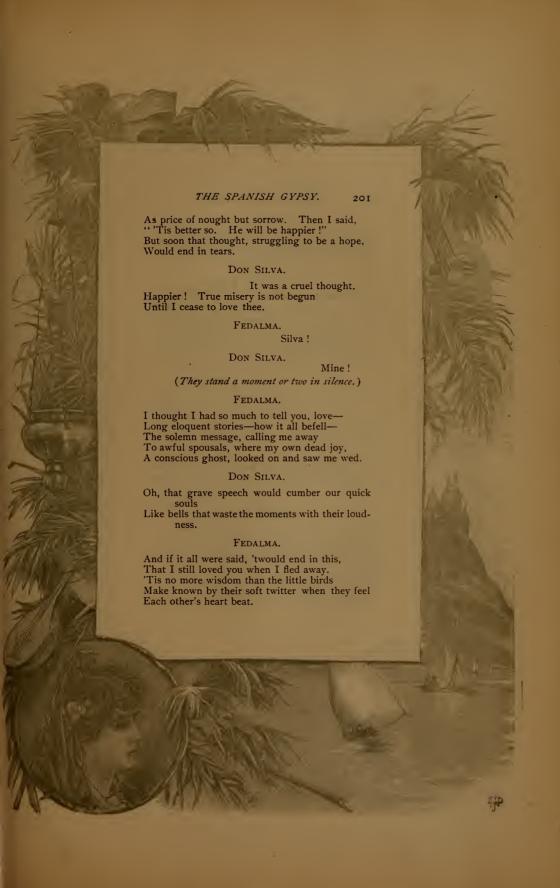


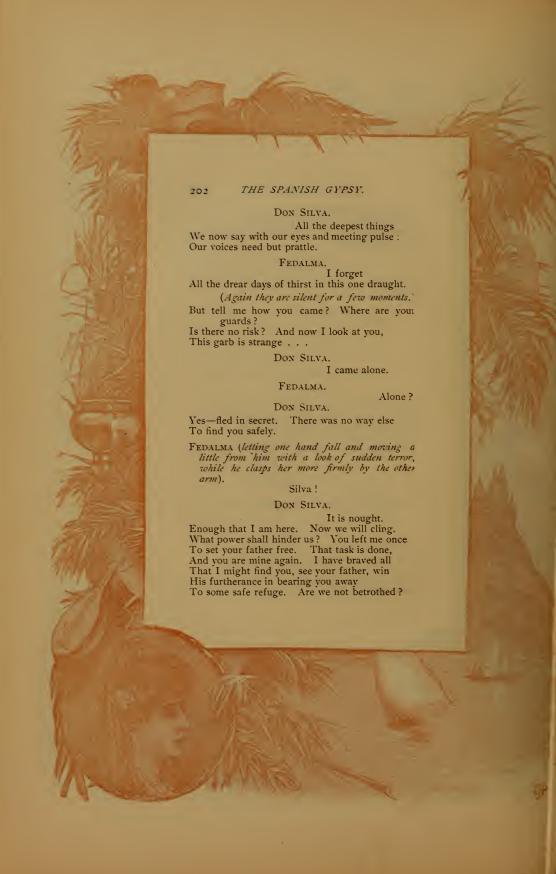
"A sigure came from out the olive trees."-Page 199.

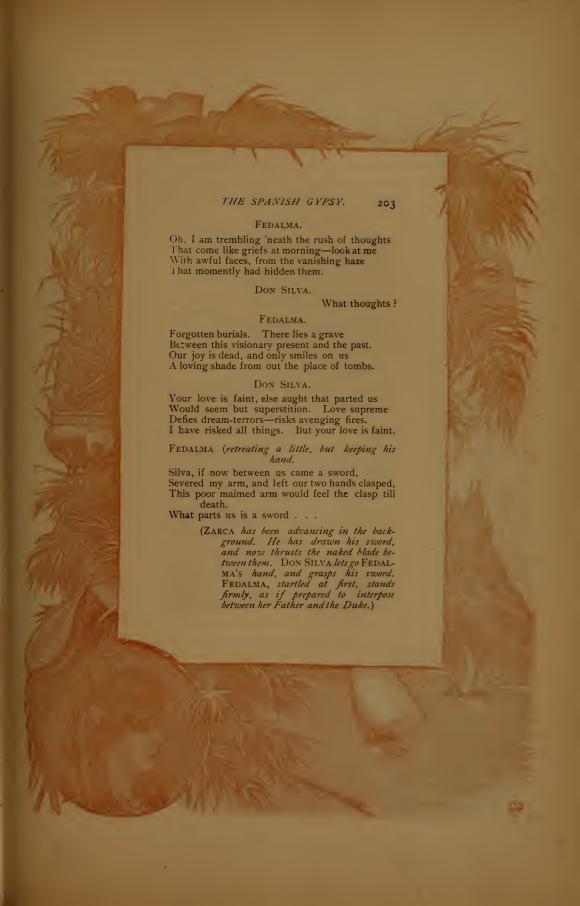


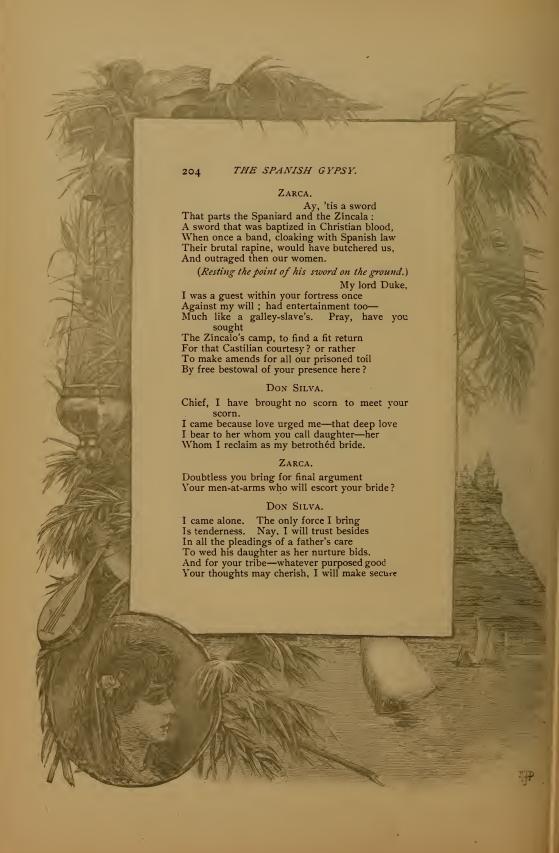


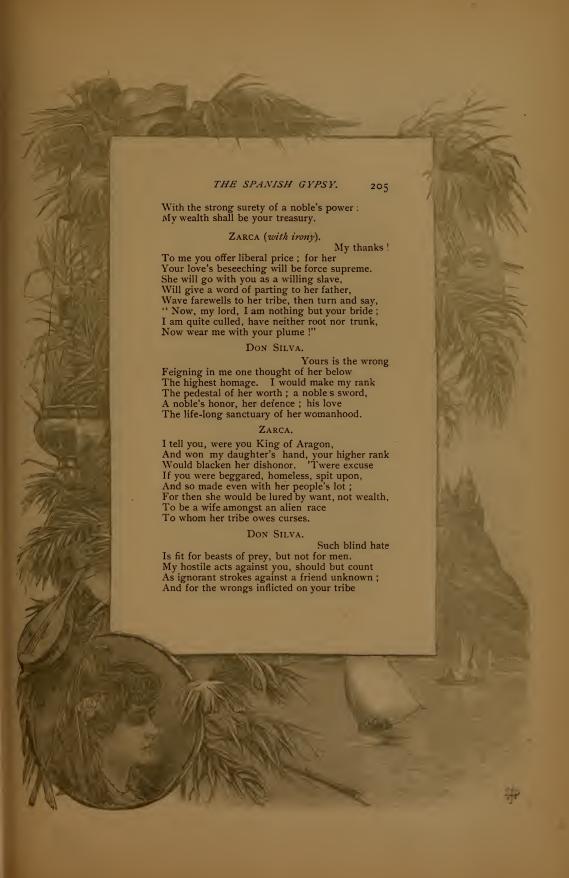


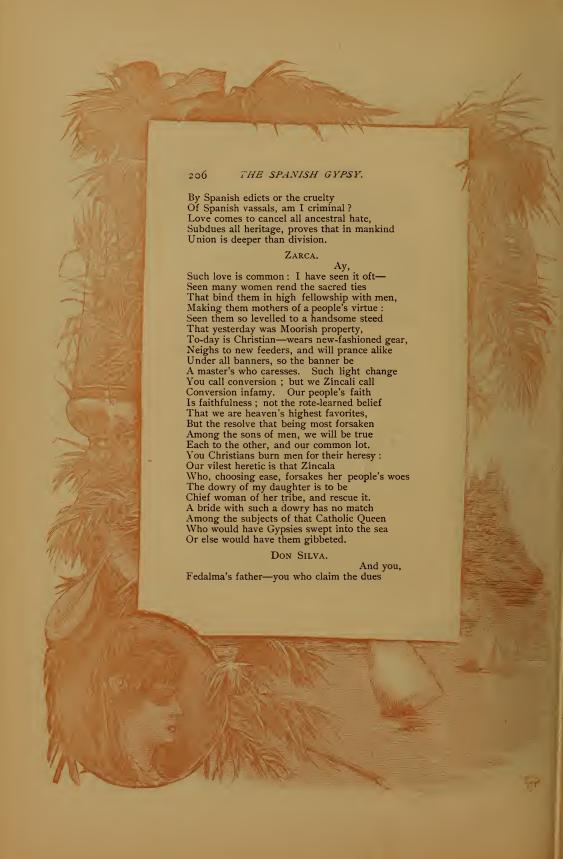


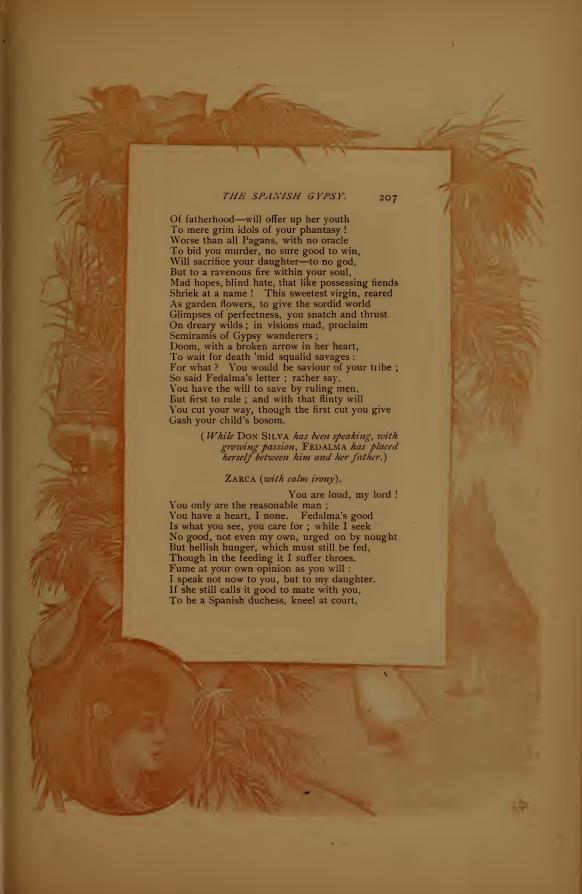


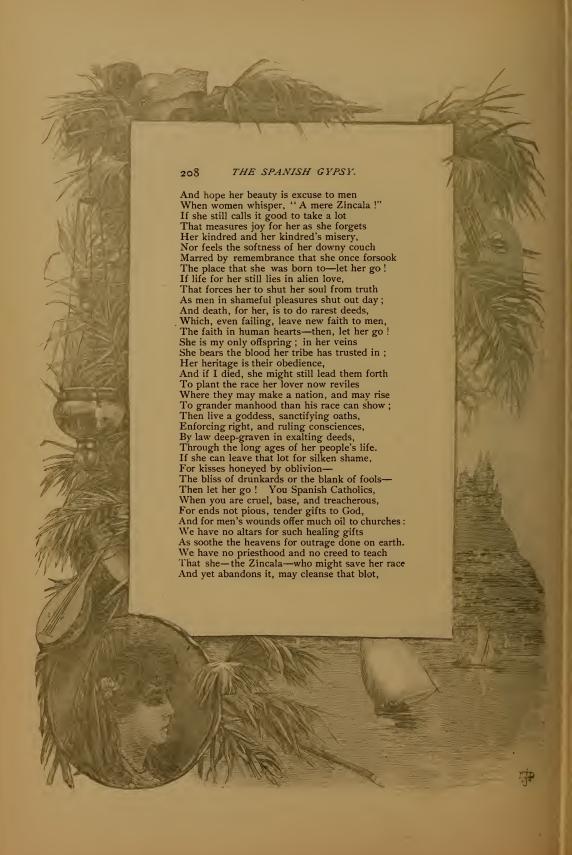


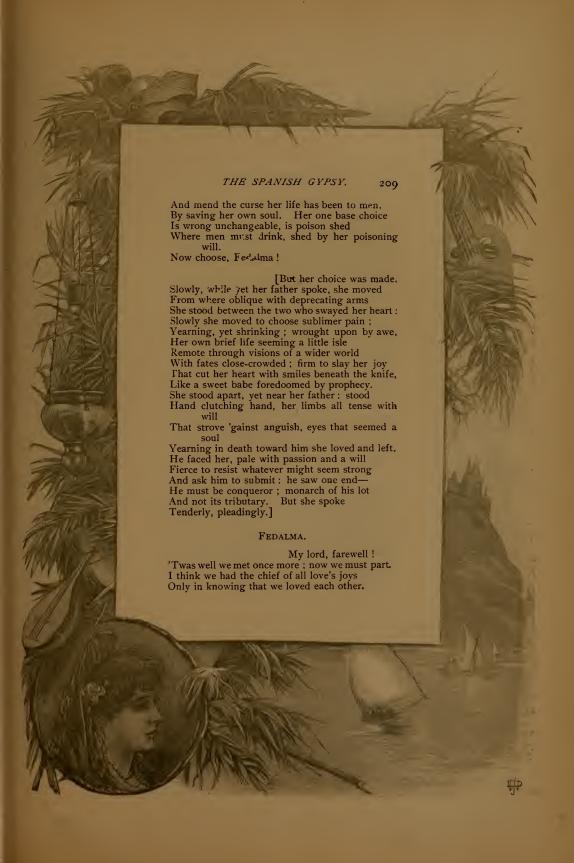


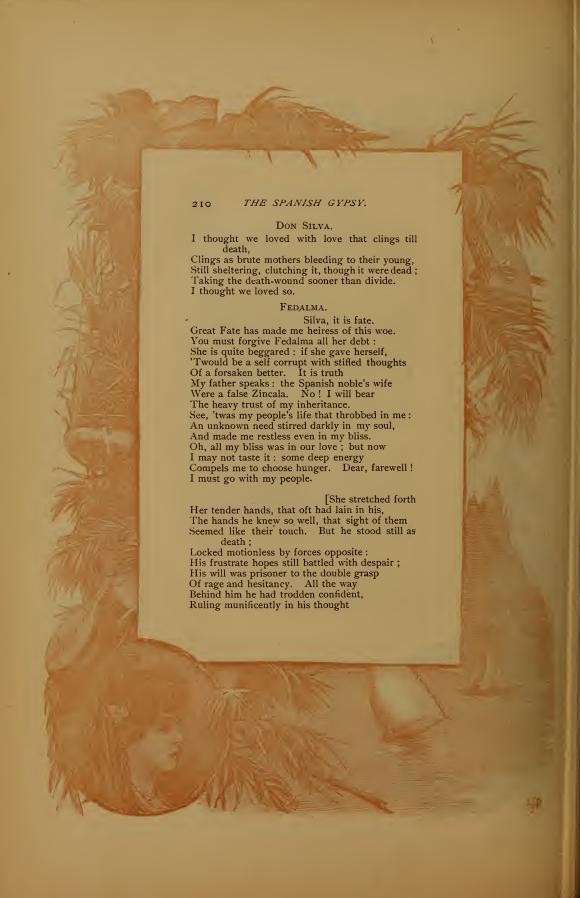


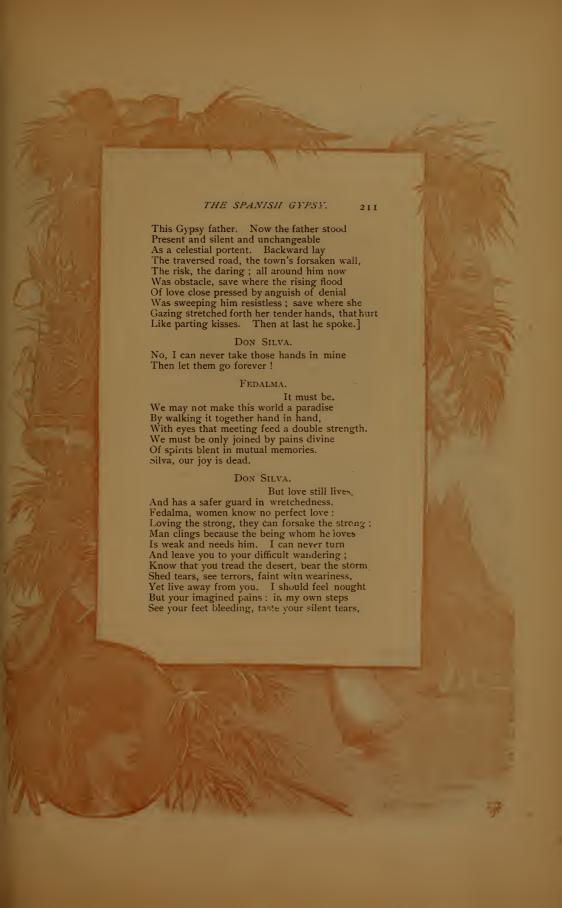


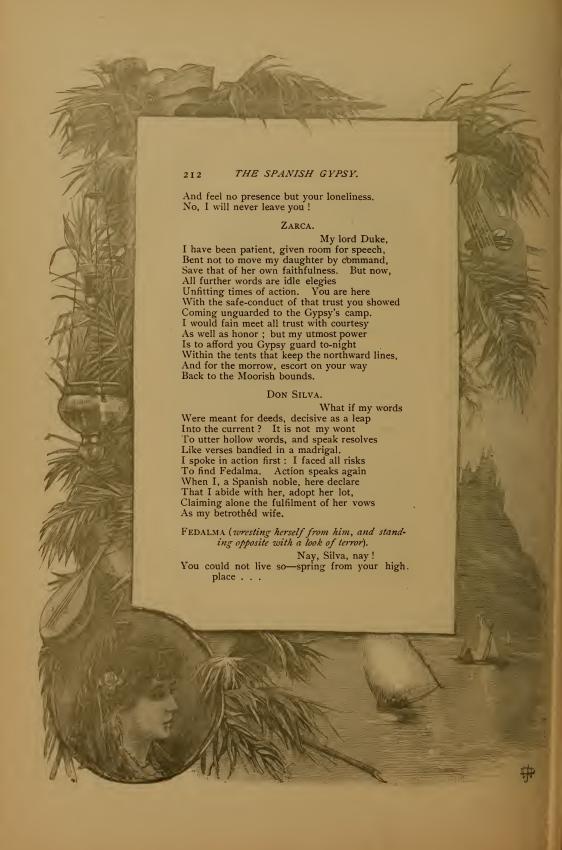


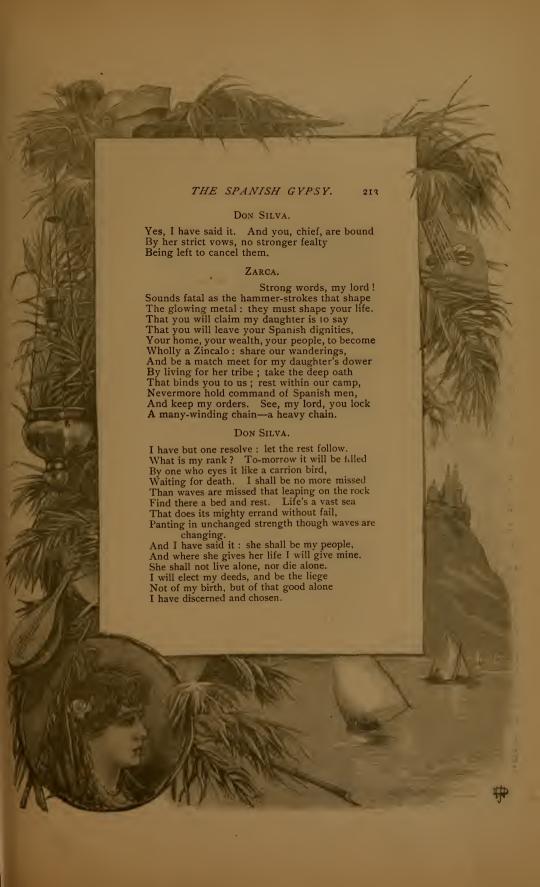


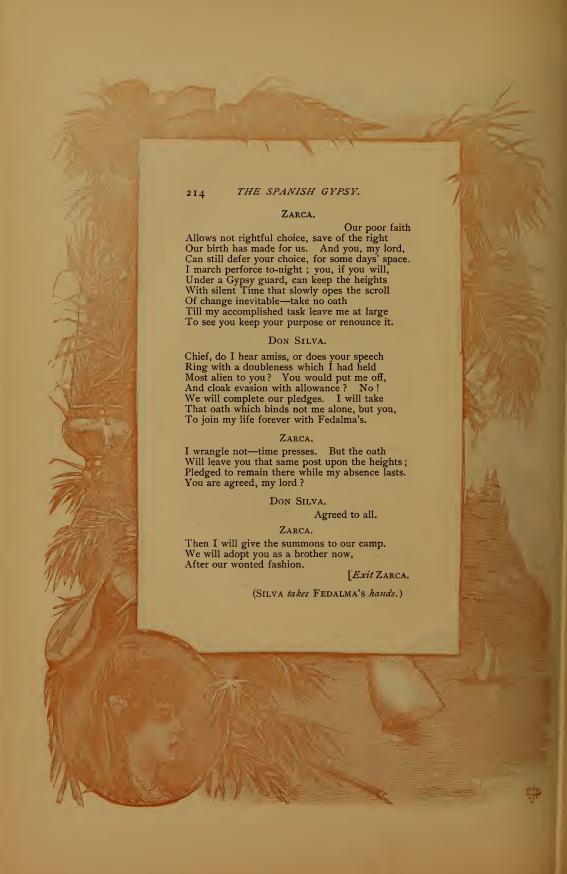


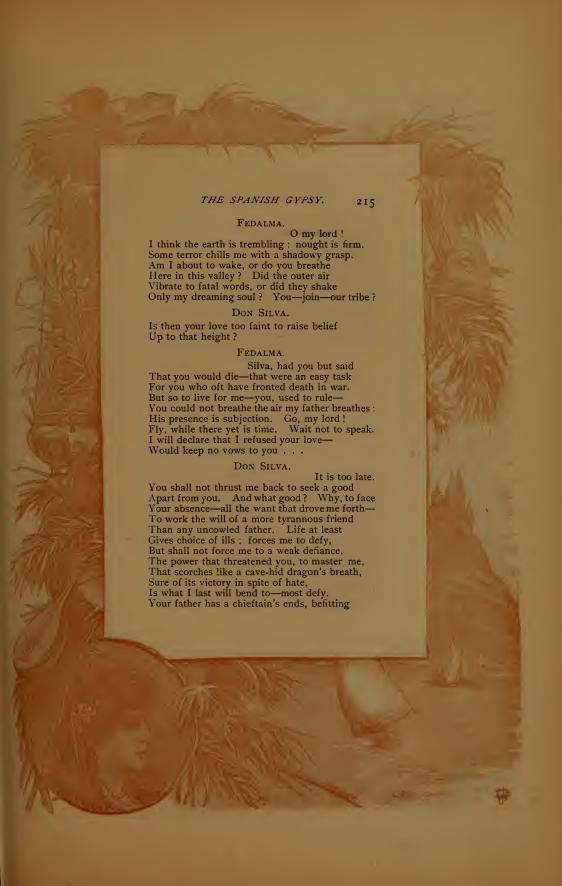


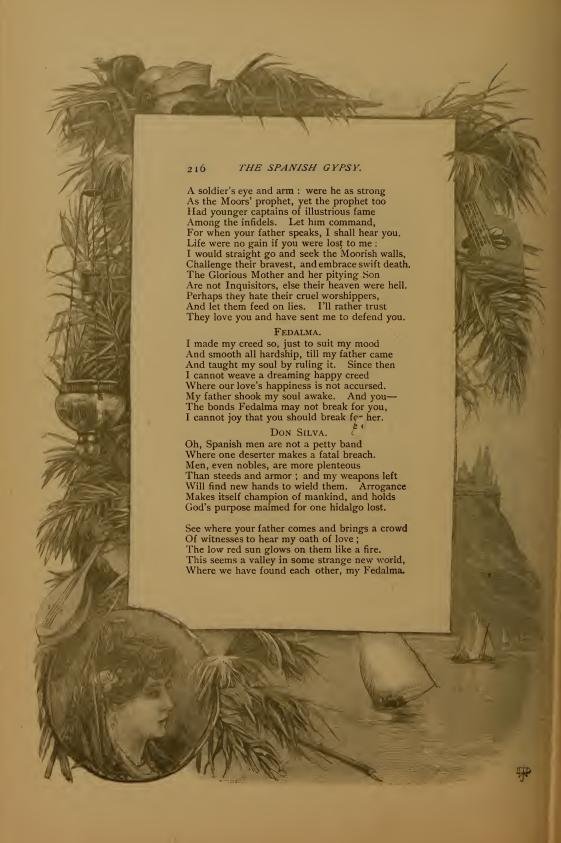


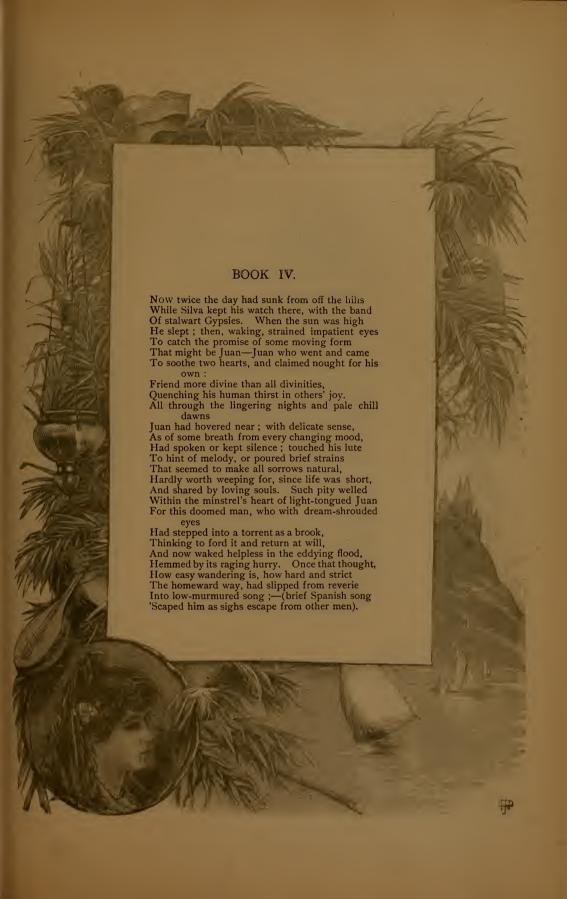


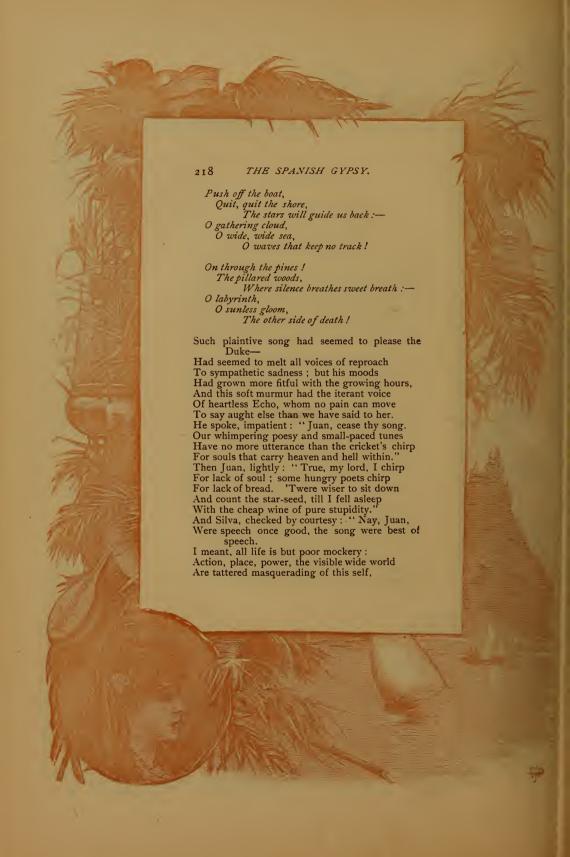


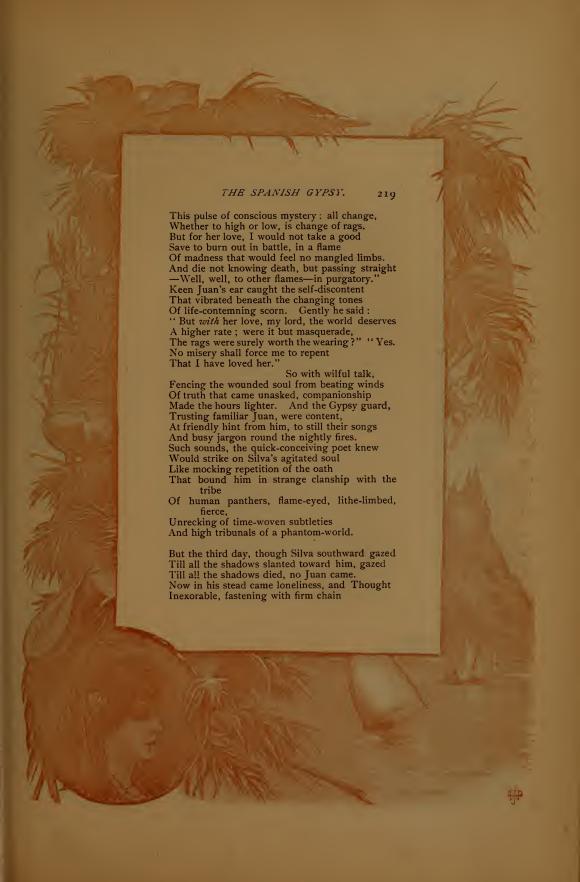


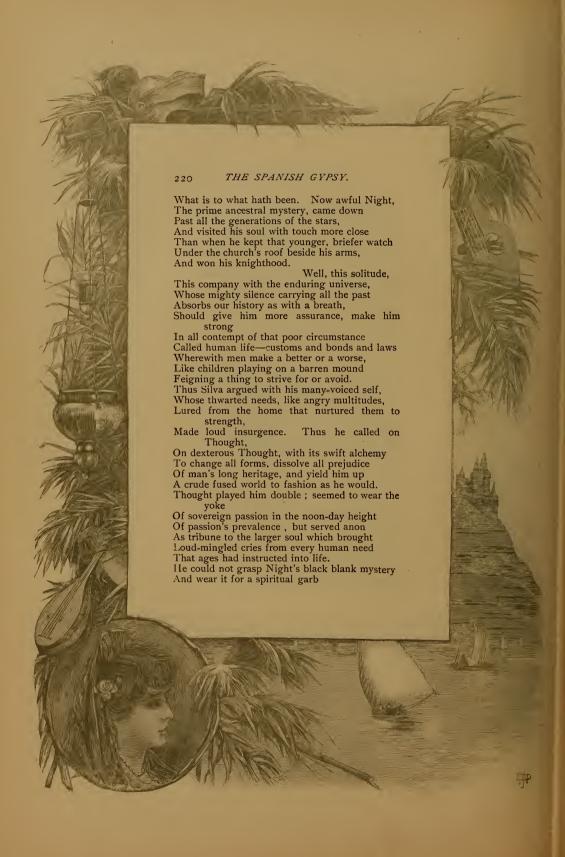


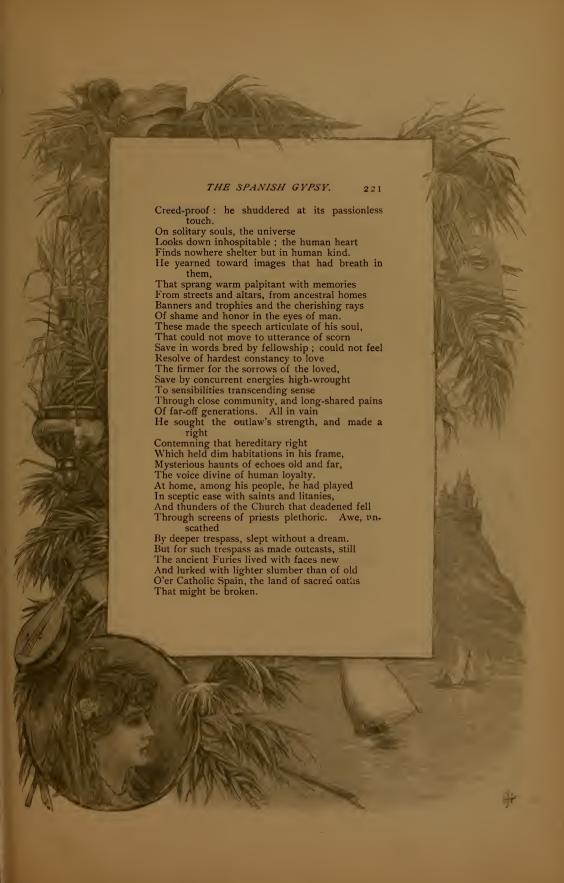


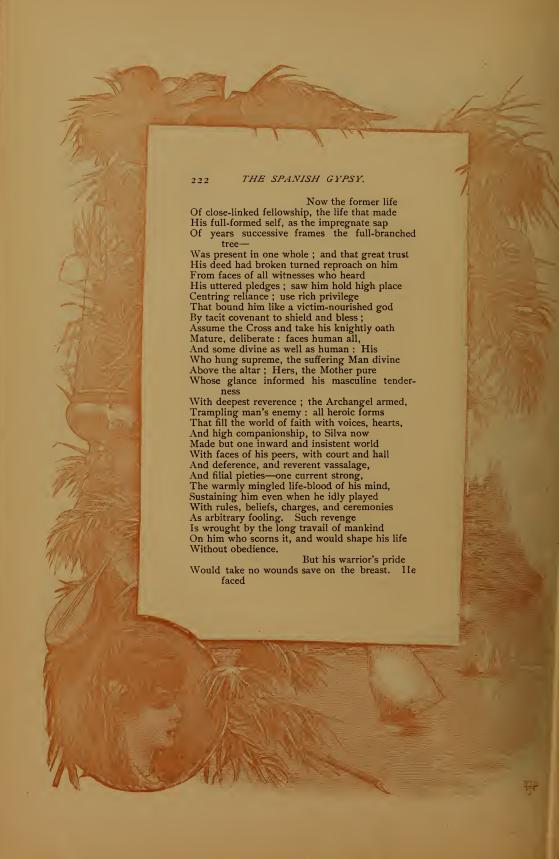


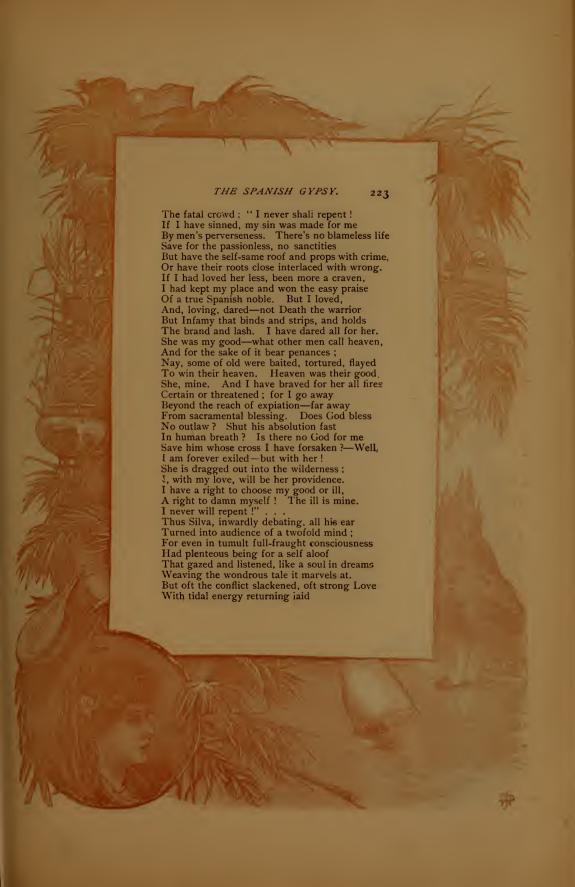


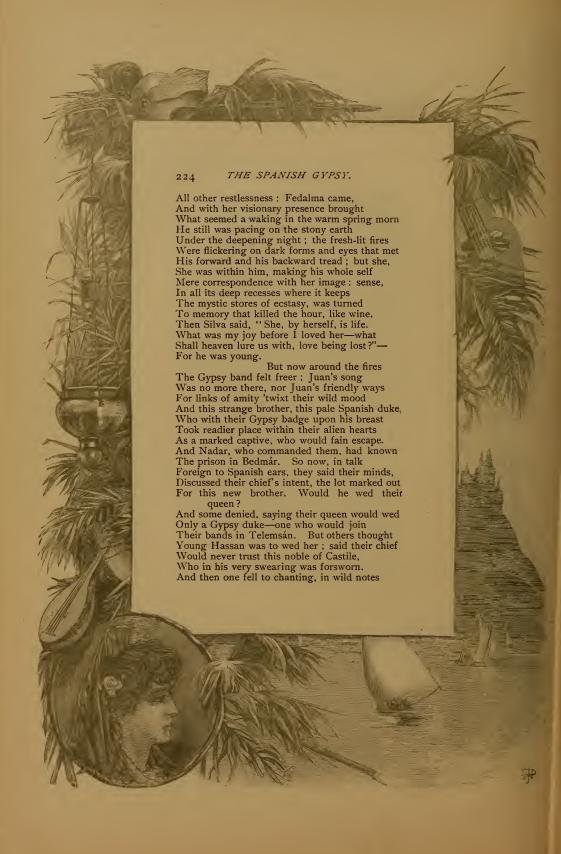


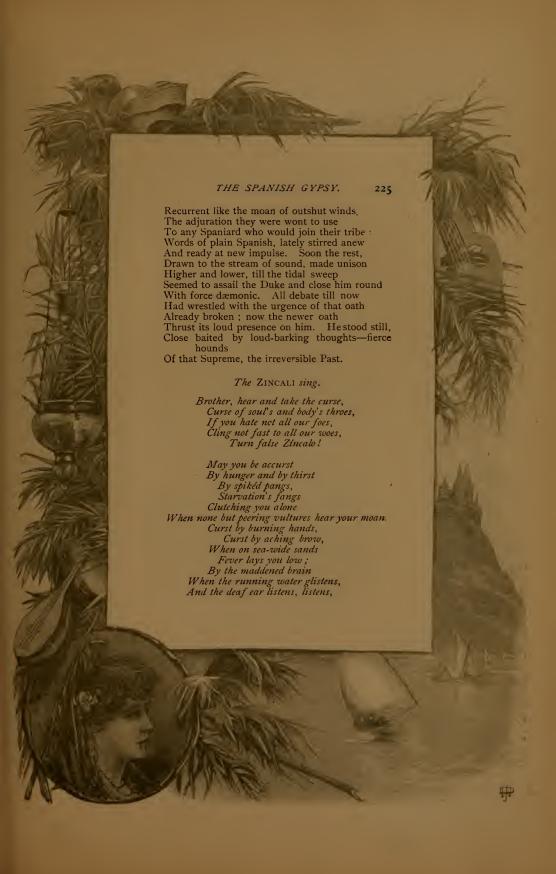


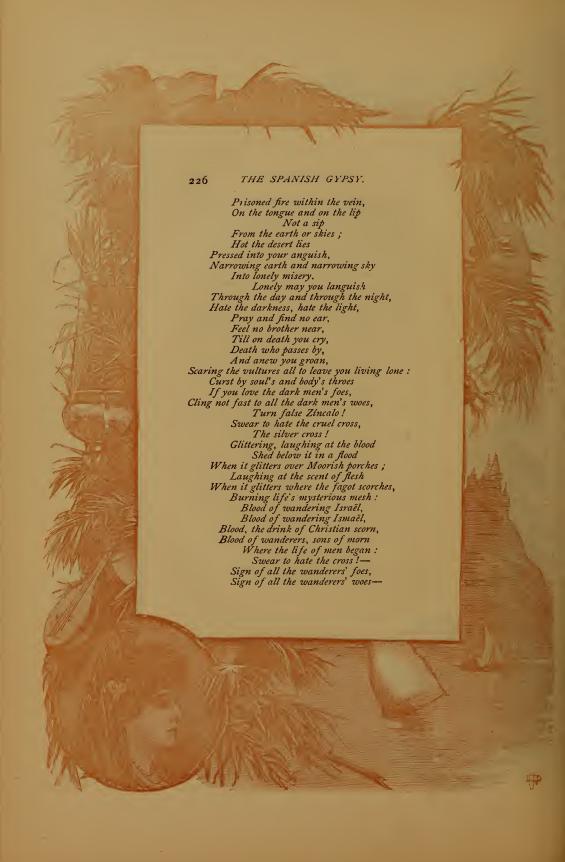


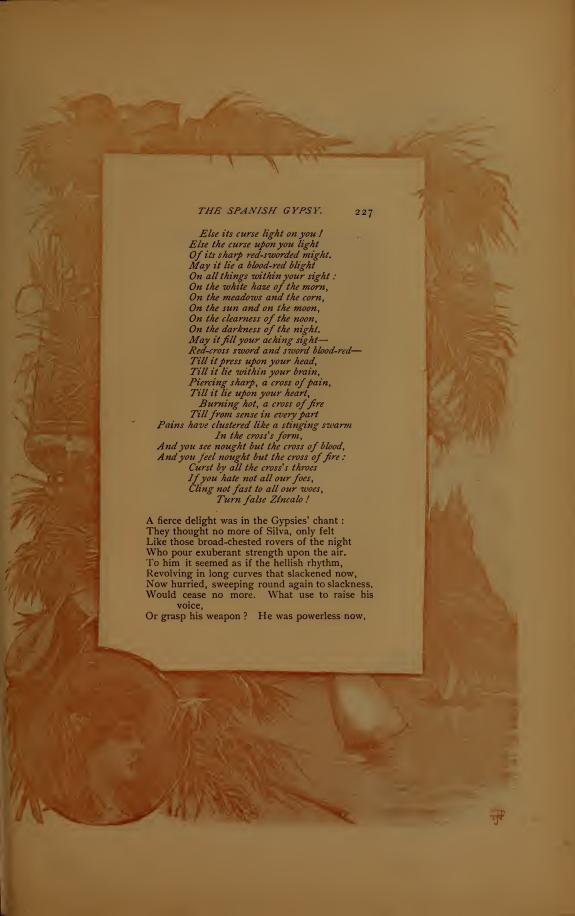


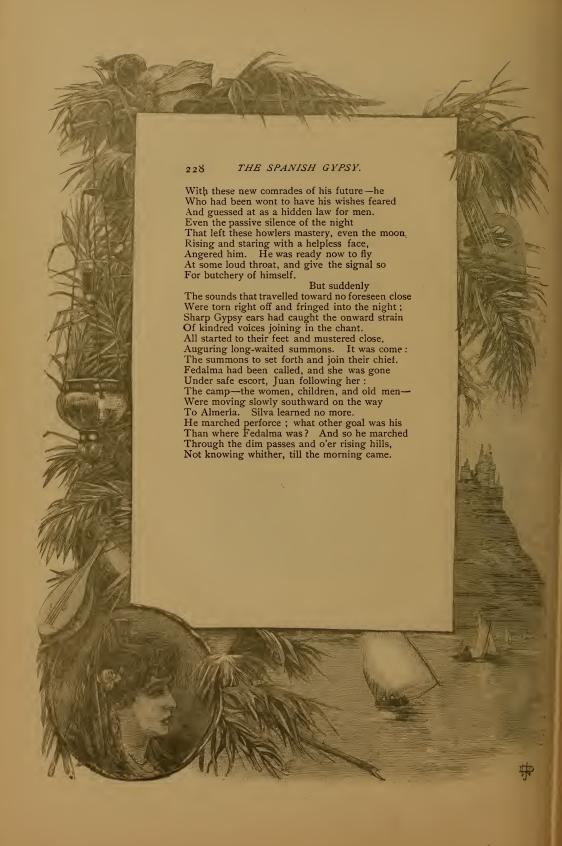


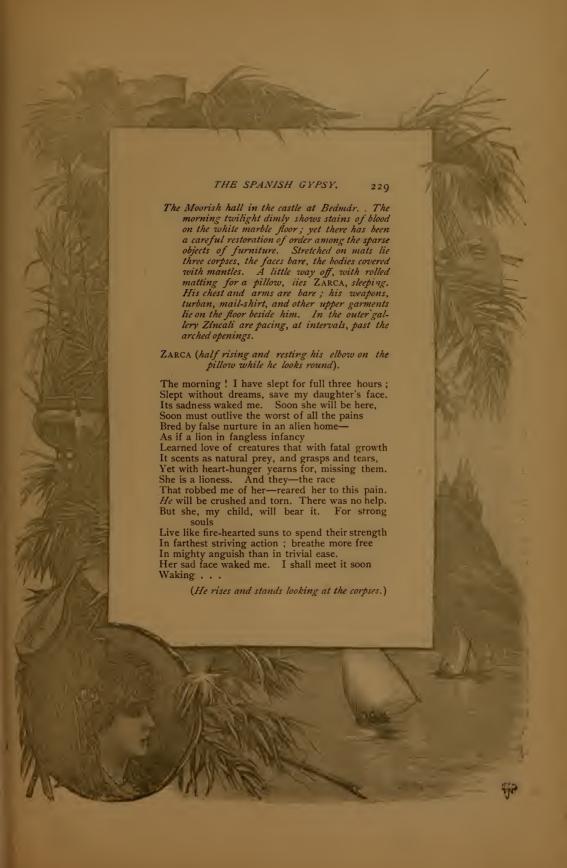


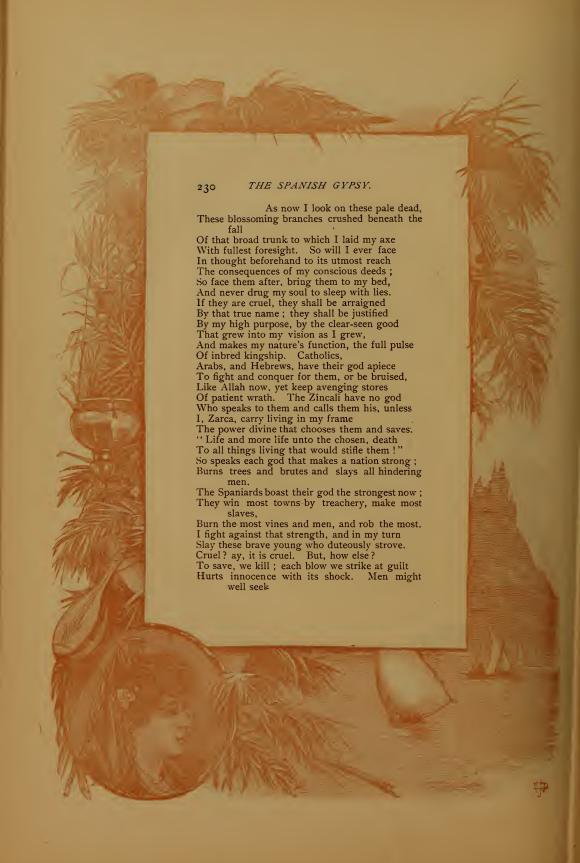


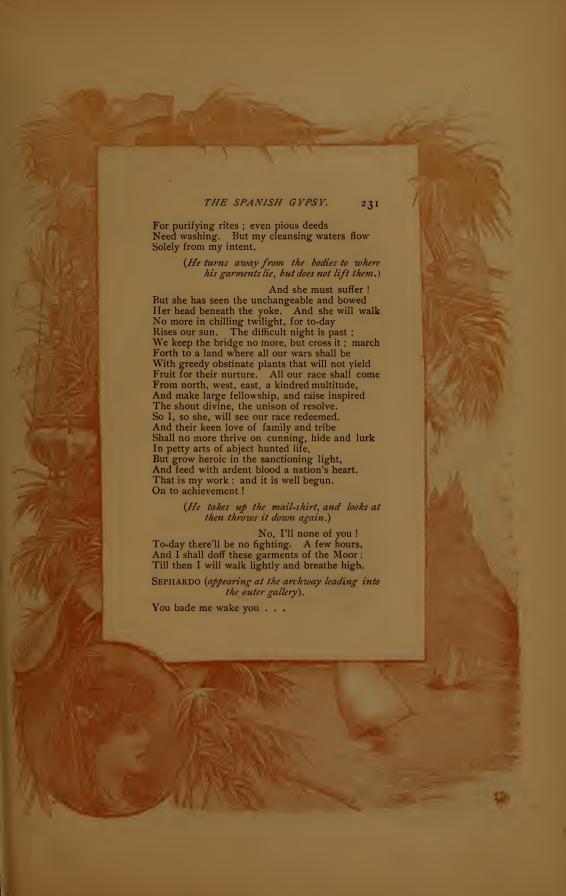


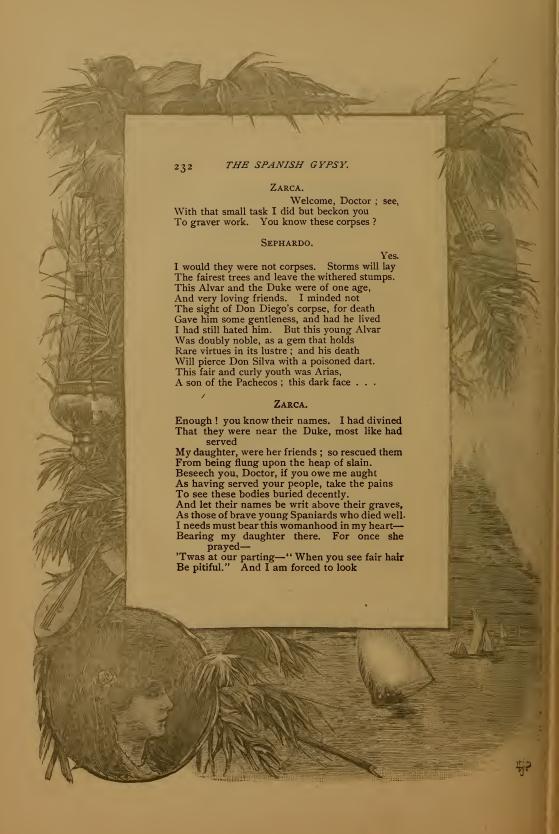


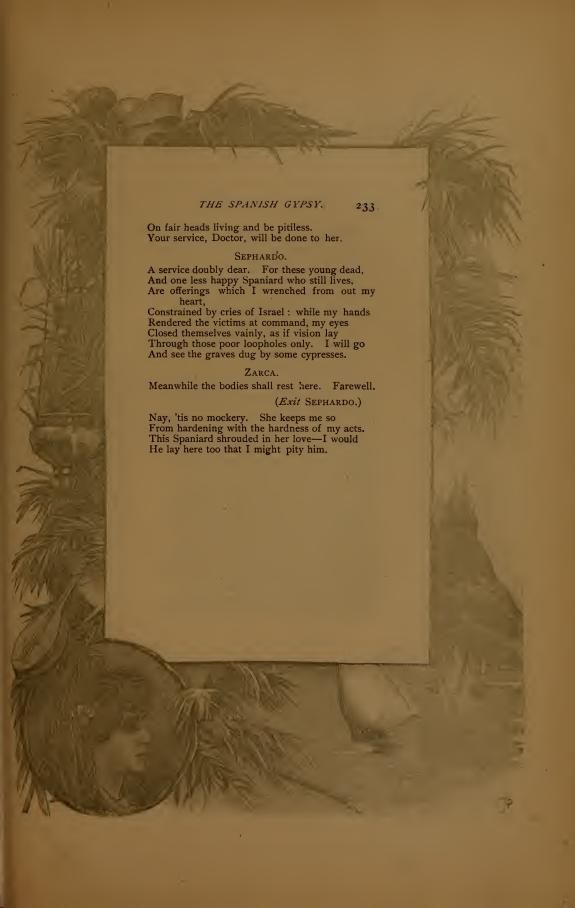


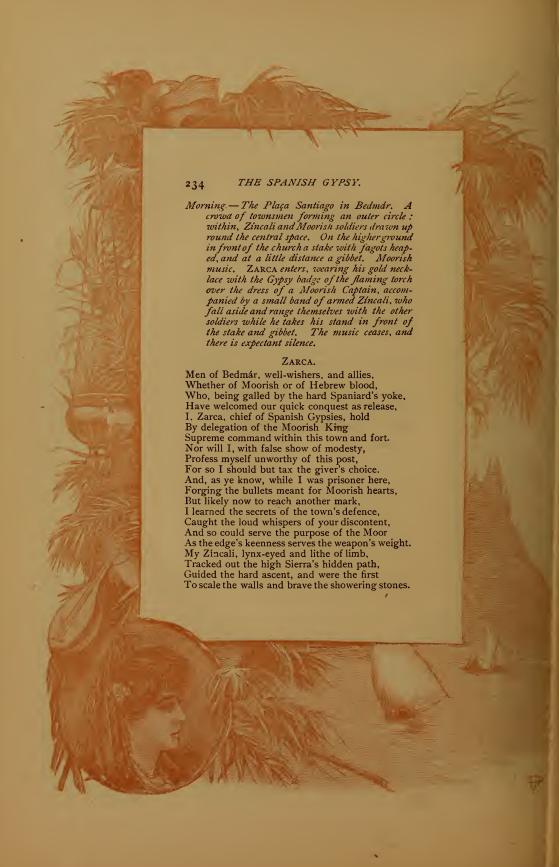


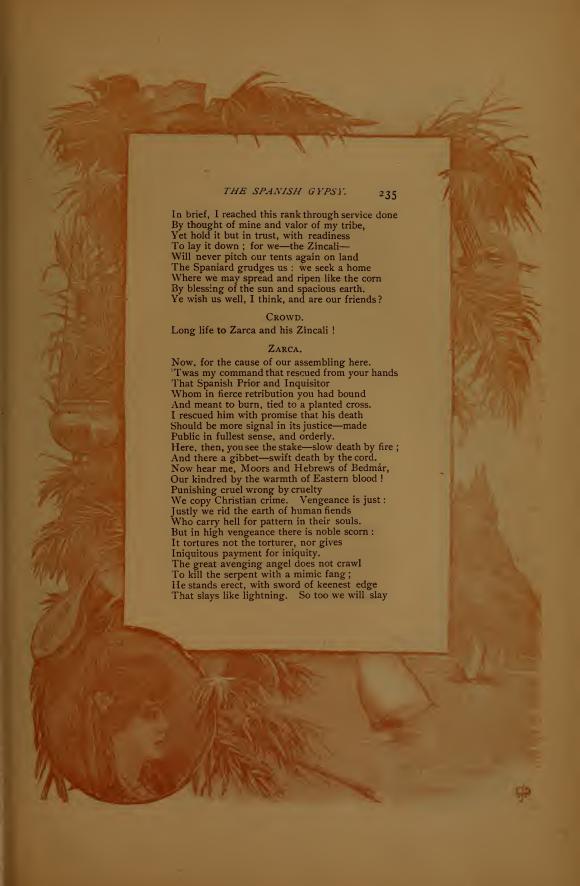


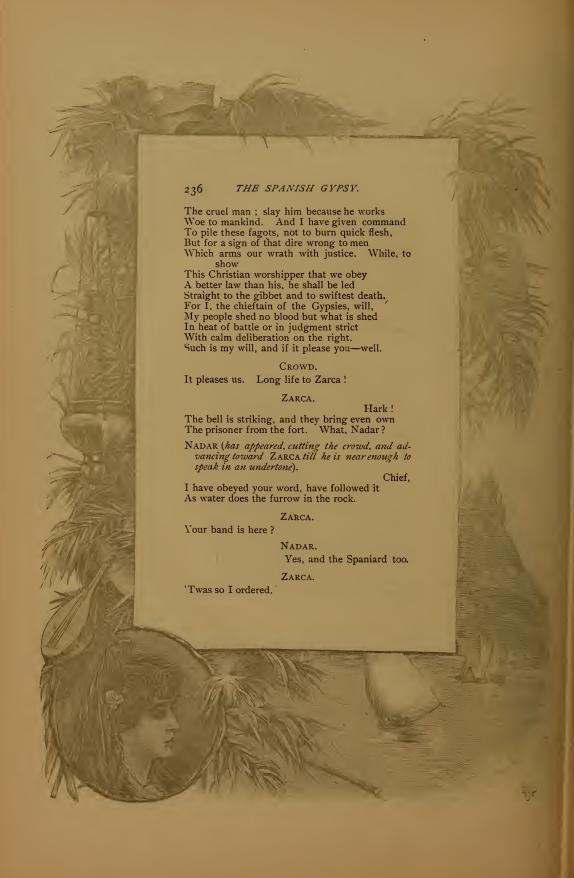


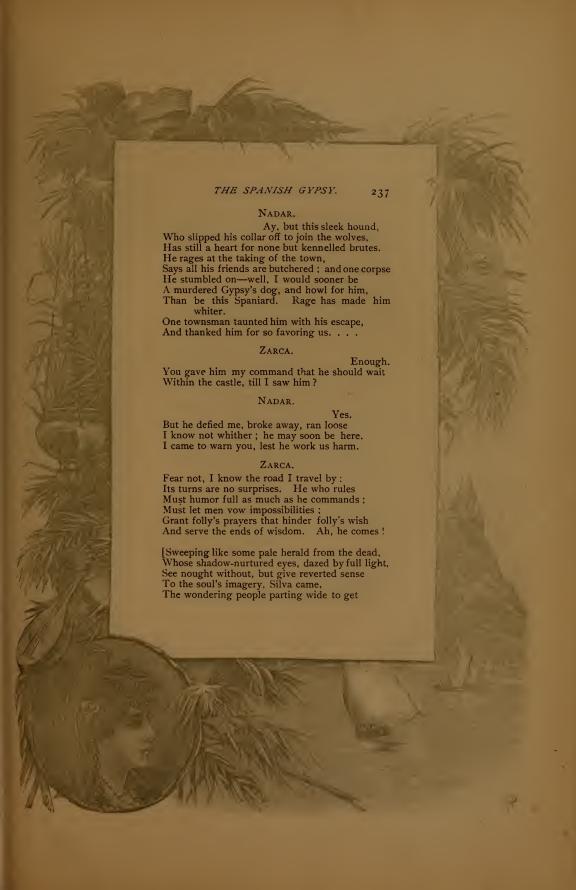


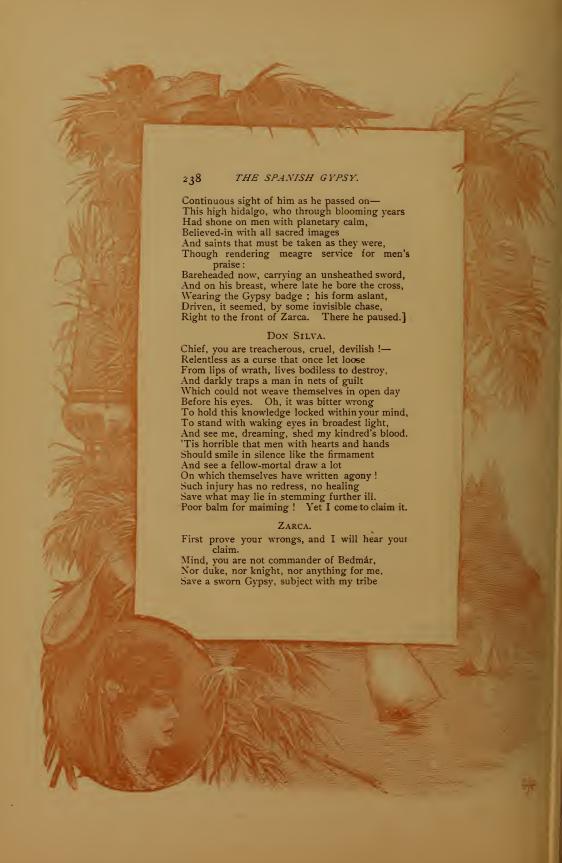


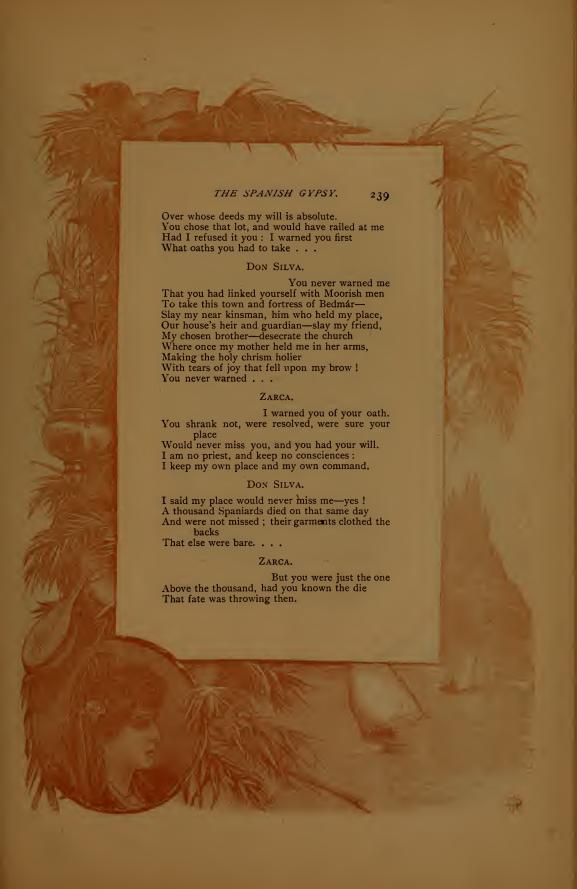


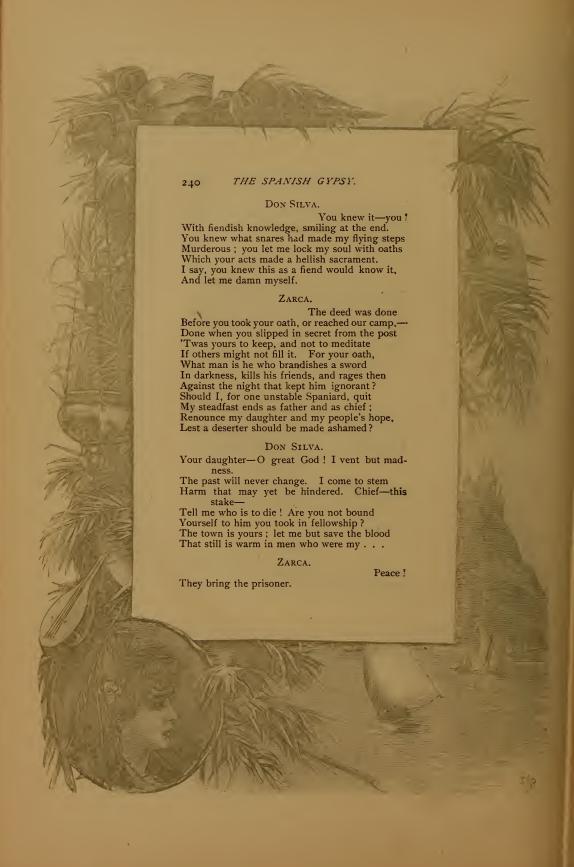


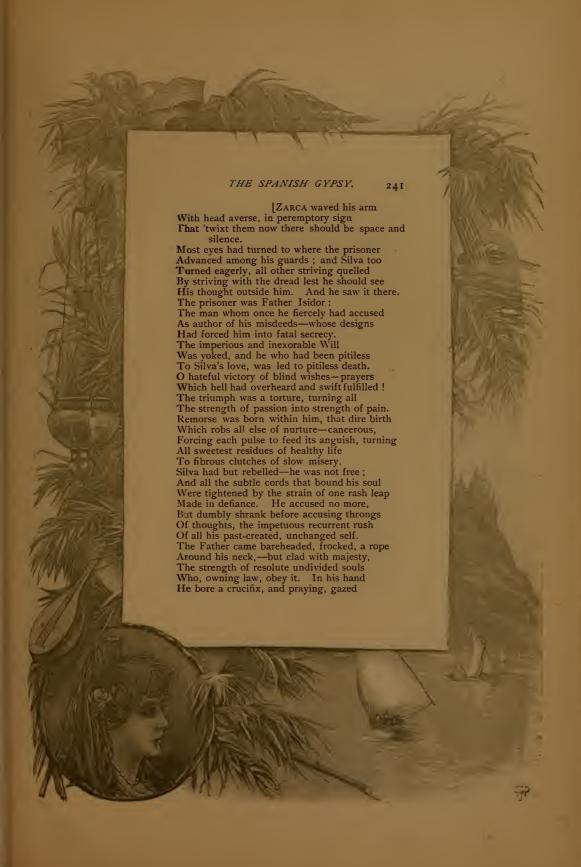


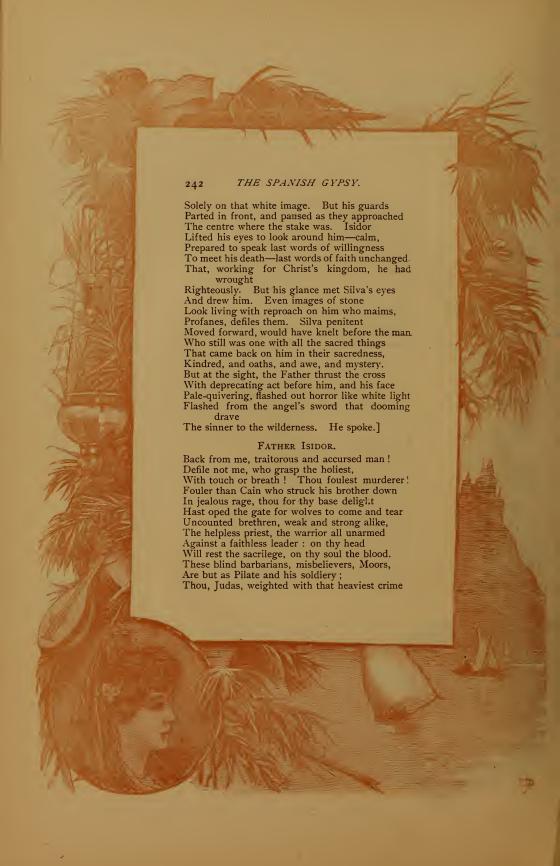


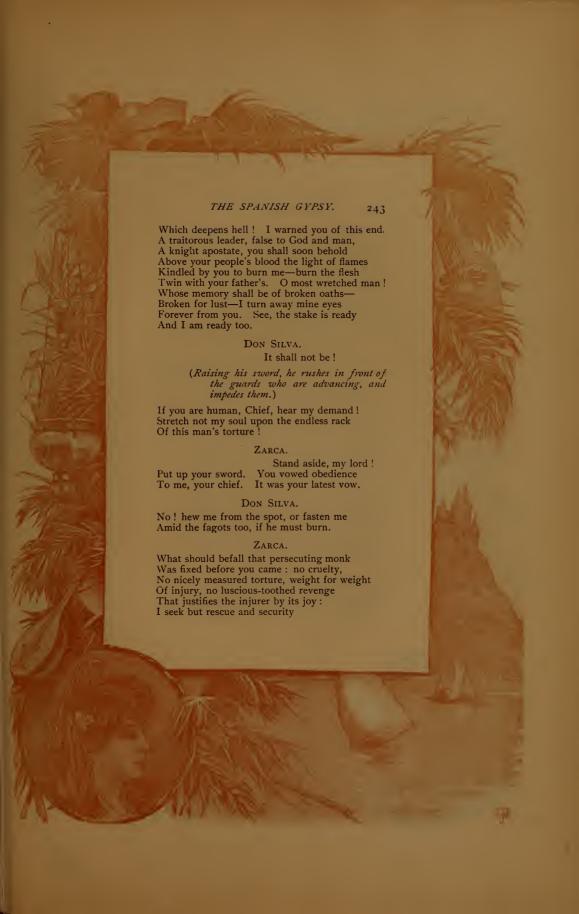


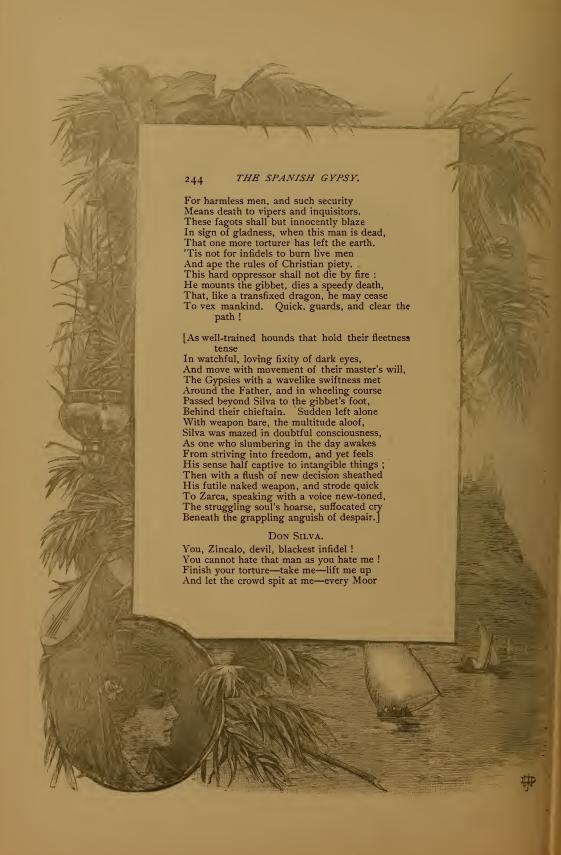


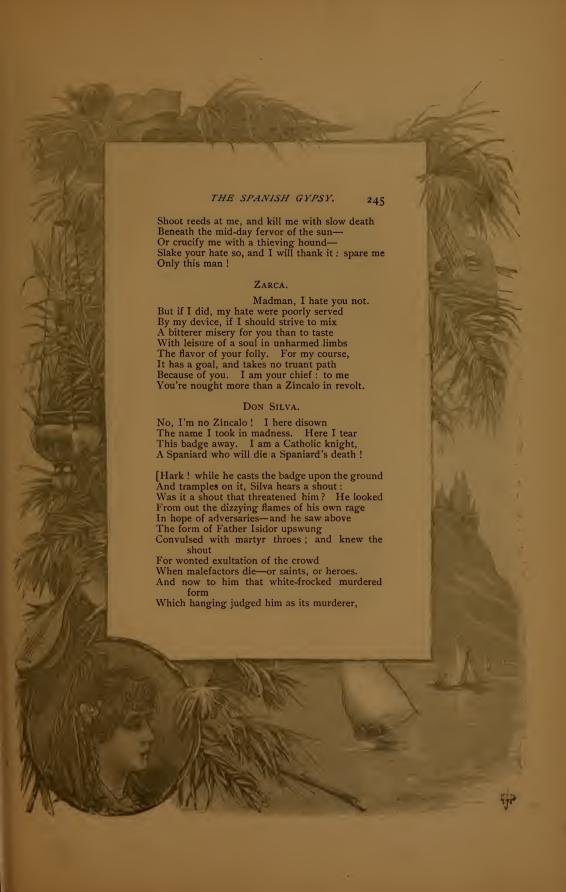


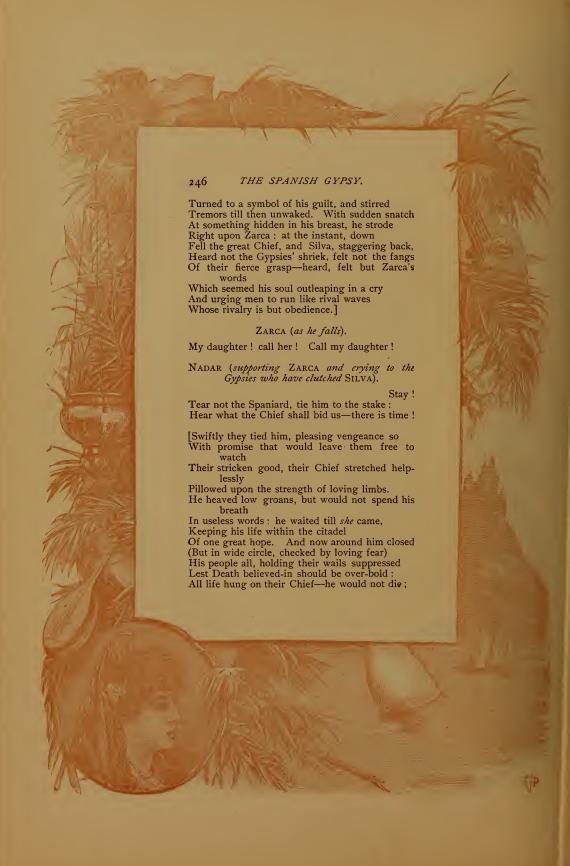


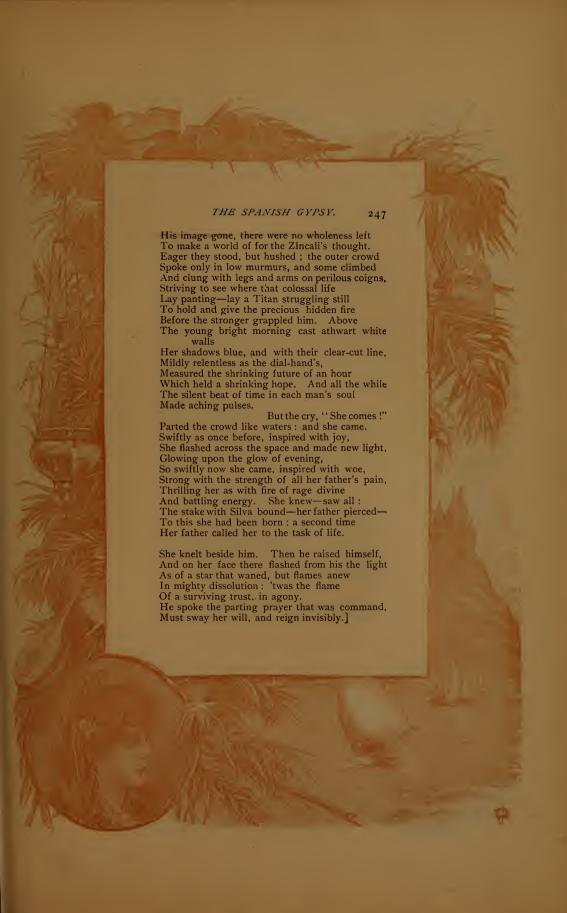


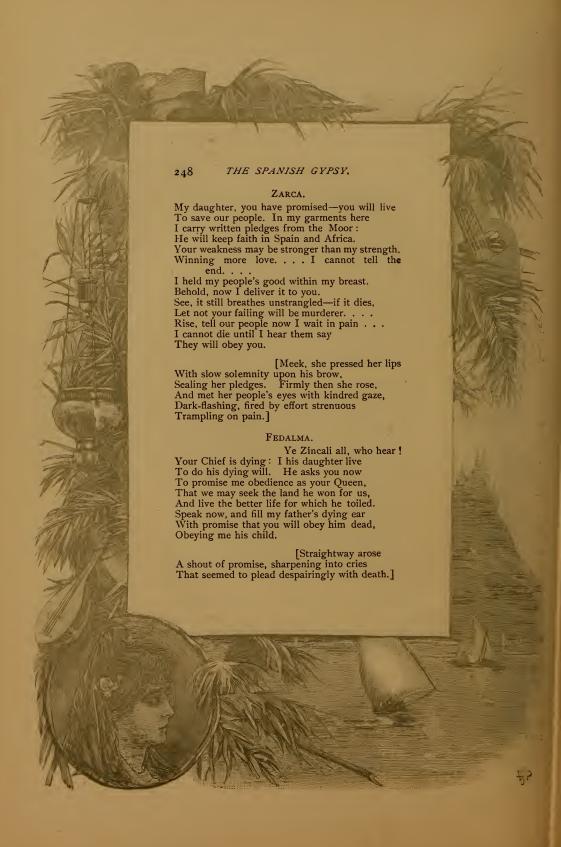


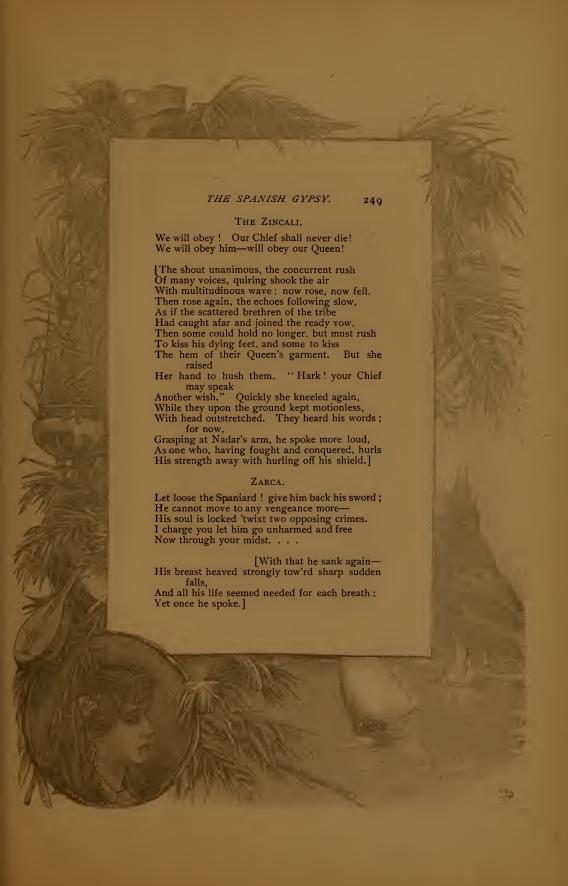


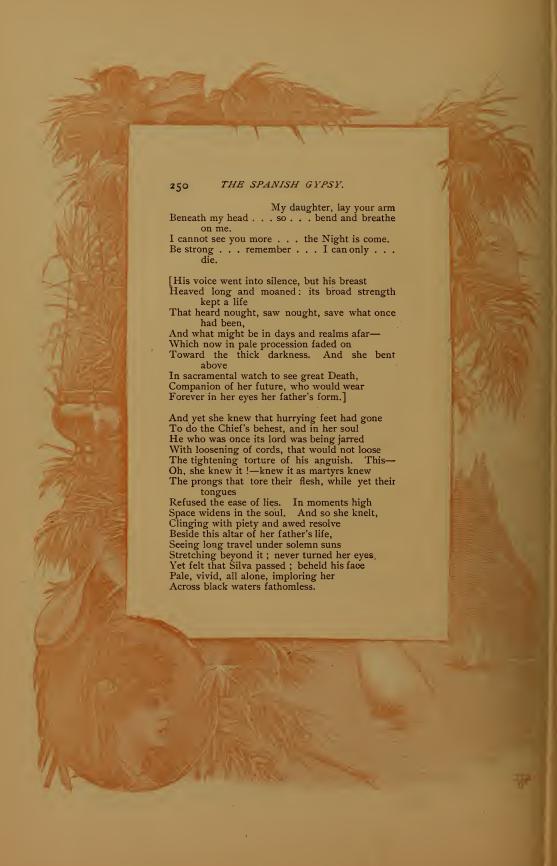


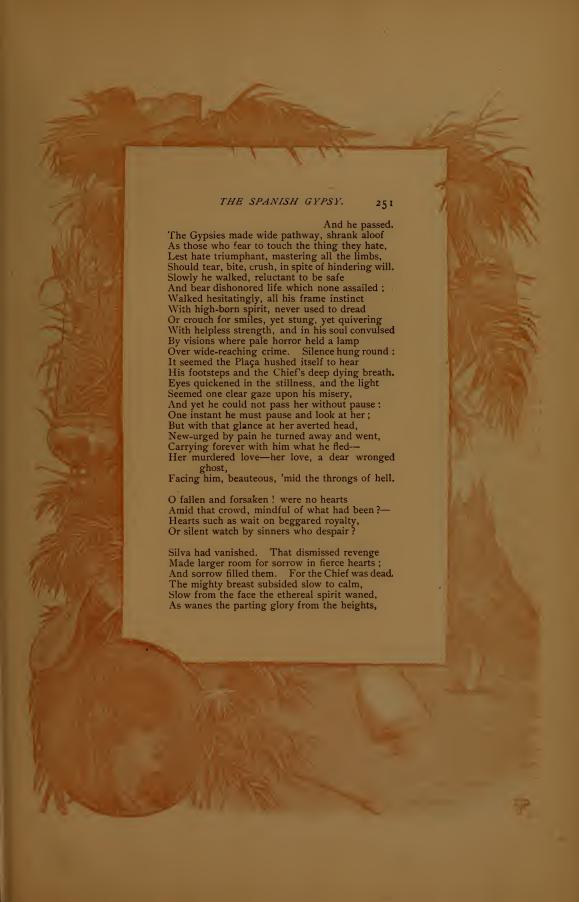


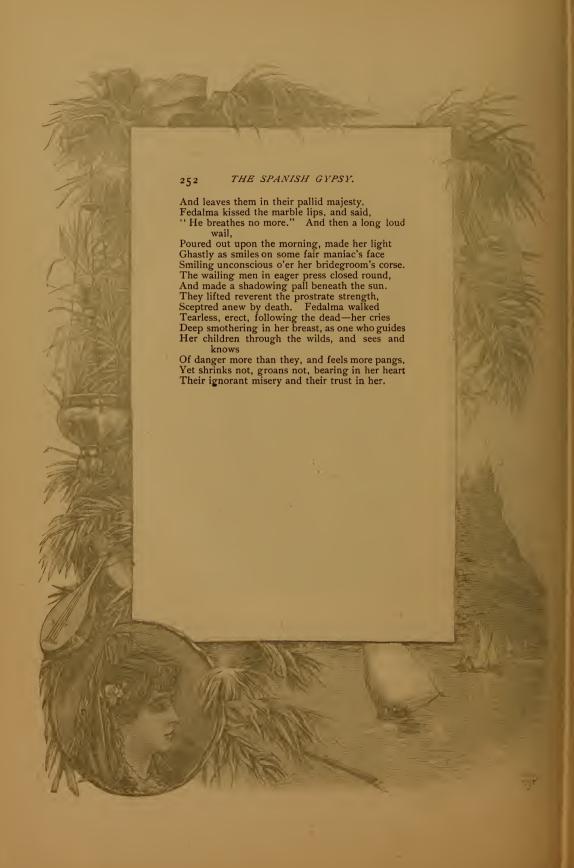


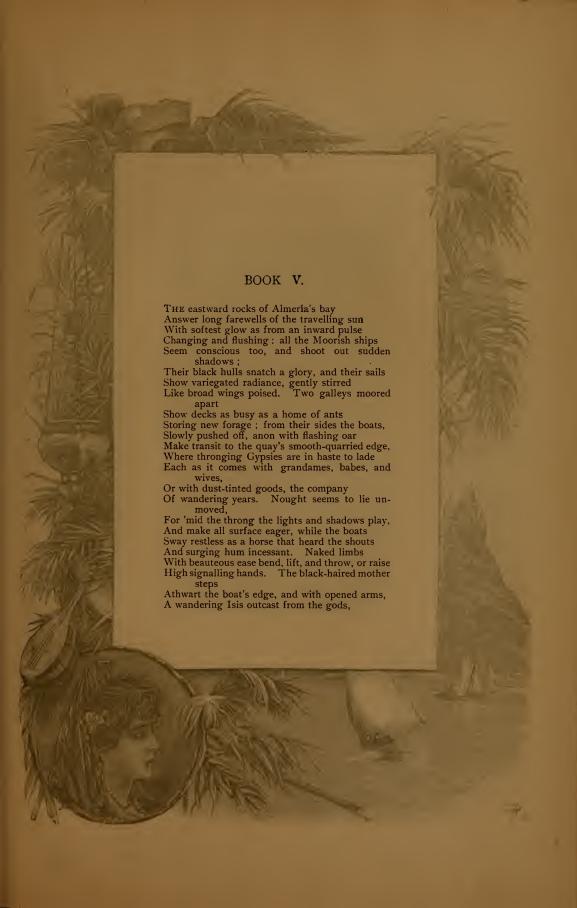


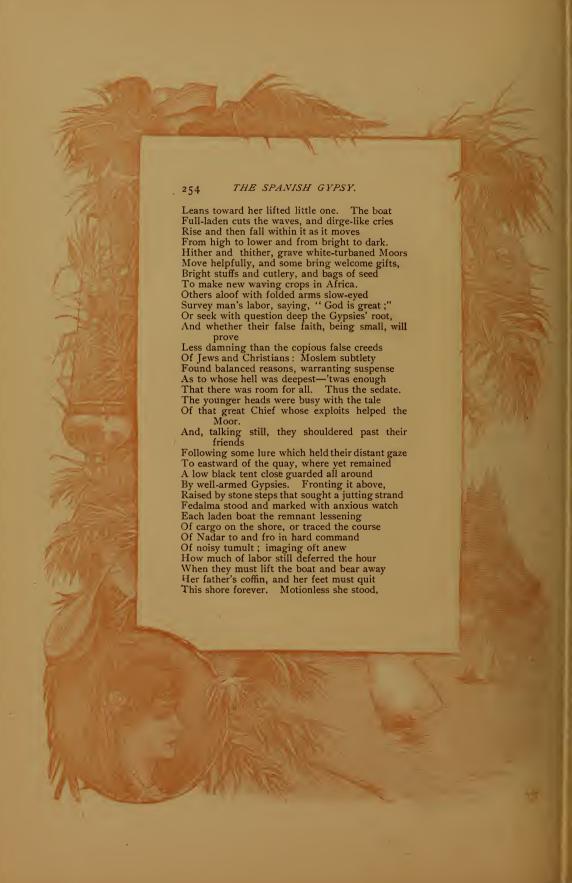


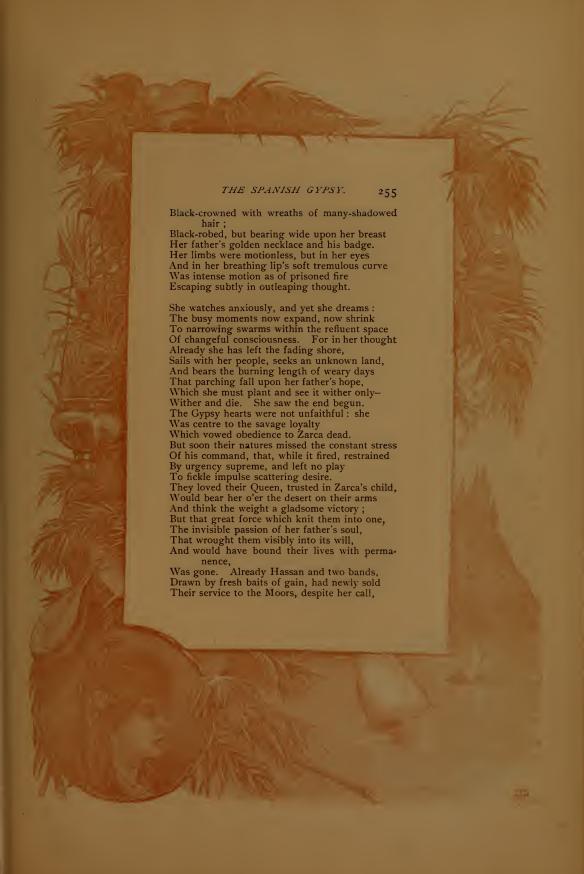


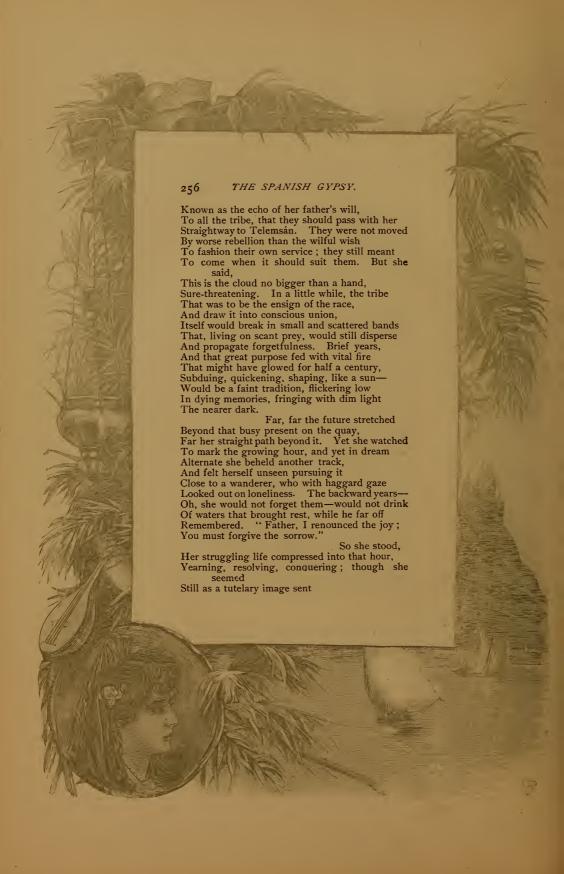


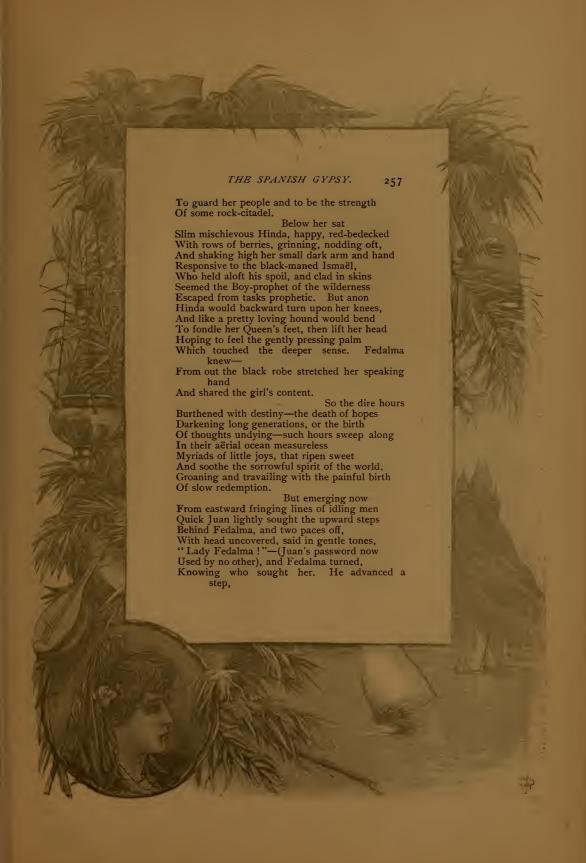


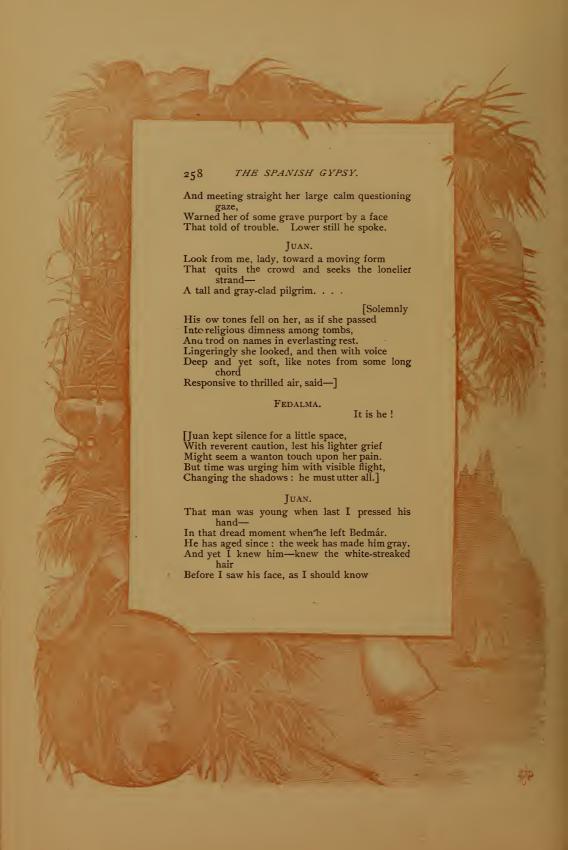


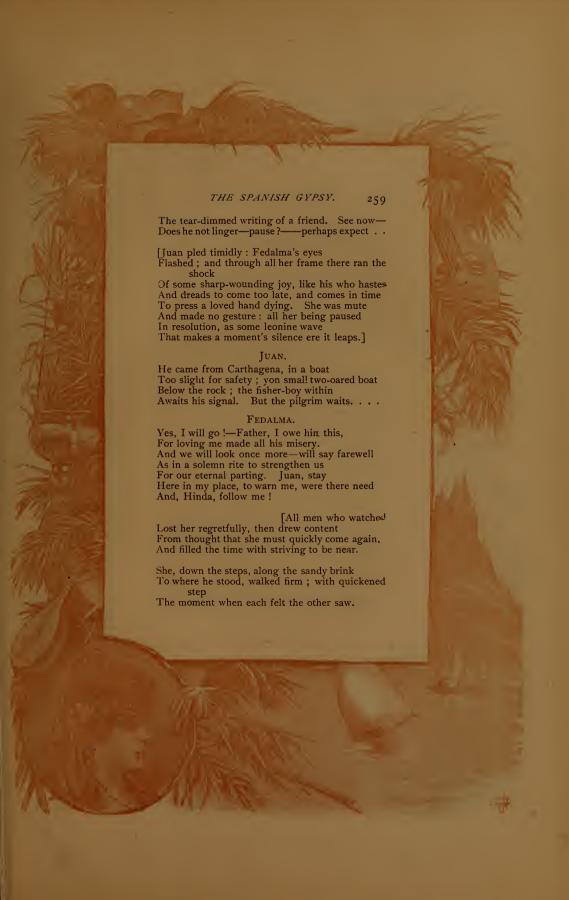


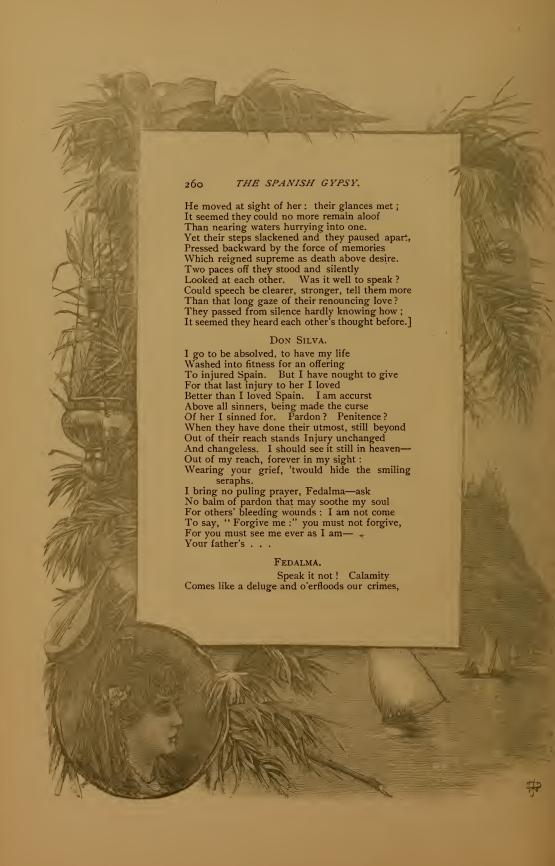


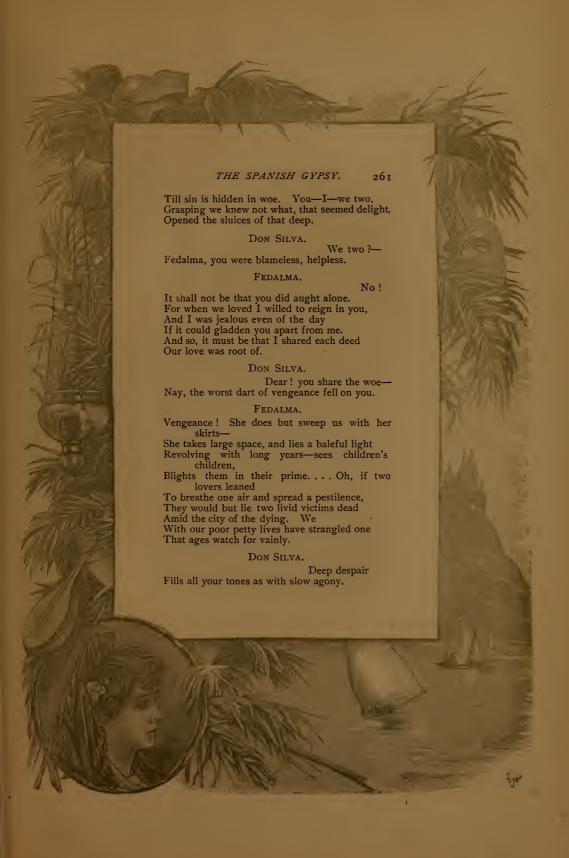


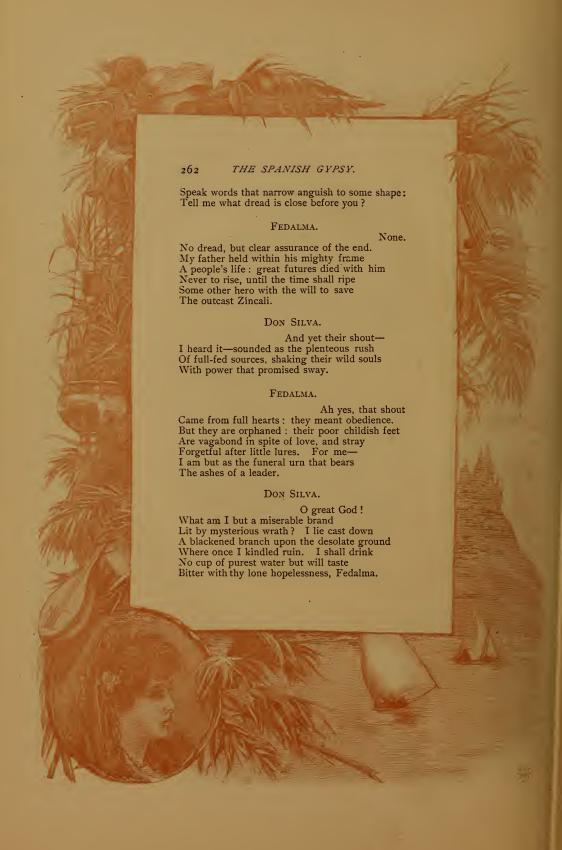


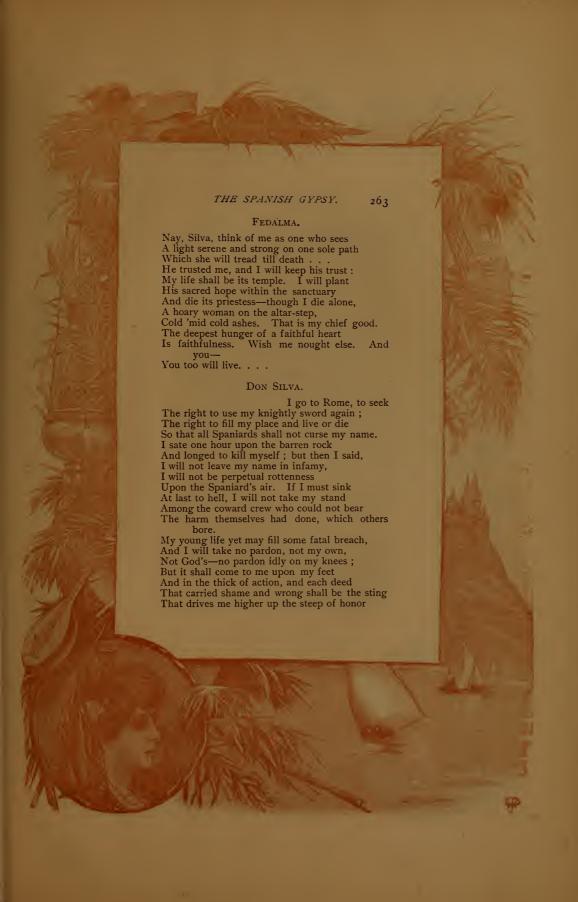


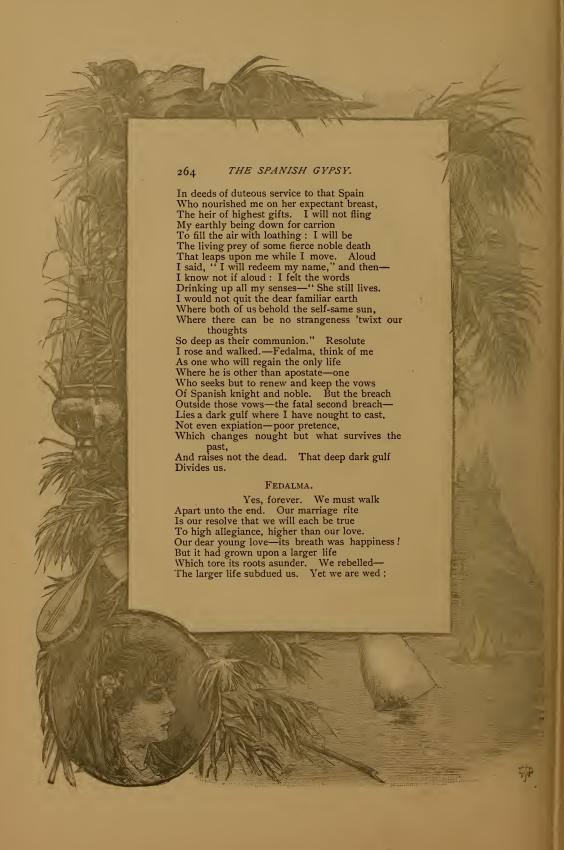


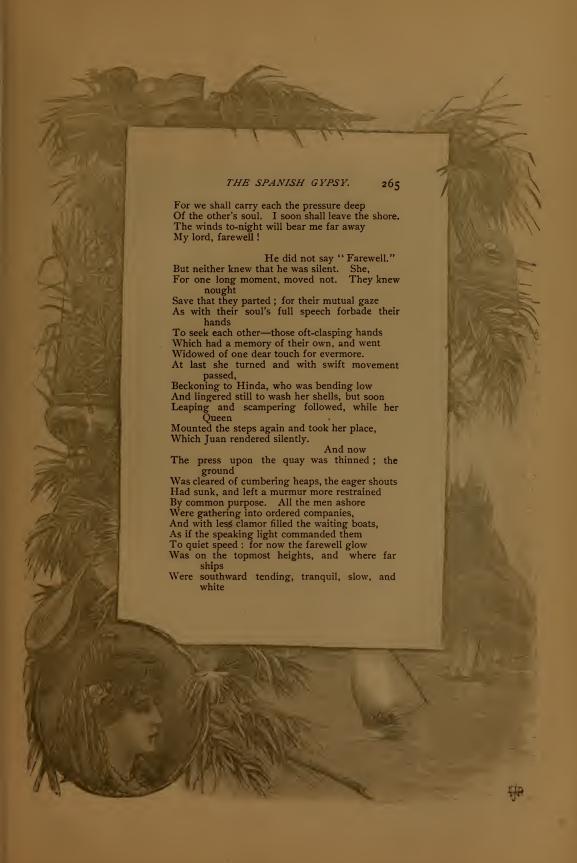


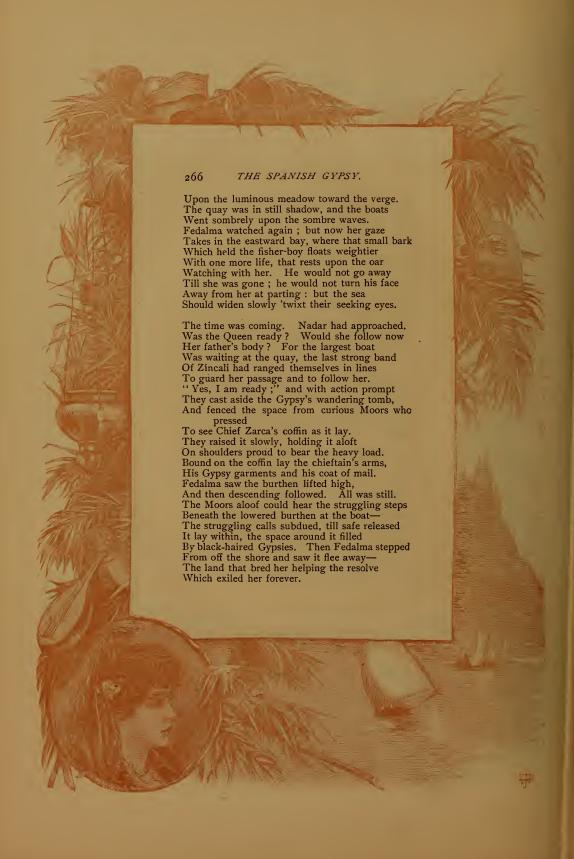






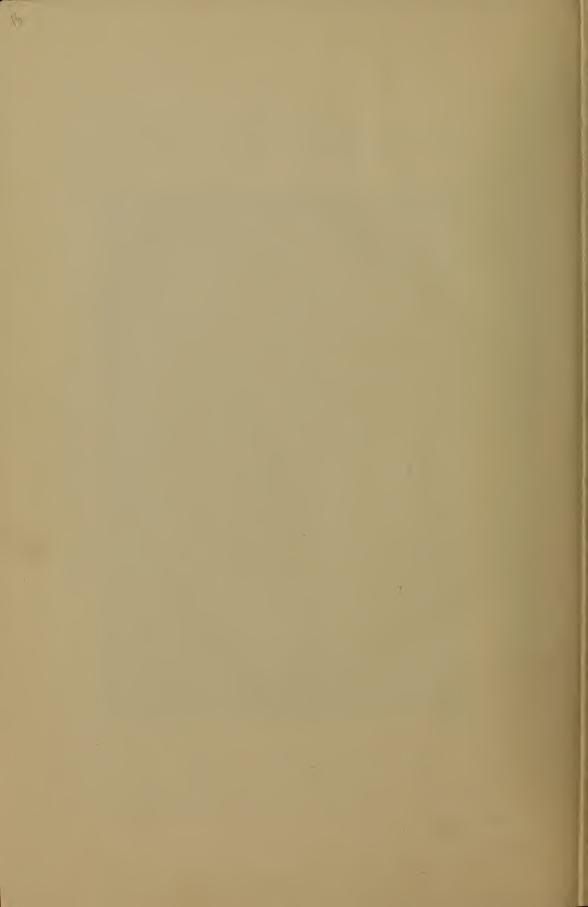


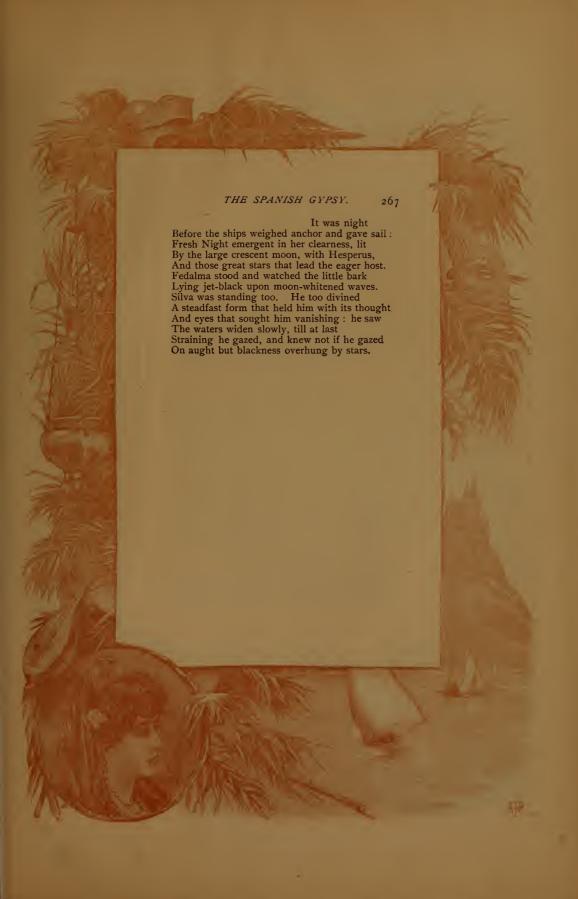


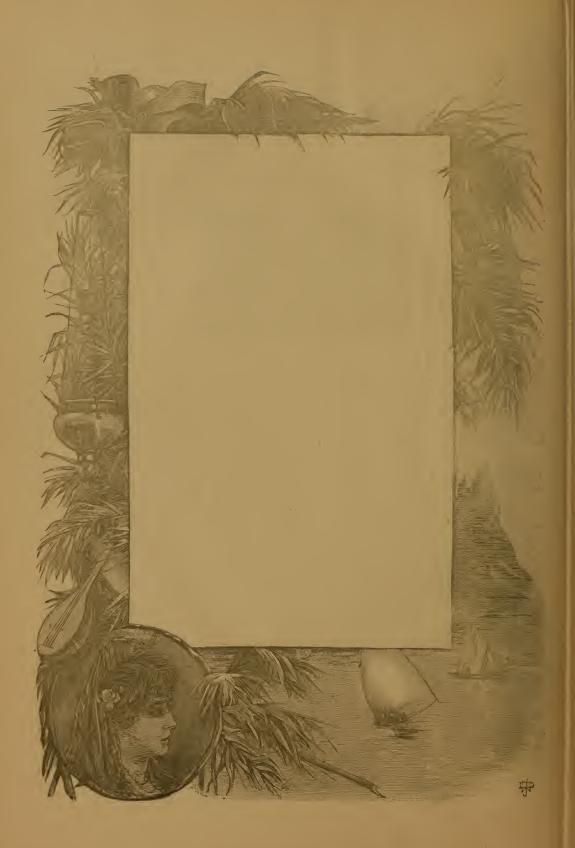


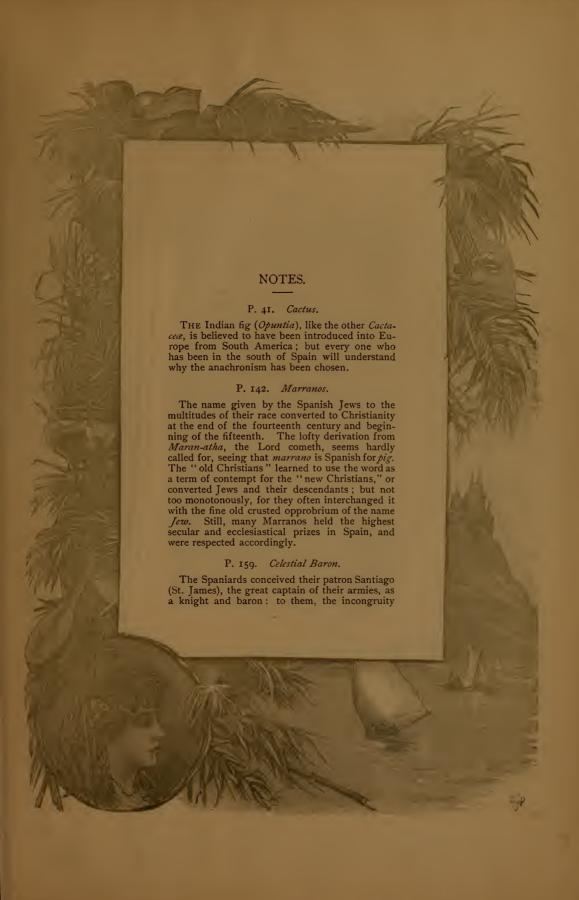


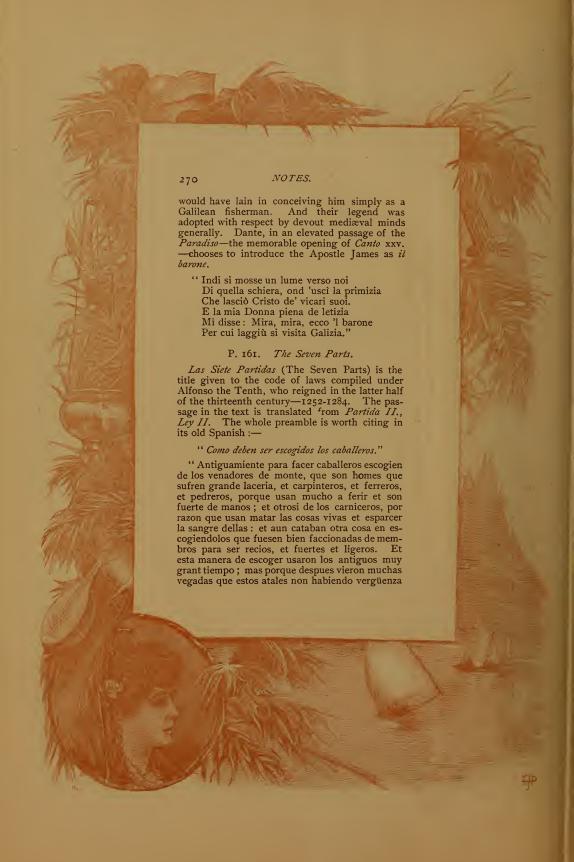
"Fresh Night emergent in her clearness, lit
By the large crescent moon."—Page 267.

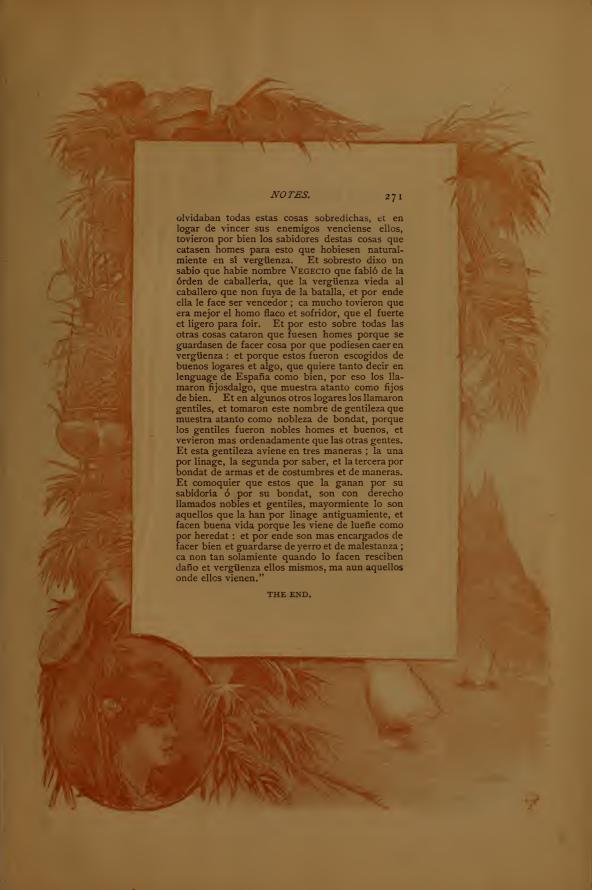


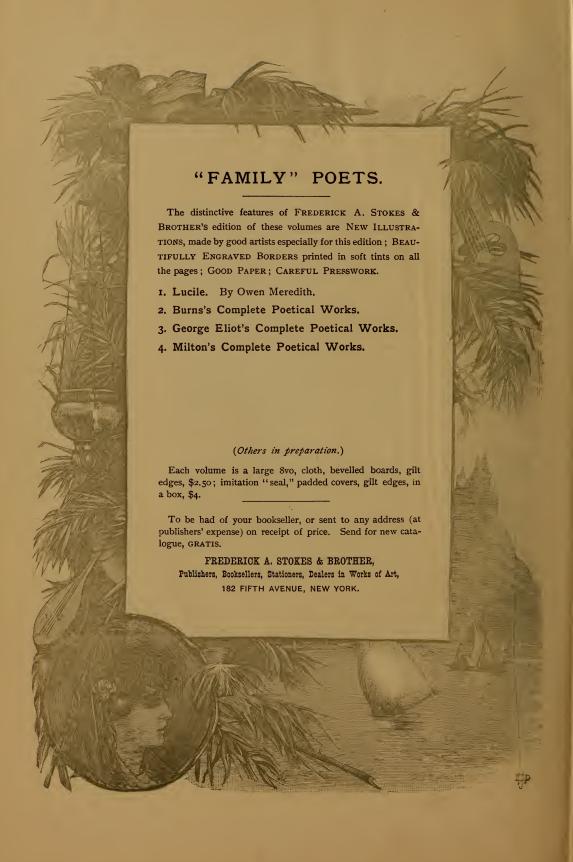






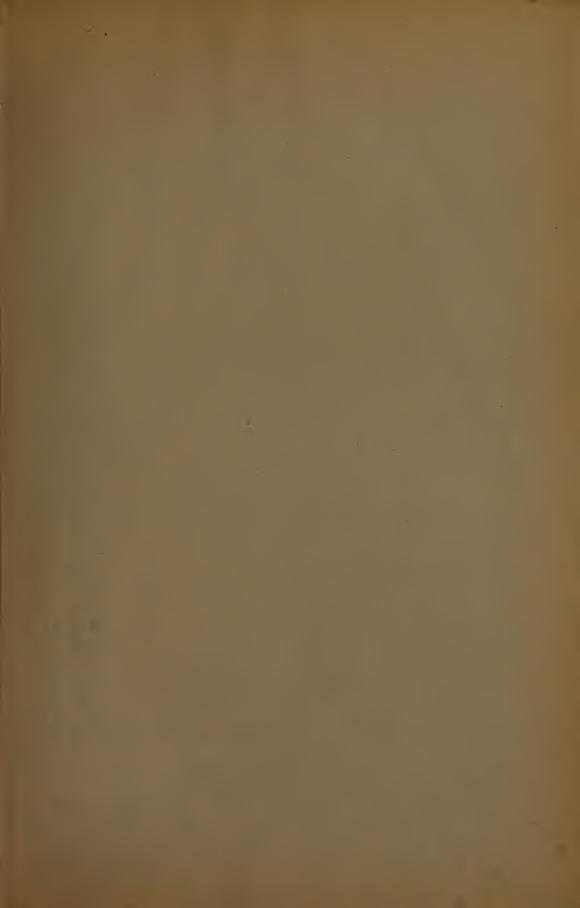












Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process. Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide Treatment Date: April 2009

Preservation Technologies A WORLO LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION 111 Thomson Park Drive Cranberry Township, PA 16066 (724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

00011065168